

Map of Dawson Townsite

Showing New System of Street Names.

CONDUCTORS NEED PATIENCE

As They Meet the Biggest Cranks on Earth.

Men Are Abusive and Contrary While Women Never Know Where They Wish to Go.

"Pay or get off."

"I paid you before."

"Pay or get off."

And the car stopped and the protesting and fighting passenger was ejected in a specially muddy place in the road.

"That's the way it is all the time," wearily said the conductor to a sympathizing passenger, "and the company thinks it's easy."

"I get on this car early in the morning and from morn till night there ain't an hour what I don't have trouble with some one," continued the conductor. "If it ain't one thing it's another, and every one seems wuss than the last. I'm sick of it, good and sick of it, and if it wasn't for the wife and kids at home I'd pull out for some place where I wouldn't see a street-car from sun to summer."

"Do they worry you much?" asked the passenger, a little touched in spite of himself by the man's patient and hopeless protest against his "fares."

"Do they worry me?" he repeated. "Say, have you ever paid any attention to what a street car conductor has to put up with in the day's running? I s'pose not. There ain't but mighty few people what knows how t'other half lives, some great man said that once, and even that few don't care anyhow. They're wuss than babies and it seems to me that the older they get the wuss they get. I wish I could shake the job, that I do."

"Well, whom among your passengers do you find the most troublesome?" asked the passenger.

"They're all the wuss. There ain't the pitch of a copper cent between the well-off guy in a top hat and filled with hush and the workin' girl who wants to chat on the step. It's worry, worry, worry, mornin', noon and night, and the life is pestered out of a man for enough to keep his wife and kids from starvin' and mighty little more."

"No, ma'am; we don't go to Madison park," he said, in answer to a question. "This car is going to Green Lake."

"Well, why didn't you tell me; do you think I want to go along your horrid line?" venomously asked an exasperated woman with every feather in her bonnet shaking. "I shall report you to the superintendent, so I shall."

"But you didn't tell me where you wanted to go," still patiently answered the conductor.

"Do you think I tell my private business to every man on the car?" snapped the woman. "If you want to know, I'm a-going to see my darter-in-law, who's a-goin' to have her fifth child christened, and you take me to the other end of the city. I'll have the law on you, so I will."

"Now, that's just a sample," said the conductor, turning to his friend again. "How in thunder was I to know where she wanted to go? It's the way of half the women in this town. They get on a car and think that you can tell by the look of their bonnet where they want to go."

This little joke appeared to appease the conductor, and he resumed his complaint in less logabrious tone.

A woman never seems to know how to get anywhere. Tell her to get off at the front of the car and she'll turn round and go back to the back. Tell her to be sure and get off facing the front and she'll swing off with her face to the back, and then if she falls a cop comes along and says I started afore she was off. It's nag, nag, nag all the time."

"Do you get much foreign money?" asked his friend.

"Well, no. The foreign money doesn't bother me much, but there's all sorts of bad money flyin' around, and the best of us'll get caught on that. I suppose five or six times a day at least I have to refuse money

because it's bad, and then there's always trouble.

"Only yesterday a widow came on board. I saw her. She had just stepped out of an undertaker's, and when she gave me her fare it was plugged. As bad a piece of work on that half dollar as I ever see. 'No, ma'am,' I says, 'I can't take that; it's plugged.' Well, sir, she looked at it and begins to cry—not loud, you know. I just says: 'I'll get out and walk; it's all I have with me.' Well, I couldn't stand for that, and so I says: 'Let's see it again,' and then I says to her: 'This is all right,' and I gave her the change."

"Did you pass it afterward?" asked his friend, much interested.

"I didn't give it to you," was the sulky reply, "so you needn't worry whether I got rid of it or not."

"Yes, sir," said he the next moment to an old man who was waving an umbrella at him. "I'll stop at the next corner."

"I don't want to stop at the next corner. I want you to stop now—right now. Why, don't you stop?" and the old man jumped up and pulled the bell rope half a dozen times. Neither motorman nor conductor paid any attention, and by the time the car had reached the next corner the aged merchant was foaming at the mouth.

"Didn't I tell you stop in the middle of the block?" he said.

"We never stop only at corners," was the reply.

"Well, you do. I saw you stop only two weeks ago for an invalid woman who had to be carried out of the car to a hospital."

"That was a special case and we went beyond our rules then."

"I want to tell you that I am worth more than fifty old women."

"Please get off; you are keeping the car back."

"I won't get off until I have said all I want to say."

Here the conductor rang the bell, and the old man, afraid to step off, was carried, swearing volubly, to the next block, when he hopped off with a string of curses.

"Wouldn't it drive you to drink?" said the conductor by way of only comment.

