

BLAKEY THE HOUSEKEEPER

Tried to Introduce a System Into Domestic Economy.

Running a Business and Conducting Household Affairs are two Different Matters.

Blakey is a born housekeeper. What he doesn't know about the care of the kitchen sink isn't written in the books, and a person who tries to teach him how to make good coffee is simply conveying anthracite to a well filled bin. It's a grief to Blakey that he can't get a proper substitute in his office, so that he can stay at home all day and see to things.

And yet, in spite of all these interests in common with them, Blakey is not popular with women. There are days when he isn't even popular with his wife, and she is one of the most devoted spouses that ever made an effort to keep up with the procession. Some good friend ought to tell Blakey how women feel about these things. He ought to be informed that the man who is a winner tells his wife how it is by magic creating a feast from the materials in the pantry. That's the talk that sends a woman into the kitchen to fashion the puff paste with her own hands in order to have it just as "he" likes it. Blakey doesn't know this, though, and there are more things that he ought to know—and doesn't. Perhaps life will teach him some of them in time. It has looked just a little that way of late.

They had been dining out, and on the way home Blakey commented on the serving of the dinner.

"Did you notice that Mrs. Gillespie didn't issue one order to her maid?" he asked. "She had her stationed behind that screen, where she could command view of the table in the sideboard mirror, and there was such a perfect understanding between them that Mrs. Gillespie only had to raise her eyes to that mirror and the thing she wanted was done. That's the way I'd like to see you have it, my dear. This ringing a bell and telling what you want rather than a dinner. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Blakey murmured a weary word to the effect that much depended on having an expert waitress and thought the matter dropped. But next morning she was roused by her husband's voice.

"I have it all planned out," he said. "I've been lying awake for two hours getting up a code of signals for you to use in calling Nora to serve the table. I'll write it down for you. This is the plan: One pressure of your foot on the electric button in the floor will mean 'clear the table for next course,' two pressures might call for repressing of the bread, three would indicate that the glasses needed refilling, and so forth. I think I can make it cover the whole ground."

"But, David, it is Nora's duty to watch the glasses and keep them filled without any telling her at all."

"I know, but does she do it? She gets busy with something else and very naturally forgets that. Now, by this plan she won't have to tax her memory at all, and you can remind her without anybody's knowing you've done a thing."

"But she'd have to remember what the signal stood for."

"Leave that to me," he answered. "I'll make it very plain and easy, and I'll take it down to the office and have two typewritten copies made—one for you and one for Nora."

"I hope Nora will like it," ventured Mrs. Blakey anxiously. "She's a little particular, you know."

"She's sure to like it! You women never seem to understand what a sense of satisfaction it is to the employee when he feels a systematic hand on the helm. Why, the people who work for you would rather have things run pretty strict than not to feel system in the management. They want to know there's a head planning things for them. I've found that out in business. I tell you, all that housekeeping needs to make it run easy is the application of masculine brains and business methods! Nora will like it, all right enough."

But Nora didn't. Loyal Mrs. Blakey presented the plan as joyfully as if it were her own pet project, but her effort to catch and impart her husband's enthusiasm about it was a dead failure. Nora looked very glum as she planned the typewritten code of signals up by the kitchen clock, and Mrs. Blakey felt glummer still as she fastened her own copy on the edge of her mirror and stood mumbling over its words.

"One long ring and two short-rings," she repeated. "One short and two long—repressing article fast served. Two long rings—clear table for next course. Three short rings—refill water glasses. Oh, dear!"

She broke off suddenly. "I sometimes wish David wouldn't take so much in-

terest in making my work easy."

But David's interest kept right up. He urged the use of the code with untiring zeal, and one day when pretty, black-eyed Nora actually came and filled the water glasses in answer to "three short rings" he glowed with unspeakable pride and declared that they must really give a dinner.

"Eight is the proper number for our table," he told his wife. And then he began to plan the menu.

Mrs. Blakey was a cheerful, gay little body at the time of her marriage, and the sparkle isn't entirely gone. She looked very pretty on the night of the dinner. The table was perfect; the cut glass blazed with rainbow hues, the silver dazzled and the floral centerpiece was a credit to Mr. Blakey's taste. The feast was to be rather more pretentious than anything Mr. Blakey had heretofore planned, but he had no fears about the service. He relied on the code. Mrs. Blakey, on her part, was determined to please David by appearing quite unconscious whenever she signaled Nora. The consequence was that her smiles and attention to the man on her left during the soup course half turned his head.

