

HAPPENED IN PHILADELPHIA

When the National Republican Convention Was Held.

It Was Not on the Reception Committee's Program, but Was the Work of One Small Boy.

(From Friday's Daily.)

"I saw one small boy 'get his,' as the saying goes, over in Philadelphia last week," said a Washington man, who happened to be in the big sleepy town during the Republican convention. "This small boy was probably a Bryanite. At any rate he appeared to have so little respect for the delegates that he set out with a determination to have fun with them. His method was an old one, but it worked splendidly. The boy got hold of a huge imitation cannon firecracker. It looked just like one of the real things, but it was hollow. Then the boy bought himself a goodly stock of tuses, such as usually stick out of the one end of the real cannon cracker, and started in to do business with the delegates to the Republican national convention.

The business that he did may not be classed as strictly legitimate, and it was certainly not timely, nor on the program of the Philadelphia reception committee. It was not timely because it arrived—much of either April 1 or July 4, and the one was long since past and the other had not arrived. That it was not on the reception committee's program was evident from the fact that the City of Brotherly Love gave the delegates nothing to complain of so far as the official features of the program were concerned. But whatever was the cause of it, it is certain that at least one small boy had his share of fun out of the convention—and paid for it, and that two delegates carried home with them pleasant recollections of their stay in Philadelphia.

He chose as his field those hotels along Filbert and Walnut and Arch and Sanson streets, in front of which the delegates were wont to sit picking their teeth after dinner. The boy would stick a fuse into his property cracker, furtively light the fuse, place the cracker beneath the chair of one of the visitors and then run and yell. His yelling would attract the attention of all hands, and then the sizzling of the fuse would catch the ear of one of the strangers, who would shout a warning and then the whole bunch would bound from their chairs as if the ground was about to open up beneath them and start to run from the scene like quarter horses, in a momentary expectation of hearing an explosion that would injure the drums of their ears, and smash all of the front windows of the hotel to splinters.

The explosion, of course, never followed, but in the absence of all hands the boy would sneak back and pick up his property cracker and then cock off with derisive yells. It was a great scheme, that, and it caused more incipient heart disease and general discomfort among the brigade of fat delegates who were victims of it, and no doubt injected more deep, heartfelt joy into the bosom of the small boy who worked it than a few.

"One of the men who got bit by the performance, and who came near bursting numerous blood vessels in order to get away from the explosion that never came, was a ponderous delegate from Minnesota whom I happened to know, and with whom I flocked a good deal during the convention. He was sitting in front of his hotel on Filbert street, not far from Thirteenth, when the small boy showed up with his little contraption, and he ran about half a block before the laugh behind him put him wise to the fact that he'd been buncoed. He mopped his forehead and thought about it for awhile, and then something struck him. He saw the small boy making down the street, and he took up a good pace after the boy and pretended to be greatly amused as he walked up behind the shaver.

"Let's see the thing, bub," said the Minnesota man, laughingly, to the kid, and the boy, seeing that the stout man was good-natured about it, handed over the imitation cracker. The delegate laughed immoderately over the thing, and he did a little mental measuring that the boy didn't notice. Then he handed the cracker back to the youngster, saying: 'You certainly are an ingenious little cuss for fair,' and went his way. His way took him to a big fireworks store, where he bought a genuine cracker of the exact size, as near as he could remember the measurements, of the imitation affair the small boy was having so much fun with. Then he strolled over to Walnut street, where

he figured he might find the kid continuing to divert himself.

"He figured correctly. The small boy was doing his little stunt with tremendous effect and great glee in front of the hotels along that thoroughfare. The Minnesota man got up just after the boy had turned the trick with vast success, and he was again laughing with great good nature as he asked the boy to let him look at the imitation cracker again. The boy had it all fixed up by that time for another scare. The boy handed it over with a grin, and then his attention was momentarily attracted by a scrap between some vagrant dogs across the way. The delegate took advantage of this to 'switch the dice,' as it were, upon the boy, who walked off with the real thing in the way of a cannon cracker in his pocket. The Minnesota delegate followed the kid up to see what was going to happen.