"Conductor," said an overdressed woman, who had just stepped on the car, "stop at my dressmaker's."

"Yes, ma'am," said the long suffering man. "What street and number?"

"Why, can't you tell that I always go to the most fashionable dressmaker's?" said the woman with a simper. "Mme. So and So's of course."

"What street and number?" again repeated the conductor, wearily.

"I thought you were supposed to know the route," and then indignantly she gave him the address desired.

"Now I suppose," said the surface clerk when he came back again to the platform, "that that woman thinks I must be very ignorant because I don't know the address of her dressmaker. Wouldn't it frost you? These people think that all the world is circling around their own affairs and that there ain't a thing concerning them that ain't of interest to everybody else."

The car then stopped again and two passengers got on board. The first was a pretty girl, of refined manner, with a King Charles spaniel, white as snow, in her arms, and the second was a loud, sporty young man with a white fedora, red tie, light summer suit and leading a savage bull pup by a chain. The dog was snarling and snapping at everybody who came by.

"Can't have that dog on board, sir," said the conductor, barring the way.

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't safe. If I were to allow him on board and then he was to bite anybody I should be responsible."

"Well, he won't bite."

Just at that moment the beast made a snap at the conductor, but missed by about an inch.

"You just let a woman come on board with a dog."

"That small dog wouldn't bite anybody."

"Well, mine won't either."

"Won't get the change," said the conductor, ringing the bell.

The young man jumped on board, but the dog refused to come and jerked the chain out of the man's hand.

It immediately set forth on a run after another dog and in a moment was lost to sight. The owner, who had been in a hurry, did not look where he was going, and fell sprawling in the mud. In another moment the dog and dog were out of sight.

"Do many people try to change their fares?" said his friend after brief silence.

"I hear more hard-luck stories one day than any police judge. There ain't a day that goes by that one doesn't try to string some poor fellow to escape paying 5 cents. And it doesn't matter what they say; I can't let 'em on, for I don't know they might be spotters, and where would I be?"

"Fired, I suppose?" he friend asked.

"Fired, I should say. I should drop out of a job with a question and a job that would shake your back teeth out. It's a big change level with the game long enough to hold a job."

"Here's one now," as a man stepped up the steps and sliding back in the car beckoned to the conductor.

The colloquy did not last long, and when the surface clerk came back he was laughing for the first time that day.

"That's a new one on us," he said.

"I've heard a good many fancy ones in my day, but that's the limit. I saw that cheap skate what got so minute before? Well, he told me a juicy yarn for the sake of that nickel."

"He said that he was representing Rockefeller and that he was commissioned by him to get interviews with all the conductors along the line, to find out whether they would like to buy up the line. In the event of their speaking favorably of the plan he would then be able to make a bid for popular support on the basis that he had the labor element of the town with him. He said not to wait long, as he could chat on the matter as the car was going along."

"You didn't feel like chatting?"

"Nary a chat. I told him that I was new and that it was worth a nickel, but that I didn't want to nickel to spare."

"What did he say?"

"Said that he would report me, and that I would get fired as soon as the change of ownership took place. I told him I wished I was out of holding my job till then."

Just then the car came to the terminus and all the passengers got off. But the conductor's friend turned and looked back at the car as it started on its city journey, and when it stopped at the first crossing he thought he heard the weary saying: "Pay or get off."—N. Y. Sun.

BIG BETS PLACED

Jack Smith Bets \$2,500 Against \$5,000 That Devine Wins.

Jack Devine and Frank Slavin are again to meet in the boxing ring. Jack Smith, formerly proprietor of the Del Monte, is backing Devine and is taking a desperate chance that Devine will win, for he has bet \$2,500 on odds of two to one in favor of the outcome of the fight. At present \$7,500 is wagered, a dictate of legal sports posting \$100 on Slavin's end.

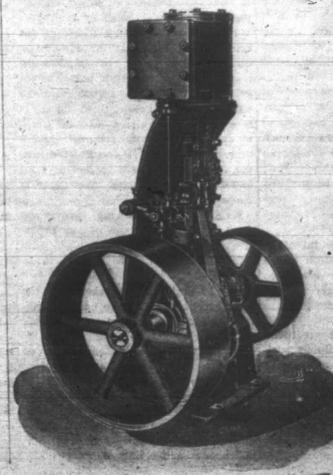
To say that the sports are putting it mild, they cannot understand it, the general impression being that Slavin has all the best of it and entirely outclassing Devine. It was proven, they say, at the boxing meeting between the two men. Devine, however, has for the past months been quietly training and is as hard as a rock, and looking looking to weigh but 150 pounds tips the scales at 210 pounds.

The men will meet on the stage of the new Savoy theatre and Devine will lose his laurels or Devine will permanently retire from pugilistic ambitions.

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