"How delightfully clever; do tell me another!" Mrs. Blakey was saying to him, brightly, as her small foot pressed the button and telegraphed Nora to "clear table for next course."

Nora appeared—a dream of delight in a black dress, an exquisite apron and a brand new butterfly cap that Mr. Blakey himself had selected and brought home for the occasion. She waited for the cue. She never so much as glanced at Mrs. Blakey, who in her turn kept her eyes determinedly away from the maid as she chatted on with the man at her left. Nora flitted about, deftly removing soup plates.

Suddenly Mrs. Blakey felt herself pierced by her husband's gaze. Great heavens! What was the girl doing? Finger bowls after the soup! Had she given her the wrong signal? The guests were looking puzzled and watching their hostess. Mrs. Blakey rose to the occasion and desperately dipped her fingers, while she peremptorily gave the signal for next course. Away went the finger bowls, and Nora, with a wild look in her pretty eyes, began to bring in black coffee.

"Horrible!" ejaculated Mrs. Blakey to the man on her left, who had just finished quoting her a little quatrain of his own. Then she apologized, with one eye on him and another on Nora, who was floating past her, all unconscious of appealing glances and furtive clutches at her sleeve. The code of signals was eddying like a whirlpool in Mrs. Blakey's mind. The coffee was finished and something must be done. She gave one long, continuous ring, and watched breathlessly to see what would turn up. A cold perspiration started upon her forehead. Another round of finger bowls! And while they were using them, Nora, with a face like a lobster, passed the bread.

It was a long dinner—the largest and most indigestible that either he or Mrs. Blakey had ever eaten—but it came to an end at last. The guests had departed, and Mr. Blakey stood with his hands in his pockets looking reproachfully at his wife as she sobbed it out on a sofa pillow.

Suddenly she sat up and gave a shriek of laughter. Then another and another.

"Eleanor! Eleanor!" cried Mr. Blakey, in alarm. "What's the matter? Is it hysterics?"

"Hysterics—no!" she echoed, with another burst of laughter. "It's—it's masculine brains and business methods!"

And that was one time when Mr. Blakey spelled out a new page in his primer of life.—Chicago Record.

Mail From Below.

Mail from all lower river points as far down as the Tanana reached Dawson this afternoon at 1:15. The carrier reports that the trail is in good condition. A small batch of mail not exceeding 50 pounds was brought, which will be followed in a short time by another consignment.

Have Waged War 27 Years.

There are not many people aware of the fact that for the last 27 years a war has been going on between the Dutch and the people at Acheen, in North Sumatra. Since 1873 to the present time this war has cost the Netherlands something like \$100,000,000, and over 100,000 lives have been lost on the two sides. After all these years of fighting the end of this punitive war is no nearer than when it first commenced.

GRAND BOXING EVENT.

At the Standard Theatre Next Friday Night.

There will be a 10-round boxing contest between Frank Rafael and the Colorado Kid for a decision and a side bet on the night of the 14th. Frank Rafael agrees to best the Colorado Kid within 10 rounds or take the loser's end of the purses. Tickets are now on sale at the Standard theatre. Admission, lower floor \$2, stage seats \$3, balcony seats \$3, seats in boxes \$5. Boxes to private parties \$20. These tickets admit the holder to the house at any time during the performance which precedes the go.

A grand phantom masquerade ball will be given at the Standard Christmas eve, Monday, Dec. 24. Don't fail to see it.

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INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The Baltimore & Ohio road has recognized the Order of Railway Telegraphers, and will advance wages and reduce the hours of the operators.

There is a big demand for carpenters at West Superior, Wis. The wages are offered are from \$2.7 to \$3 per day.

The Iron Molders' Union of San Francisco, Cal., has adopted resolutions pledging its members to support the shorter hour movement of the retail clerks.

In Pana, Ill., the school authorities have thrown out the trust and nonunion school books and decided that anti-trust and union label school books shall be used in the schools.

The military authorities in Porto Rico are stated to have put every possible obstacle and barrier in the way of organized labor, and are otherwise discouraging trades unionism.

The Journeymen Bakers and Confectioners' National Union, nearly 50,000 strong, will make a general demand for a 10-hour day on May 1, 1901. Members are now working 12 to 16 hours daily.

In New York the Brotherhood of Painters has notified employers that a uniform scale of wages of \$3 for a day of eight hours and seven hours on Saturday will be enforced, and if not granted a strike will ensue.

Religions in China.

