

CLAUDE WAS A HOTEL SPOUT

That Grew Up With the Idea He Was Pretty

And When He Got Older Everyone But His Mother Wanted to Kill Him.

A homeless couple living in a family hotel had an only child. His mother had him christened Claude. Not because she had a grudge against him, but because she had been reading these stories to be continued in our next. If she had given him a middle name, he might have called himself C. H. or something like that. But she did not give him a show to throw off the hoodoo. He was Claude for all time and the worst you could say about him was that he tried to live up to the name.

When the boy with the handicap was one year old his mother began to curl his hair on a poker and then exhibit him about the hotel. He would be passed around and bitten and tickled on the feet and churched and everyone said he was a beautiful child. The other people living at the hotel used to come up and borrow him to play with.

All the heavy old gentlemen and the study old ladies who ate peppermint took turn about in dawdling and dancing little Claude and blowing in his ears and rubbing noses with him. If the Maankin had sense enough to formulate any impressions in the early and unspoiled period he must have concluded that he had got into a bunsey old world.

When honey was a little older he ranged through the hotel. The men gave him money and bought candy for him and taught him to be sassy. The women told him he was an icky-dippy angel. A boy can learn more in a hotel than he can in a kindergarten. At the age of 4 Claude tolerated his parents. He had to be bribed to get into the bath-tub. When his father would get out of patience and want to go after him with the red slipper, then mother would rush in and do the Pochontas specialty. She would say: "Nourredd, had old poppet shan't wallop monner's little skidjums."

Claude learned that he could work mamma, so he became as finicky as a dramatic Mar. If the toast was brown on one side he wanted it done on both sides, and then when it was sent back and fixed up for him, he would let out a wail because the waiter hadn't brought him a plate with a picture on it.

The help had to be pleasant while mamma had her eagle eye on them, but they often thought what a good scheme it would be to lure Claude into the kitchen and fiddle him.

Mamma would come to breakfast wearing all her diamonds, and she would expect the entire staff of employees to drop everything else and run to wait on Claude. So Claude got it into his head that the entire population of this mundane sphere was put here for the express purpose of humoring him and giving him nickels and telling him he was a pretty boy. His mother and her friends would discuss his beauty so that he could overhear it. Claude became self-conscious and had the swell head and began to look askance at those who did not smell of perfume. And for fear that he would underestimate his importance, his mamma would tell him several times a day that he was too good to play with the brats.

She dressed him as much like a girl as possible and had him wearing curls and a stiff skirt when he ought to have been out playing first base. The very idea of permitting the jewel to mingle with the lower classes in the public schools gave her the colly-mobbles. Claude grew up as a spirituelle hot-house flower, with a wide blue sash and his nose in the air. He would sit in the hotel office and bite his finger nails and feel weary of adulation. Sometimes the other kids would see him at the window and beg him to come out just for a little while and they wouldn't do a thing to him.

Once or twice the male parent wondered what they would make out of the boy, but mamma shuddered at the suggestion of Claude being put to work. Some of the worldly boarders around the hotel suggested that he become a cloak model. Claude had no plans of his own. He knew that he was the handsomest and dearest thing that ever grew up in a family hotel and therefore he would be coddled and indulged for all time.

Finally he became so long-legged that they had to pull him out of knickerbockers and cut off his curls, or else people would have thrown things at him. When he gave up being a pretty boy and tried to be a

young man, he was a downright case of polish. He was about so many pounds of real. It usually happens so. The same young ladies who had used him as a plaything told him "Scatt!" when he came around and wanted to resume the occupation of holding hands.

When he began to attend dancing parties he discovered that the husky youth with the big knuckles and the golf face was the main torch, and in grown-up society a fellow couldn't travel very far on his complexion. The young men did not know that he was a delicate organism brought up in a glass case, so they called him Jessie, the Sewing Girl, and walked over him rough-shod. When he called over him rough-shod, they threatened to give him a slap on the wrist.

All he could do was to fly to mamma and pour out his griefs. For ten years mamma always had something to talk about, and that was how Claude was being abused.

