

Stroller's Column.

William W. Bittner, Esq.

For some time past the seething mass that the Stroller calls his mind has been afire with the unconquerable desire to write a play, and he writes for information and advice, asking you to be experienced in only handling plays but playwrights. The Stroller thinks you will agree with him that somebody ought to write a play.

What is needed and what an effort will be put forth to accomplish is a play that will cause the people to come down from the creeks and stay a week to see and hear it played every night. Would you write a play and then dramatize it or would you write a drama and then play on it? The Stroller has many crude ideas but you will readily see, Mr. Bittner, that he is not practical. For in-

Telegraphic advices are to the effect that an Indiana woman put salt on her drunken husband and allowed the cows to lick him until he was raw. There is an idea in this somewhat novel method of reforming a husband that might be turned to advantage in that cow licking would be a first class quality of massage, and massage is acknowledged to be a great thing for the skin.

The Stroller offers the suggestion free that it would be a grand idea for some enterprising Dawson bathhouse man to procure a few head of cattle for massage purposes. After a bath the customer could take a walk in salt and then would be the time for introducing the sandpaper-tongued cattle.

As a bath house and dairy could very well be run jointly, the above

Why should any man who can decorate Slavin with a bum lamp and a gory nose bother with the "crime of '73" (borrowed from a Populist platform), with the illegal granting of hydraulic concessions (borrowed from C. M. Woodworth), or with such social problems as to whether or not it is recherche to blow your nose on a black silk handkerchief.

Today the prize fighter is the pooh-bah of social life, while the man who for years delved among Green verbs such as rooti, piggerie, hogo, gruntum, is probably in bed while his wife is patching his only pair of pants.

If either Slavin or Burley would drop in on the Stroller today, sit down and put their feet on his desk he would not interfere. He might not like it, but he would not say a word. The Stroller respects men of brawn more than he does men who run entirely to brain.

The Stroller's reasons for respecting men of muscle more than those of the other class are shown in the accompanying illustration.

The Stroller is pleased to note in standard publications that the unsanitary and somewhat ridiculous custom of kissing the Bible on taking an oath is becoming obsolete in many sections of His Majesty's domain.

The Stroller is a firm believer in the Bible but he prefers it in the heart instead of on the lips, especially when the same copy has been handled and osculated by all nationalities and creeds without regard to race, color or previous conditions of servitude for, to these many years.

Kissing a public Bible is like drinking from a public dipper that is fastened to the town pump—kiss or drink close up to the handle or else turn the lips in beyond the "red" and let the kiss be something like a touch instead of a slobbering smack that sounds like a horse extracting a pedal extremity from Hunker creek mud.

In the state of Florida the oath is taken by placing the right hand on the Bible, and, after trying a "cloud" in daylight jurors have been known to lynch him and be home in bed before 11 o'clock that night.

In these scientific times, these times when germs, animalcule and bacteria stalk fearlessly up and down the face of the earth seeking whom they may stake a concession on and do assessment work, the Stroller, in his unassuming, mild-mannered but feeble way, would suggest that "kissing the book" be eliminated from the oath. Either that or the cover of the book be removed and disinfected semi-occasionally.

The Stroller has received a lengthy account of a "mill" on Dominion that is reported to have been worth more money than is usually paid for

man had an equal force that threw the wood off the sled as fast as the woman's crew put it on.

After sparring with words for some time the principals "sput" on their hands, sailed in and for one short round the air was full of arms as pivot swings and solar-plexus jabs were delivered. The man was finally vanquished and the woman was left—well, hen of the walk. However, the report that she sent word to the Stroller to challenge, in her behalf, the winner of the Slavin-Burley contest is not exactly true.

The Stroller's poet laureate has again taken a fall out of Old Pegasus, this time in the shape of a military sugar kiss which is respectfully dedicated to the Dawson Rifles.

'Tis wondrous how the telegraph has changed the whole world's ways, News travels in a second now, the space it once took days.

And things which unimportant seem to those who give them birth To magnitudinal proportions grow in travelling 'round the earth.

To show exactly what we mean and try a cause to trace.

We will take the Dawson Rifles to exemplify the case.

When the founder of the company began his muster roll

He little thought that every name would blazon Glory's scroll.

When the news was heralded upon the ticking wire

The little dots and dashes seemed to set the world on fire.

Great Britain's foes recoiled in fear blanched with terror at the shock

As helpless as a vessel is when tempest-driven on the rock.

Throughout the mighty empire rang the joyful peals of every bell,

While every true Canadian felt the pride within his bosom swell.

