

PETRONIUS, THE INFAMOUS

Was One of the Most Depraved
of all Men

He Invented Amusements Notorious
for their Atrocity—Was a Learned
Scholar.

From Saturday's Daily.

That the most morally depraved man in all human history should have been made the hero of romantic fiction and drama is a curious circumstance.

Ordinarily the hero of a romance is invested with high and noble characteristics; but there have been exceptions in those stories where pirates and highwaymen were set up for the admiration and applause of the reader. But in every such case it was sought to show that the robber heroes had more good traits than bad.

It was with the same sort of idea that, in his famous romance of "Quo Vadis," Sienkiewicz has chosen as his hero the most morally depraved man in all human history. That person was Titus Petronius, the man who invented amusements that catered to the beastly passions of the basest of human monsters, the Roman emperor, Nero, the fifth in the line of the bloody and cruel Caesars.

Petronius, who was a man of unusual accomplishments, learned, a consummate critic, a poet of note, cultured in all the fine arts, and enormously wealthy, had but one employment for all his manifold talents, and that was to design and create and lead in the infamous revels with which Nero was wont to vary his atrocious and inhuman crimes.

As the hero of Sienkiewicz's romance, Petronius is invested with all the culture and taste of an epicurean and the steadfast mien and untroubled composure, under all circumstances, of a stoic philosopher. But the real truth seems to have been that this man was so worn out with indulgences in sensuality, and so hardened by familiarity with cruelty and bloodshed, that he was incapable of any healthful human emotion, and, in order to realize this, one has only to turn from the elegant and heroic patrician of Sienkiewicz's creation to the pages of Petronius' own book to see what he really was, for, although his literary works are excluded from the curricula of the colleges for youth, they must have been extremely voluminous, as the fragments of books XV. and XVI. of his "Satyricon," are all that survive.

Of all the Roman authors, Petronius was unique and remarkable for being the first novel or story writer known. His "Satyricon," written in the purest Latin, abounding in the most satirical wit, the broadest humor, the wisest philosophy and studded with poems of all sorts, from the most ambitious epic recitation, and garnished with the most erudite learning, is nothing more than an account of the escapades of a most incorrigible brace of rascals and the various persons in whose company they happen to fall.

One of these fellows was a professional person, traveling as a lecturer, pronouncing at one moment the most edifying discourse on taste and morals in literature, and at the next engaging in the vilest debauchery. His companion, also a scholar, is equally base. They fell in with a poet who declaimed his verses on the fall of Troy and the civil wars in Rome to whomsoever would listen, but was as often stoned from the forum as rewarded with applause and money.

These three rascals were complete types of confidence men, at one time working their schemes on the wealthy and at others stealing from the common people, but never failing to preach the highest morality, while they practiced every vile abomination known to the most debased of the human race.

Nevertheless, this book, infamous as to its morality, is a gem of literature, giving the most accurate pictures of the manners and modes of life among the most enlightened people in the world in Nero's time. It contains the celebrated story of the "Theban Matron," a chaste and most beautifully sentimental episode of human life, and the "Banquet of Trimalchio," the only complete description of an elaborate Roman dinner extant.

It was the author of such a book, the panderer to the jaded appetites and brutal passions of the most bestial creature that ever walked in human form, who is made the admired and admirable hero of Sienkiewicz's celebrated romance, and is set up with his lordly liberality and his pagan stoicism to match the constancy of the martyrs sustained by Christian faith and love.

But this contrast is merely a trick of art, not intended to detract from Christianity, in whose interest "Quo Vadis" was written. It is the province of the artist to create out of ignoble material the most admirable works, as it is of the miner to find jewels among rubbish, or of Christianity to transmute the basest of human beings into saints. Therefore it is that there is no sort of wonder expressed that the most depraved man in the ancient world can, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, be transformed into the most admirable personage in an alleged historical romance. —New Orleans Picayune.

Accuses French Governor

Paris, Nov. 12.—The flight of the Cambodian Prince Inkanthor to Brussels is furnishing the Parisians with much interesting reading and is giving the foreigners a glimpse of French colonial officialdom.