"The boy walked a couple of blocks down Walnut street until he came to another hotel, in front of which a number of delegates were sitting, and then he edged up, put his cannon cracker beneath the chair of one of them, yelled in the same old way and ran. Every man holding down a chair jumped up and ran—except the boy under whose chair the cracker was sizzling. This man only grinned in a complaisant manner and yelled after the chaps who were in full flight.

"What are you running for? It ain't loaded. I was fooled by that kid yesterday afternoon. It's only a dummy. It's got nothing inside of it but—"

"Bang! The thing went off with a report like that of an eight-inch rifle on a man-o'-war, and the complaisant man was lifted about two feet in his chair, but not otherwise damaged except as to temper. I don't think I ever saw such a surprised expression on a man's face as he wore, but the expression of surprise on the flecked face of the kid as he ran with all his might down the street was a good second. The Minnesota man was leaning up against the rail of an area holding his sides when the complaisant man who'd been victimized whizzed by him in chase of the small boy. He was a big man, but he could run like sixty and he got the boy, and the neat manner with which he proceeded to polish off that boy's knickerbockers at the fullness thereof caused my Minnesota friend to actually gurgle with ecstatic rapture. When the small boy was finally returned to a standing posture by the infuriated delegate the Minnesota man extended the imitation cracker to the weeping kid, but the boy wouldn't take it. He probably knew when he had enough. But he backed away, digging at his drenched eyes, and he bawled at the Minnesota man and the man who had just warmed his knickerbockers:

"Jes' youse people wait till nex' November, dat's all!"—Washington Star.

The Girls Won.

While, strictly speaking, it was none of Dawson's business, yet there was considerable interest felt here in the Seattle telephone strike and general sympathy appeared to be with the strikers, nearly 100 young women, who, tiring of the galling yoke of oppression, and refusing to longer submit to increasing injustice, made bold to strike and strike they did.

Soon all Seattle was drawn into the affair, but the girls held the sympathy. Business men stood by them with the result that several hundred telephones were ordered out and the system was very materially crippled.

Finally the company "squealed" and came to time, giving in to the demands of the girls in every respect and taking them all back to work on their own terms. The following is from the P. I. of the 5th instant:

All is again harmony in the Seattle office of the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company. Twenty five of the striking telephone girls returned to work yesterday, and others will be taken back by the company as soon as vacancies occur. The service yesterday was greatly improved in consequence of the increase in the number of skilled operators, and the local officers of the company promise that the standard of efficiency will not only be fully maintained but raised in the near future.

Assistant Superintendent Millard, who, prior to the strike, had charge of the operating room, has severed his connection with that department, and now has only general oversight of its workings. Service Manager Lehigh, late of San Francisco, assuming direct control of the operators. C. B. Hopkins, of Spokane, who has been here for a week or more assisting in the adjustment of the difficulty between his company and the operators, states that the position of service manager is a new one, and was created for the special purpose of maintaining the highest quality of service.

The following notice was posted on

the bulletin board at the office of the telephone company yesterday:

"San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 4, 1900. Now that the differences between the telephone company and some of the operators have been adjusted, the undersigned desires to especially thank, individually and collectively, all who have worked so hard in the interests of the company for the last four weeks, and wishes to say to all, including the operators who are returning to duty today, and those who may come in hereafter, that we desire to give the best possible service and deal liberally and justly with those who assist us in giving said service.

"I am satisfied that our patrons in Seattle will be more inclined in the future to recognize the difficulties of a telephone operator's duties, and I ask you to do your very best for them.

"I will consider it a personal favor if you will all agree among yourselves to let bygones be bygones, and we will try and work together in harmony; that is, the subscribers, the operators and the management.

"I recommend Mr. Lehigh to you, who, while he will always treat you with due consideration, will insist upon every one furnishing to our subscribers the class of service to which they are entitled.

"JNO. I. SABIN, President."

Trying on a Bonnet.

"I would rather wait upon a dozen men than upon one woman," exclaimed a young lady clerk in a downtown store the other day. "It is almost impossible to please a woman, especially if she wants to buy a hat. They find defects in a faultlessly made article that even the most expert milliner could not discover, and use all sort of devices to beat us down in prices."