Then quickly came the answering cry from Montreal to sunny Greece,

All nations stood with bated breath—"The Boers have humbly sued for peace."

We do not wish to be unjust nor slander Britain's soldiers true,

Nor do we think that they would wish to take a glory not their due.

They've fought as brave men always will, throughout the long and savage war,

But the Dawson Rifles surely were the sudden downfall of the Boer.

Why is it that for these long years the Boer would never bend his head,

Until some "Tommy Atkins" dèftly bored his system through with lead?

'Tis plain to see no fear of man would cause the savage Boer to quail

Until he thought the Dawson boys would soon be camping on his trail.

Let not the Dawson Rifles be at all averse to make their claim,

To them is all the honor due, the burghers trembled at their name,

For life is sweet to any man—the Boers desired another lease,

And that is why the message came,



THE PLAYWRIGHT AT WORK.

dance, he supposes he should have a dialogue to his play but he doesn't know what a prologue is. Is it anything like an appendix or appendixis?

The Stroller can write that part where the natty young man comes in with a spring overcoat on his arm, a persucker cane in one hand and holds the governor up for a check for \$500 to square up debts contracted the previous night while out on a lark. The young man has a scene with his father and is threatened with disinheritance, but he finally gets the check and after he goes out the father slaps his knee and says, "Bless the young dog, he gets more like his father every day." Although the old man can write checks for thousands on the stage, he and the son are both seen casting supplicating glances at a doughnut factory about 11 o'clock next morning.

The Stroller can also describe the part where the leading lady wrings her hands and says, "Oh, love! Oh, fate! Oh, death!" and some fellow from Dago Hill says "Oh, h—l."

Do you think an idea should be introduced in the play?—If so, the Stroller may be obliged to give up his work.

How would it do to introduce a case of measles in, say, the third act? The people like something catchy. Besides, measles are easily introduced.

The Stroller has in his mind's eye a villain for his play that will say "Aha! At last you are in my power!" with such force and effect that a bullet fender may be necessary just over the footlights.

As it is necessary for a man who writes a play to have a clear brain, should he soak his head or his back?

If you think that the local actor market is overstocked, a few characters can be worked into the cast who will have to be killed and their parts can be made so raw that the audience will see that they are killed.

Should a playwright diet himself should he eat everything that his wife, by her untiring efforts at taking in washing, is able to provide?

In case, Mr. Bittner, you should see to encourage the Stroller to write a play he prefers that you should put it on until the boats start coming on the lower river and then present it for the first time some night a boat is billed to sail at 11:30 p.m.

P.S.—In case you think the man from Dago Hill should not say "Oh, h—l," we will arrange to have him say "la me!"

suggestion is worthy of serious consideration.

A short time ago the Stroller drew a comparison between pugilism and education. Today he is arranging for lessons in the former.

Where can such glory be had in educational pursuits as was heaped upon Burley last night?

What did Slavin care as he groped his way to the ropes in the ninth round about who discovered the is-



EDUCATION VS. PUGILISM.

land of Madagascar, or who captured the first orang-utang on the island of Borneo, or what twice the square of the hypothenuse plus 24 per cent, export tax equals?

Not a bloody thing.

He was too busy telling how it happened and receiving the plaudits of admiring hundreds to worry about matters that belong to \$7 per week men.

What did Burley care as he rushed upstairs to kiss his wife whether "All Gall is divided into three parts" or into one hundred and three parts?

What did he care about quedam mulier habebat galinum (a certain woman had a hen) or whether or not it was a hen or a rooster?

Burley's achievement placed him far above and beyond such commonplace knowledge as how to parse the decimal fraction "has did."

a reserved seat to see the family comedy-drama, Joshua Whitcomb. And yet the Dominion "go" was free to all who chanced to be in the scope of its horizon.

The principals were a man and a woman and the stake was a pile of wood which both claimed. The woman had a force of men attempting to haul the wood away, while the

"The Boers have humbly sued for peace."

"The thing that interests me most these days," said a married man to the Stroller one day this week, "is the price of onions, and until it is materially reduced you must excuse me for not joining you at the bar."

"What has the price of onions got to do with your taking an appetizer before going home?" curiously inquired the Stroller.

"It is this way," replied the man. "Up to a month or six weeks ago when I took a drink on my way home I would stop at the corner grocery and eat an onion so that my wife would not accuse me of 'coming thro' the rye' on my way home. It always worked like a charm until the price of onions forced me to sobriety. You may not be aware of it, but onions are now selling at 75 cents per pound in Dawson and with my limited income I can not afford to eat a four-bit onion to overcome the aroma of a two-bit drink."

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