A newspaper publishes a letter containing the grievances which Inkanthor presented to the French government in behalf of his father. This appeal for justice is eloquently worded and is almost pathetic, although the defenders of the governor general of Cambodian, Doumer, assert that Inkanthor and his father, King Norodom, are strikingly faithful to the Oriental traditions of mendacity.

The document charges Doumer and those about him with robbing and browbeating the king. It declares that Doumer suppressed the king's right to farm out the Cambodian gaming saloons because the concessionists declined to pay the governor general an annual blackmail of \$25,000. The king was thereby deprived of a revenue of \$140,000 and 400 taels in gold.

Similar accusations are made against Doumer's predecessors, and Prince Inkanthor says he found among the leading personages in the colonial world of Paris a man who became rich by selling the King Norodom brass for gold and sorry Australian hacks for French thoroughbreds.

An inspired reply to the document, just published, admits that the colonial administration is not above reproach, but declares the documents not worthy of credence, as Inkanthor is an impostor, representing himself as an heir to the throne, when the French government alone decides this matter, and has designated the king's brother as his successor. It is further asserted on the gambling question that King Norodom violated the convention by authorizing traveling gaming bells, in order to exact a larger income. Moreover, the king is accused of conspiring to overthrow French domination by an insurrection.

It is now reported that the French government has asked that Inkanthor be expelled from Belgium, and the Parisians are awaiting to see what will happen to King Norodom, who is 67 years old. He is not likely to be disturbed, as today he telegraphed to the government, expressing regret at his son's action and saying that the latter was not authorized to make a claim against France. At the same time the king telegraphed to Inkanthor, at Brussels, ordering him to return home at once, under penalty of serious punishment if he disobeys.

Starved to Force Divorce.

New York, Nov. 12.—In an affidavit filed in a suit she has brought against her husband for a separation Mrs. Abraham Shaplowitz charges that her husband tried to starve her into suing for a divorce. On one occasion, after she and her baby had been without food all day, she implored her husband to give her a few pennies to get something to eat. She asserts that he flew into a terrible passion, and after telling her to go out and beg he threw a knife at her. Mrs. Shaplowitz says her husband frequently returned home with food. He would sit down at the table in her presence and eat, refusing to give her or the baby anything. When she asked for some of the food he would beat and kick her. Finally last November, Mrs. Shaplowitz says, her husband left her. A few days ago he returned and told her that he wanted her to get a divorce. He said that he would give her until Rosh Hoshana, the Hebrew New Year, in which to decide to take proceedings against him. If by that time she had not obtained a divorce he said he would leave the city and she would never see him again. Shaplowitz was locked up in default of \$300 bail.

\$3—Mumm's extra dry champagne, \$3 per bottle, at Aurora No. 1.

Granulated fresh laid eggs at Meeker's.

Pine line of 25c goods. Rochester.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

\$3—Mumm's extra dry champagne, \$3 per bottle, at Aurora No. 1.

Cyrus Noble whisky. Rochester.

Fresh carrots and turnips at Meekers.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

One figure familiar in Dawson society last winter is missing now. His rotund form is not seen nor is his jolly chuckle heard at local social gatherings. Who is referred to? Who could be referred to that answers the above description but Capt. J. J. Healy, the veteran merchant and founder in this far north-land of that large business enterprise known as the N. A. T. & T. Co.

And speaking of Capt. Healy brings to the mind of the Stroller a remark he made one night about a year ago at a meeting of the trustees of the Board of Trade in President L. R. Fulda's private room in the A. E. Co.'s store. Mr. Fulda, as is his invariable custom, called the attention of his guests to the big demijohn filled with "A. E. best" on the table and, after a portion of its contents had been discussed by all save Capt. Healy, who declined with thanks, Fulda's ever present box of cigars were passed. These were also declined by Capt. Healy. "Do you not smoke, either, captain?" said Mr. Fulda.

"No, no, no!" said the old pioneer. "I made a promise a number of years ago that I would not smoke another cigar until I was worth a million dollars."

"W-a-l-l, C-a-p-t-a-i-n," drawled out Secretary Frank Clayton, "I s-h-o-u-l-d t-o-u-k-y-o-u-a-r-e-a-b-o-u-t-r-e-a-d-y t-o-t-a-k-e-a-s-m-o-k-e!"

"Well," said the captain as he pulled his goatee, "not quite, not quite, but I am about ready to strike a match."

