

Stroller's Column.

It was at a Dawson theater. The male vocalist had essayed to sing and had responded to two or three scores; the-encorers being men who would begin to talk about something at the moment the girl began singing. There was one quiet man in the crowd who neither talked nor encorered but who, when the girl had left the stage for the third time, turned to his neighbor and asked: "Why is that female like a Wheeler Wilson sewing machine?" "Give it up," said the friend, "why is she?" "Because she is not a Singer." When the gang went and had a drink made from glucose, river-water, plug tobacco and Paris green.

Dear Stroller,— You are the man I long have sought and mourned because I found you not. Your offer to write a play is read and heartily accepted. Enclosed check for \$7.50. Will pay the other \$2.50 when work is completed. The day in Dawson for light drama on the stage and thrilling murders in the audience is happily past. No more are Dawson audiences interested in the love affairs of a beer drinker nor do they worry about intricate investments in bob-tail coaches. We are an advanced people and to keep pace with the times must have an up-to-date play with which to entertain the masses. What we want something that will make women weep and strong men cough up tears; something that will make members of the cast draw long breaths and forget to draw their salaries. You may arrange to have a few members of the cast killed in the last act. It is as cheap to bury them as it is to give them benefits. What is needed is a play that will require fully 100 people to produce and you must arrange so that only one will be on the stage at a time so that she may stand exactly in the center and have all the admiration that is running rampant for the time being. Have lots of scenery, as some must be kept busy. I do not endorse your idea of draining the government fuel factory, my experience with saw mills on the stage was not conducive to happiness or peace of mind. Besides, it might revive unpleasant memories in many of the patrons. A play with a suggestive name, say, "One Country, One Flag, and One Wife," ought to take in Dawson, but it is doubtful if it would. One can never tell where a spark of appreciation may lurk. It is ignorance—found where least expected. Only a few days ago a well-known man was telling me about being attended a "post mortise" examination. Such a man as that would not appreciate a truly high and ennobling play. One entitled "Polygamy as a Christian Duty" would suit him better. Writing a play that will take is an uphill task and striving to make it sufficiently well to break even is most a straight up proposition.

A play in which a real bakery would appear in the last act would suit the cast.

Yours,
W. W. BITTNER.

P.S.—Our professions may ere long separate us by many, many miles and as a memento of myself, I suggest that you keep the \$7.50 check instead of presenting it at the bank. Your recollections of me will be more tender if you do as I suggest.
WILLIE.

Caribou, on Dominion, April 26. To the Stroller:
Sir,—I have alternated between working on a windlass and on bed-rock since '98 and the other night I woke up at 2:30 with the firm conviction that I have missed my calling. It was the first time for three years that I woke up with a conviction. It is this: I realized there and then that I am a natural-born humorist and that instead of wearing away my life as I am doing, I should be writing articles at which the whole world would hold its sides and ha-ha and laugh. For me to think is to act, and I write you to ask you to recommend some Jolly Joke books to me, as reading them will assist in developing my humorous ability. Any advice you can give that will help me along in my chosen career will be greatly appreciated by yours truly.
J. A. Y.

Jay, the Stroller is pleased to hear from you. He has long grieved over the dearth of humor in this country and just as he was about to despair you bob up like a mushroom unheralded and as silently as the falling due of a note a man endorses for a fickle friend. The Stroller sends you a book which it is necessary for you to peruse in order that you may chisel your name on the eternal tablets of fame. It is Hostetter's Family Almanac. But say, Jay! M. Quad is one of the greatest humorists, both in a literary and financial way, that modern times know, and he, like you, lived right along for years without being aware of his talent. He was a tramp printer and never entertained any idea of his ability until after he had been blown up by a steamboat. Ever since he got the splints and bandages off he has had smooth sailing. Try getting blown up by a steamboat, Jay. What a pity you did not wake up with a conviction before the destruction of the steamers Mona and Glenora, as you could have had one of them for your experiment. Buy the Eldorado. It is about all she is fit for and it will be the turning point in your life. It is a severe test, Jay, but it is bound to be a success. Even if it kills you, it will be rich in its beneficial results to those who escape. In the meantime, Jay, if, while working on bedrock, you see any nuggets you had better "cop" them for the reason that you may need them before the cold and clammy world begins to clamor for your productions.

One thing is in your favor. You say in the postscript which was not for publication that you were born in a log cabin and never wore pants until you were 14 years old. It is from just such humble origin, Jay, that our most brilliant men have sprung and the Stroller honestly believes that the bacteria of success is in your system. Read the almanac carefully and from time to time the Stroller will send you copies of the Puyallup Citizen, Farmer's Friend, Prune Journal, War Cry and other humorous publications. If you could arrange for your steamboat disaster on Victoria day or the Fourth of July it would be a great help to the sports committee.

Old Missionary Dead
Special to the Daily Nugget.
Newburgh, N.Y., April 28. — Mrs. Emma Welsh, for 30 years a missionary in India and one of those who escaped the Cawnpore massacre, died here Sunday.
Men's linen collars, 6 for \$1.00—the Hamburger & Weissberg sacrifice sale, Second avenue.
Hay, oats and provisions of all kinds at Barrett & Hull's. Rock bottom prices.
Choice Rex Hams. Ames Mer. Co.

Just in Over the Ice
Two Hundred Thousand . . . **Havana Cigars**

Benj. Franklin, La Africanos, Velasco's Flor de Milanos, Adalina Pattis, El Ecuadors.
Henry Clays, Magnificos, El Triunfos, Henry Upman's; Bock & Co.

Look Out for the CAMEOS.
TOWNSEND & ROSE, Importers

ROYALTY ON DUST

Dawson, Y. T., April 25, 1902.

To All Our Customers:— You are hereby notified that, owing to a notice published by J. T. Lithgow, Comptroller of the Yukon Territory, that on and after April 30th, 1902, royalty will be collected on all gold dust not sealed up, exported after that date, the Board of Trade passed the following resolution:

"RESOLVED, That said merchants in collecting such outstanding accounts receive the same in gold dust, provided the said export tax of 2½ per cent be added thereto, and that notice be given by said merchants to their customers, and through the press immediately of this resolution."

For that reason we will not receive gold dust at the rate of \$16 per ounce in satisfaction of past accounts, on and after the 30th of April, unless the persons paying the same produce export royalty receipts or pay to us the amount of such export royalty.

On business transacted on and after May 1st 1902, we will receive gold dust at \$15.00 per ounce and pay the export tax.

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Nothing wears a person out like a bad fitting pair of shoes, especially if he has much walking to do.

We keep only the Up-to-date Lines. Our Lasts and Styles are the Latest.

N. A. T. & T. COMPANY

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We have decided to withdraw the above departments from our business and will sell EN BLOC making payments agreeable to purchaser at RETAIL.

NECKWEAR. NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.
HATS, all shapes.
CLOTHING, made by W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Co.

Boots & Shoes
The Celebrated Slater and Ames Holden.
Full line Miner's Hob Nailed Waterproof, the most sensible shoe in the market.

SOCKS, largely English imported goods
COLLARS. CUFFS.
UNDERWEAR, Marino natural wool and Silk.

Our announcement as above is Bona Fide and by giving us a call we will convince you.

Macaulay Bros., One Door Below **Front Street**
Norquay's Drug Store