The most intelligent classes in China are the followers of Confucius; the rest of the people are Buddhists and Taoists. Confucius taught that all good and truth is from heaven. Taoists taught that heaven is not a lawgiver or ruler, but a pattern, a way, a quiet, passionless discharge of all which our nature prompts and requires us to do, without crying or striving, and the methods of preserving life. This is the old Chinese religion, older than Confucianism. Buddhism was introduced into China about the first century of the Christian era. Buddhism is today the religion of more people than any other religion. The name is derived from the root Buddh, meaning to awake, to know, to be eliminated from existence by a knowledge of the truth. Buddhism rests on the same principles as Brahminism, but is more thoroughly organized by an aggressive and proselyting priesthood. It accepts the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and teaches that when a man dies he is immediately born again to appear in a new shape. It teaches nothing of God. In the Chinese language there is no word expressing the idea of a supreme God. They have no idea of a being higher than a man may attain to by virtue, austerity and science.

It cannot be said that in our sense of the word Confucians have churches and are a religious sect, but to know what Confucius said and to be imbued with his philosophy is absolutely essential in China to high position in the state. The Buddhists are more aggressive; their doctrine addresses itself, as Max Muller says, to cast and outcasts; it promises salvation to all and commands its disciples to preach the doctrine in all places and to all men, a sense of duty extending from the narrow limits of the house, the village and the country to the widest circle of mankind; a feeling of sympathy interpreted toward all men. The idea, in fact, of humanity, was first pronounced by Buddha. It was this spirit of proselyting the world and spreading the gospel of Buddha that brought the religion from India to China and made it acceptable to the millions of people there.

As has been summed up by another, "Confucianism represents the intelligence of China. Taoism is superstition, and Buddhism is ritualism and idolatry, while yet it acknowledges no God."

Confucius claimed that every man was born good and endowed with qualities which would enable him to acquire godlike wisdom and become the equal of heaven. He divided mankind into four classes—those born with knowledge, those who readily learn, those who are dull and yet by diligence succeed in learning, and lastly those who are stupid and do not learn. He claimed that it was only necessary for a man to watch and listen, to understand and obey the moral sense in himself implanted by heaven and the highest perfection is within his reach. Confucius claimed that heaven implants a pure nature at birth and, having done this, there is no further supernatural interference with the thoughts and deeds of men. It is within the power of each one to perfect his nature, and man has his destiny in his own hands. While Confucius does not deny the existence of a God, he claimed that his own mission was with man as a member of society and that the object of his teaching was to lead him into paths of rectitude which would best contribute to his own happiness.—Ex.

Didn't Fool the Doctor.

Physicians often have to exercise great care to avoid becoming the victims of imposition. If a dishonest applicant for a pension can hoodwink some doctor the latter's certificate may be made the means of perpetrating a fraud upon the government and social parasites who seek to sponge on public and charitable institutions are always trying to inveigle a physician into saying the word or writing the line which would gain them admission.

An interesting case in point was related by the leading oculist of Montreal, a man whose practice extended far outside of the bounds of the city. One day a young woman came into the office, accompanied by an older woman, apparently the mother. The young

woman wore colored glasses, which one might have assumed to be superfluous, as it was claimed that the girl was totally blind. What was wanted of the doctor was a certificate authenticating this claim of blindness, putting it beyond dispute, and it was frankly stated that the object in seeking this was to obtain certain aids and advantages of a philanthropic nature impossible of access otherwise. The standing of the oculist was such that a statement from him would carry full weight wherever presented.

On examination the surface of the eyes gave no indication of any defect, but that might be so and blindness still exist. Applying tests of the strongest light the girl professed herself to be absolutely unable to distinguish between light and darkness. The doctor was puzzled and baffled. Apparently the girl was stone blind, but he was unable to solve the problem of those eyes, to discover the cause of the blindness or say just where the defect lay.

The doctor was more than half disposed to grant the desired certificate, when, as a last expedient, he hit upon a novel experiment. He dismissed the patient with instructions that she should come again at a certain hour the following day. When she came the doctor had her securely blindfolded with a heavy bandage over her eyes. Then he took a tiny mouse, which he had ready, and held the lively little thing by its tail before the girl's face, though not touching her, while he ordered the bandages to be removed. No sooner was the bandage off than her screams rang through the place and her eyes were wide with terror at the harmless little rodent, which had thrown her so completely off her guard and exposed the imposture. Of course she saw it or she would not have screamed. Needless to say the applicant did not get that certificate.—Montreal Star.

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