"The complaint is well taken," said a well known milliner upon being informed of the clerk's remark, "and that is not the worst phase of the matter. There are women—and you would be surprised if I should mention their names—who come into my shop each season and try on all the hats I have in stock. After occupying a great deal of my time they will perhaps order one of two hats sent to their homes on approval, and the next day or a day or two later send them back with pinholes in them, and with a note saying that Mr. Blank didn't care for either, but that they'll call later—which they never, by any chance, do.

"Then, a week or two after, I'll see them with a home made copy of my French model on their heads, and you can guess at the rage I feel. Well, the other day one such feminine schemer came into our room. We all knew her, and so one of the clerks attended to her rather reluctantly and gave a very significant shrug of her shoulders when she ordered a \$25 hat sent up on approval. I was amused also, of course, but I said nothing, and the bit of headgear was carefully packed and sent to her that afternoon. That night I went to the theater and, sitting right in front of me, was my customer of the morning, wearing the hat she had on approval. I took care that she should see me; indeed, as we passed out, side by side, whispered that I thought she had never looked better. Her face was really a study, but the next day we got a check for \$25, and so for once her ladyship was bested. We are well rid of her now, I know, for it's quite certain she'll never come to our shop again. The feminine schemer dislikes very much to be made to buy anything."—Chicago Chronicle.

Nothing Yet Heard.

London, Aug. 3.—No word comes this morning regarding the fortunes of the comparatively small body of troops believed to be forging their way toward Peking. The silence is probably due to diligent censorship, rather than to any lack of developments.

A Shanghai special announces the receipt of an official telegram from the taung li yamen, asserting that the ministers were well on July 30, and that vegetables, fruits and other supplies had been sent to the legations on several occasions.

"Friendly intercourse," the official telegram says, "is now being carried on between the ministers and the imperial government."

According to the Daily Express, however, cablegrams from Chrefo announce that the imperial troops, advancing to oppose the relief force, have completely wiped out a Christian town near Peking, killing five foreign priests and 10,000 native Christians.

Gen. Gaselee, says this correspondent, was strongly opposed to an immediate advance, but he was overruled by the other commanders and influenced by Washington's orders to Gen. Chaffee to "proceed without an instant's delay."

From Shanghai the Daily Express has received confirmation of the reported murder of 30 missionaries in the province of Shansi, with the additional information that eight English women were dragged out of the mission buildings by a Chinese mob, who beheaded them in the streets of Chuchon.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS. Publishers

WHY HE IS HONORED.

In its issue of yesterday the government organ delivered itself of a column of the most ridiculous slush that it has ever been our misfortune to see in print. Under the title "Welcome to Earl Minto" the organ exerts itself to assume a grovelling attitude in a manner that would do credit to an expert contortionist.

The whole thing is an exhibition of weak-minded adulation so manifest as to call rather for pity than for any other sentiment. It is a serious question, however, as to where one's sympathy should be the strongest—with the author of the article referred to or the one to whom it is addressed.

The Earl of Minto is honored and respected by the people of this territory, not because he is possessed of many titles, nor for the reason that chief among these titles is that of governor general of Canada, but for the reason that over and above and beyond these things he has demonstrated by his public actions and utterances that he is, first of all, a man possessed of those sterling qualities of manhood which require admiration without loss of self-respect.

It is on this account that his excellency has been a genuinely welcome guest during his stay in the Yukon. Our people are delighted and Yukon will be delighted to honor such a man, but there is no hypocritical servility in their attitude. It is the spontaneous tribute which many men will always pay to genuine manhood, and in that is the sum and substance of the whole matter.

This visit of the governor general to the Yukon territory will always remain as one of the happy events in our history. From it, we are prone to believe, an era of better times will date. The interest which his excellency has manifested in the affairs of the territory indicate more than a mere desire for personal information. On many things his excellency has gone into minutest details and when he returns to Ottawa he will carry with him a fund of knowledge which most certainly will inure to our future benefit. There is a world of meaning in the few words spoken on the platform during the reception on Tuesday and we have no doubt that those words were uttered with the expectation that they would be given a literal construction. We fully believe that when the governor general returns to Ottawa the Yukon will no longer petition in vain for redress from grievances. In fact it would not be surprising should any day bring news that long sought changes have actually taken place.