In these days of mad dogs and hold-ups at the points of pistols one does not know at what hour, or minute, even, he may be up against the real thing. When a man is assailed by a mad dog in his own yard, or stood up and forced to shell out in his own store he is apt to quietly arm himself for just such emergencies. Being caught unarmed and in perilous proximity to a grizzly bear once caused an old Rocky mountain trapper to utter the first supplication of his life. The story is a familiar one to all who have read Coin Harvey's book on finance, and is this:

The old trapper went from his cabin to a nearby spring for a bucket of water, thoughtlessly leaving his gun in the house and being armed with only his hunting knife. On his return trip he found the right of way disputed by a grizzly bear, the largest and most savage looking he had ever seen. It never occurred to the bear to turn and flee. It was not that kind of bear. The thought of turning and fleeing never crossed the mind of the man as he was not that sort of trapper. Bruin reared up on his hind legs, opened his mouth, put up his mits and otherwise gave indications of being ready for the fray. Dropping on his knees and rolling his eyes heavenward the old hunter said:

"Oh, Lord! I am not like the Presbyterians and Methodists, forever bothering you with my little troubles, and I ain't going to bother You this time! All I've got to ask is this: If you can't be on my side, don't be on the bear's. Just remain neutral and you'll see the d—st scrap on record!"

If the present cut in the price of wood is due to the belief that cold weather for this winter is a thing of the past, it is very apt to prove a case of misplaced confidence. "Old Bory" has only let go for a fresh hold; besides, winter is not supposed to begin until the 21st instant. The action of the wood dealers is commendable, however, and is one which should be emulated by the butchers and grocers.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL,
Assistant Gold Commissioner.
Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

Six varieties fresh vegetables at Meeker's.

Large African cigars at Rochester.

Meeker delivers fresh vegetables up creeks.

\$3—Mumm's extra dry champagne, \$3 per bottle, at Aurora No. 1.

Public Notice.

Under ordinance No. 38, of 1900, an ordinance respecting vaccination, two public vaccinators have been appointed namely, Dr. Macfarlane, First Avenue, Dawson, for Dawson and neighborhood, and Dr. La Chapelle at Grand Forks, for Bonanza and Eldorado with their tributaries.

All residents in those districts who have not complied with the said ordinance in procuring declaration or cer-

tificates according to schedules A or B of said ordinance before the end of the year shall be dealt with according to the provisions of said ordinance.

Dated at Dawson this 13th day of December, 1900.

J. H. MACARTHUR, M. C. H.
Dr. Macfarlane's hours in office daily, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m.

A new and large jewelry store now occupied by Lindeman; Monte Carlo building.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Wall Paper...
Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

THE TACOMA BOYS

YOU CAN
HOLD US UP

If we don't succeed in Pleasing
and Satisfying You in every
particular.

For the Best Bargains in Groceries
and Provisions to be obtained
in town.

OUR MONEY
IS YOURS

CLARKE & RYAN, GROCERS

Corner 6th St. and 2nd Ave.

THE TACOMA BOYS.

Mumm's the Word!

In order that all should have an
opportunity to greet their friends
in a suitable manner during
Christmas and New Years we will
sell during the Holidays

Mumm's Extra Dry and
Pommery Sec for

...\$75.00 Per Case...

...Alaska Exploration Company...

"White Pass and Yukon Route."

A Daily Train Each Way Between
Whitehorse and Skagway

COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

NORTH—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m.,
Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.

SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m.,
Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS,
General Manager

S. M. IRWIN,
Traffic Manager

J. H. ROGERS,
Agent

You Fellows

From the Creek

Want to drop in and see us when you come to town

You know you were always welcome to sit on the counter and whittle in '97 times, and it's just the same old place now.

You can sit on the steam pipes and shoot out the electric lights, and be perfectly at home as of yore.

Incidentally we can swap yarns about how much cheaper goods are, and possibly fit you out for the season for about what you used to pay for a sack of flour.

Don't forget the Old Trading Post

Alaska Commercial
COMPANY

Telephone 23

WE HAVE

1 40 H. P. Locomotive Boiler

AT A BARGAIN

also TWO 12 H. P. PIPE BOILERS

The DAWSON HARDWARE CO.

2ND AVE.

PHONE 36