

Stroller's Column.

To Honorable Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States: Dear Sir,—Your kind invitation in writing the Stroller to come to Washington during the coming summer and spend a few weeks with you and other eminent people has been received and duly considered, and while it may pain you, it is very respectfully declined. Do not think that the Stroller feels above your society, for he assures you he does not. Nothing pleases him better than to mingle with his fellow man, with a sprinkling here and there of the other sex.

The Stroller has long believed, Mr. Roosevelt, that the principles and practices of your party are not in accord with those of divine law and for that reason he would not have voted for you had he been where such opportunity was presented. And the

The Stroller does not know how many spare beds you have. However, he would not mind sleeping with a Montana cowboy or a New York farmer, but he does not care to take chances on having to turn in with Booker Washington.

Another very good reason, Stroller has for declining your very kind and considerate invitation, Mr. Roosevelt, is that the same mail that brought it also brought him a joint invitation from two ladies in Kansas to come out and assist them in the emancipation of woman. The invitation was from Mary Ellen Lease and Carrie Nation. It was on account of the latter that the Stroller said it was a "joint" invitation. The letter says: "Two hundred and fifty thousand women in Kansas are seeking emancipation from man's tyranny and thralldom and we need

we can go to the polls with a ballot in one hand and a hatchet in the other, then, and not until then, will our emancipation from thralldom and man's tyranny be complete."

Both Mrs. Lease and Mrs. Nation are grass widows, but that fact will not materially hurry the Stroller in his departure for Kansas.

The stories published in two certain papers of Dawson very recently to the effect that miners on American gulch refused to accept gold dust in payment of wages at \$15 per ounce, but demanded that it be charged up to them at the rate of \$16 per ounce, brings to the mind of the Stroller a story of real life away back in southeastern Ohio.

Old Rube Stevens had a large family of boys. Rube was a peculiar man in that, as he was unable to read, he was determined that none of his sons should excel him in knowledge, with the result that scions of the Stevens family grew to manhood in lamentable ignorance of art, science, and literature. When Ben, the oldest boy, reached the age of twenty-one years, he informed his father that, being "of age," he would not labor longer on the farm unless allowed an interest in all he produced. The old man thought the proposition a fair one and asked of Ben what interest he thought he ought to have. Ben reckoned he would work for a fourth interest, but old Rube told him that a fourth interest was too much, but he would allow him one third. Ben said he would be — if he would work for less than one fourth, and the old man said he would be — if he would give more than one third. Each stood pat for what he thought was his right and the result was that Ben "hired out" to a neighbor while old Rube and the

younger boys cultivated the home farm. But no member of the Stevens family ever essayed to mould public thought.

They had plenty of mould but they did not attempt to smear it over the people.

Dawson, May 14.

Dear Stroller,— I write to inform you that I think you need an understudy, someone who could do your work in case you should go up against a new brand or something would happen to you that you would wish to hole up for a few days.

I think that after two or three days practice I could grind out enough literature in half a day to last you a month or more. In the meantime I could feed the press, comb type out of the forms and shoo flies away from the paste bucket.

I had a good lot of jokes that my grandfather told me, but as most of them were sprung at the last minute I will not have any more until I can communicate with the old gentleman.

Here is one, however, that I thought of myself. The first gambling game mentioned in the Bible took place in Egypt when Joseph got the best of Pharaoh.

How do you like it? I think if I had a regular job I could make one like that come every few days.

After I would write a few kilometres of Stroller copy I think I would be able to write short news items about things that happen on the street, and by fall I might be able to give an intelligent account of a city council meeting—that is, of

course, if it was an intelligent meeting. Address "George," care of police. P.S.—My time is up—the 22nd.

George is like many other aspiring writers. He does not look seriously on the profession but appears to think it is one long and continuous round of pleasure. A number of years ago the Stroller employed a young man from Chicago as city editor on his paper. He got drunk the first day and was still drunk when fired at the end of the month. He attempted to justify his actions by citing Edgar Allen Poe, George D. Prentiss, Opie Reed, Colonel Will Vlascher and, in fact, nearly all the editors in Florida besides. He said they were all great writers and always kept drunk.

In four more years sand spurs and wiregrass were growing over a drunkard's grave and its occupant was from Chicago.

He failed to put lemon in it. If they will keep you, George, you had better stay where you are, for there you are sure of three meals a day and if you ever enter the journalistic arena you may go on less. The arena is broad but it is strewn all over with dyspeptics whose lives have been saddened by a too regular diet of crackers and cheese.

Even as the Stroller writes these lines the pangs of hunger are rampant within him, and just at present there is not a pound of good cheese in Dawson. Only yesterday the Stroller attempted to corral a piece of cheese at a first avenue restaurant but before he could do so it reared up on its hind legs and fled.