There is no escape from the fact that war with China is on in earnest. The news that the ministers are safe in Peking, but in imminent danger, has called for prompt action on the part of all the powers now acting in concert. The feeling of relief expressed all over the United States when it was definitely learned that Minister Conger is safe, was succeeded by a unanimous call upon the government for an immediate advance upon the Chinese capital. That call has been listened to and the combined forces of the allies are now making their way with all possible expedition toward Peking. Unless unlooked for disagreements between the allies arise the march to Peking will not require any considerable time. If then a general conquest of China is determined upon, a war will be begun such as the world has never yet witnessed.

The national campaign in the States does not appear to be arousing any considerable enthusiasm on either side. In fact it seems to be generally taken for granted that McKinley will be re-elected and that there is no use expending too much energy on a matter which has long been practically a foregone conclusion. Along toward the latter part of the campaign there will, in all

probability be a general awakening, but Republicans and Democrats alike seem well content to allow the hot weather to slip along without over-exertion on the part of either.

According to reports of returned Nomads application has been made in many instances to the representatives of the American government for transportation back to the States. Such is the history of every mining excitement. It is the old story of many being called and few being chosen. We apprehend, however, that the number of disappointed stampedees will be proportionately greater at Nome than in any other similar rush of modern times. The total losses involved will be something terrific.

We are inclined to think that the hand of providence was manifest in the accident which resulted in a portion of our local rulers being compelled to walk a good part of the way up to Mr. McGillivray's claim. We would be willing to place a small wager that Messrs. Gov. Ogilvie and Crown Prosecutor Wade will hereafter favor a system of macadamized roads all over the country.

There should be no lack of fresh beef in Dawson during the coming winter. Large quantities of meat of all kinds are being brought in and before the close of navigation the market will be supplied with all that will be required until the recurrence of the open season.

Democratic Madness.

Very few sane persons in the United States supposed that the Democratic party would have the madness to come out squarely and specifically in 1900 in favor of the repudiation infamy which buried that party under an avalanche of votes in 1896. Nevertheless the Kansas City convention has done this very thing. After declaring that "we reaffirm and endorse the principles of the national Democratic platform adopted at Chicago in 1896," it demands "the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation." This is a repetition of the insanity of 1896 which split the Democratic party wide nearly in the middle than any other issue since the slavery madness wrecked that organization in the Charleston convention of 1860. The adoption of the silver folly has been denounced as vehemently by conservative Democrats at and previous to the Kansas City convention as the slavery extension madness was at the convention at Charleston. The consequences of the latter lunacy promise to be as disastrous to the Democracy as was the earlier folly. It will, as in 1896, send hundreds of thousands of Democrats to a third party or to the Republicans. It will give the Republicans a larger majority in the electoral college in 1900 than was rolled up four years ago. It promises to arouse an antagonism to the Democracy all over the country which will keep that party in the minority for as many years as the slavery barbarity did which culminated in secession and civil war.

In all human probability every state that rejected free coinage four years ago will do it again in November and there are states that supported it before that regard it as a lost and deservedly beaten cause. All the arguments upon which it was urged four years ago have been disproved. The gold standard is an accomplished fact based upon a splendid prosperity. In every continent the drift has been away from silver as a financial standard. The world has ceased to think of it. But the Democratic party is chained to it anew against its better judgments. The false step of four years ago has led to another that is worse and which from the standpoint of sober reason must be regarded as suicidal. As for the rest of the platform the convention gave it little attention, and it is worth little. The talk about imperialism is cant. None exists except in the imagination of demagogues. The plank on trusts is inferior to that in the Republican platform and the latter means something practical. Hundreds of thousands of Democratic voters will repudiate the work of the Kansas City convention. Bryan turned a face of stone to their overtures and they will be as obdurate in November as he in July.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

An Enterprising Restauranter.

During his stay in the town his excellency the governor general purchased some live chickens and other choice supplies from the cafe department of the Whitehorse hotel, whereupon the enterprising proprietor put up the sign, "Caterers and Chicken Specialists to His Excellency the Governor General of Canada."—Whitehorse Tribune.