But no matter how often they threw him down and then piled things on top of him, Claude couldn't free himself of the belief that he was a pretty boy and that all the others ought to tell him so and let him have his own way.

Even when he was thirty and had a bad set of whiskers and no shape to speak of, he wanted all the women to rush to him when he entered a room. He wanted to sit in somebody's lap and have her tell him that he was too sweet for any use. Then, when they elbowed him back into a corner and tried to forget that he was present, he would become peevish and say, "Oh, Fiddle!"

But he was still Claude to his mamma. What his father called him it will be impossible to tell, as the postal regulations do not permit such matter to go through the mails.

Moral: It is all right to be pretty, but don't find it out.

GEO. ADE.

JAMES J. CORBETT

Now Looks to His Wife for His Bread and Butter.

New York, September 21.—It takes at least \$25,000 a year to live like a king, and that's about the clip I've been living at during the last ten years. I gamble a little, play the races a little, drink the best of wines, take in all the shows, enjoy jolly companionship, find happiness in trying to make my wife happy, like to make my friends see that life is worth living, and in a word, don't find it a bit hard to go through so measly a bagatelle as \$25,000 a year.

In fact, \$25,000 is not much of a bunch at all, when you start in to live like a king, especially if you have a lot of friends. Now, I have had a great many friends, even among those whose very names I scarcely know. Somewhere, I don't remember just where, I have a thousand "bitch" checks stored away, souvenirs of this class of friends.

I tell you I've been a good easy mark in my hey-day of prosperity. But I rather like "giving up" when I have the dough and its almost as much for this reason as for more personal reasons that the day is not distant when I'll have a fat bank account again.

But just now I don't quite see my way clear to living the life of a king any more. I hate to say so, or even to think of it, but I don't see where I'm going to get the money to pay the hotel bill. Lately my wife has been paying it, but I wouldn't gamble on that lasting long, either.

I tell you, I'd be put right on my feet again if the Law and Order people who put me on the financial bins by their law suits, after one of them men got me to stand for a "shake-down"—I'd soon be rich again, I say, if these people would only go ahead and call in the "phony" checks I've given my good dough for.

Maurice Meyer and Dan O'Reilly, my lawyers, have figured out the face value of those checks; and do you know what they amount to? Easily \$50,000—enough for another two years of living like a king.

There's one thing I never did when I had money to burn—I never wore diamonds. I think it's vulgar. That is, I mean it's vulgar for a man to wear them. It's different for women. I used to make my wife presents of diamonds—a whole lot of them. But so far as I'm living just as content without even this. You see I haven't even a watch. That's only a weak little pocket knife at the end of the plated gold chain where the watch ought to be.

These supplementary proceedings they have made me go through make me feel as if I was in the swim all right. Why, there doesn't seem to be a thing more fashionable nowadays than appendicitis and supplementary proceedings.

Unhealthy Practice.

A story is being told of a certain Dawson man who quit kissing his wife, his argument with her being that kissing is an unhealthy practice. Recently his wife detected him in the act of kissing another woman and now he is more than ever convinced of the unhealthfulness of the practice.

GREAT STRIKES IN AMERICA

There Have Been Five in the Past 20 Years

And the Results Have Invariably Been Disastrous to the Laborers Every Time.

Martin Irons, who died a few months ago, was chairman of the executive committee of the Knights of Labor in 1886. Terrence V. Powderly, now commissioner of immigration, was master workman.

Demand was made that one Hall, a discharged employee, should be put back. The subordinate and the principal officers of the road, up to Jay Gould himself, refused. The Knights of Labor had 160,000 members at that time and were adverse to a struggle.

After weeks of fruitless negotiations Martin Irons, as chairman of the executive committee, sent a cipher telegram to all the local bodies of the Knights of Labor on the road, calling on every trainman, switchman, fireman, conductor, brickman and operator.

The order was generally obeyed and in short time the strike had partially at least, and in some sections entirely, tied up 5,000 miles of road.