Near When Needed—"That was an ideal course the Automobile club selected for its race." "Think so?" "Yes, there was a blacksmith shop and a pharmacy every half mile." —Chicago Daily News.

Quinn—"I see a Kalamazoo horse chews tobacco." Mrs. Quinn—"That is funny; the habit has been confined exclusively to hogs heretofore."

"Young man, you are going the pace that kills." "Seems so, parson. My automobile ran down six chickens and a dog yesterday."

Stubb—"Once more the papers say the Filipino army is on its legs." Penn—"Great guns! That army must be a centipede."

Mr. Poodle—"Gracious! Who cut your tail off?" Mr. Pug—"Don't know; I'm stump-ed."

Brewitt, the tailor, wants to see you. Large stock of new goods. Prices reasonable. Old stand, Second avenue.

Try the "Old Crow" at Sideboard. Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50. The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

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REMOVAL NOTICE.
On or about May 1st the YUKON BAKERY will remove to their new quarters on Second avenue, opposite S. Y. T. building, where they will be pleased to meet their many friends and patrons.

WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE.

| Time Table of Rail Division. | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| North Bound 1st Class No. 1 Daily Except Sundays | STATIONS | South Bound 1st Class No. 2 Daily Except Sundays |
| LE. 9:00 a. m. | SKAGWAY | AR. 10:00 a. m. |
| 9:15 | Shed | 10:15 |
| 9:30 | Butter | 10:30 |
| 9:45 | Illoak | 10:45 |
| 10:00 | Chukar | 11:00 |
| 10:15 | Tahiti | 11:15 |
| 10:30 | Switchehead | 11:30 |
| 10:45 | WHITE PASS | 11:45 |
| 11:00 | Walden | 12:00 |
| 11:15 | Fraser | 12:15 |
| 11:30 | Log Cabin | 12:30 |
| 11:45 | BENNETT | 12:45 |
| 12:00 | Turvey | 1:00 |
| 12:15 | Fortune | 1:15 |
| 12:30 | Fortitude | 1:30 |
| 12:45 | WATSON | 1:45 |
| 1:00 | CASTLETON | 2:00 |
| 1:15 | La Grange | 2:15 |
| 1:30 | Woods | 2:30 |
| 1:45 | Johns | 2:45 |
| 2:00 | Robinson | 3:00 |
| 2:15 | Wesley | 3:15 |
| 2:30 | Ingalls | 3:30 |
| 2:45 | Wheat | 3:45 |
| 3:00 | WHITE PASS | 4:00 |

* Alaska Time—1 hr. slower than Pacific time.
A. B. NEWELL, General Mgr. J. F. LEE, Traffic Mgr.



IN CASE THE STROLLER AND BOOKER WASHINGTON WERE ASSIGNED THE SAME BOUDOIR.

Stroller is not such a hypocrite as your assistance." It goes to a man's house, eat up his victuals and smoke up his tobacco when he would not help boost him into office if he had a chance. Your remark that the cabinet would be pleased to see me has a sort of fishy odor about it, but that was doubtless only a political intrigue.

The Stroller may possibly visit Washington some of these times but when he does he will stop at a hotel or a respectable lodging house that is kept by some lady whose husband, like Mary's little lamb, lingers near. Besides, you probably have a great many visitors, Mr. Roosevelt, and the Stroller is the last man on earth to butt in where there is no room for him without causing the boys to sleep on the floor or go to the hay now.

The chances are that many of your old Montana friends when they round up the herd and cut out a steer which they take to Washington to sell, drop in and stay over night with you, and if the Stroller was there he would only be in the way of you and your friends talking over old times. Also you doubtless have many visits from your old New York friends who drive into Washington with butter and eggs to sell.

This is the invitation the Stroller is inclined to accept and any woman who puts herself within the embrace of his strong arm shall be emancipated.

Think how pleasant it would be to lead a young lady from the mad whirl of society into the conservatory among the sunflowers for which Kansas is noted and ask her if she had ever been the victim of thralldom or been grunted to earth by the heel of tyrant man, then feel her pulse for thirty minutes to strike a good average.

Probably no state in the great sisterhood is the home of so much thralldom among women as is Kansas. When the Stroller was in Topeka two days some years ago there was considerable thralldom among the men but that was caused by "original package" whisky shipped in from Kansas City. The Stroller spoke of it some time ago as being a time when men would take a swallow and start on a dead run for the cemetery. "Dead" run is applicable in this connection.

The letter says: "The women of Kansas will never be emancipated until they are allowed to vote on all questions of state and nation. When



THE STROLLER MAY JOIN ISSUES WITH CARRIE NATION.

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Retiring From Gent's Furnishing and Boot and Shoe Department
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| 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. |
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Our announcement as above is Bona Fide and by giving us a call we will convince you.

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