The railroad company imported workmen. The strikers grew furious at this, and inside of a month, especially at Sedalia, Mo., there was a condition that bordered on anarchy.

It must be said to the credit of the Knights of Labor that they were not as an organization concerned in these acts. Finally troops were called out. The managers of the road made no concessions to the strikers. These men held out for a time, and then, seeing that their case was hopeless, hurried back. The strike ended in a dismal failure for the labor men.

Just as the presidential campaign in 1892 was beginning, when Grover Cleveland was pitted for a second time against Benjamin Harrison, Henry Clay Frick, then chairman of the board of trustees of the great Carnegie Company promulgated a new scale of wages for the iron workers in all the Carnegie mills, and particularly for the mills situated at Homestead, Pa., where more steel was made at that time than at any other point in the United States.

The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers refused to accept the scale. There were some conferences, but Frick stood firm. The mechanics and laborers who were not locked out struck in sympathy.

The strikers were determined to keep non-union men out of the mill and adopted a military discipline and a system of patrol. Frick imported a large number of Pinkerton detectives. There was a bloody fight between the strikers and the Pinkertons on July 6. In all 35 deaths can be traced directly to this strike.

Pennsylvania's National guard was called out and remained on duty for three months. The strike was declared off on Nov. 19 of the same year, although the mills were running full handed for weeks before that time.

Since then the Carnegie mills have been non-union. The strike involved 10,000 men directly. It cost them over \$2,000,000 in wages. It was a great contributing factor to the defeat of President Harrison. There were many sensational features, including an attempt to assassinate Mr. Frick.

On May 11, 1894, there was a strike of 20,000 of the 4200 men in the Pullman car works at Pullman, Ill. Next day 10,000 more employees went out. There was a powerful organization then known as the American Railway Union. This was headed by Eugene V. Debs. The Pullman strikers were members of the union and the strike was due to a reduction in wages.

During the next month the strikers tried to treat with the Pullman company. They were unsuccessful. Then on June 17, the strike was placed in the hands of the general officers of the railway union, with President Debs in direct charge.

Debs' first move was to order a boycott on 24 western railroads that hauled Pullman cars. There were numerous sympathetic strikes. Men on railroads everywhere in the west went out.

From Chicago to San Francisco there were riots in railroad yards where trains hauling Pullman cars were sent out. The bloodiest riots were in Chicago. Several men were killed. President Cleveland ordered federal troops out wherever there were disturbances.

As soon as the troops got into the streets in Chicago and elsewhere excitement died out and soon afterward 275,000 cars sent out their regular trains.

as usual. There was a government investigation. It was found that fully 100,000 men had gone out in sympathy in all parts of the country.

The strike was formally called on Aug. 3, 1894. Debs and several other labor leaders spent terms of varying lengths in the Illinois prisons.

Coal miners in 11 states struck on July 4, 1897, on the order President Ratchford of the United Mine Workers. Nearly all the bituminous mines went out and a large portion of the men in the anthracite region. At high tide in the strike 110,000 men were idle.

This strike was successful. The men went back to work in September at an increase in wages and with an agreement with their employers to arbitrate. They gained in wages, it was figured by the World at the time, over \$13,000,000.

In September there was a small correlative strike at a colliery at Latimer, near Hazelton, Pa., in the anthracite district. This strike held on from other collieries in the neighborhood.

Following their custom the strikers marched from mine to mine to urge other miners to join them. On the road near Latimer, on Friday, Sept. 10, Sheriff Martin, of Luzerne county, with 102 deputies specially sworn in, met a body of these miners.

There was a trifling clash and the deputies fired on the marchers, who had no firearms. Twenty-one miners were killed and 40 wounded. Several others fled. The marchers were all foreigners.

Troops were called out at once and there was no further trouble.

After the success of the soft coal miners in 1897 the United Mine Workers looked with envious eyes on the anthracite territory, where there were few members of the union. They sent men into the field to organize as thoroughly as possible.

The operators refused to recognize the union and President Mitchell called a strike on Sept. 17, 1900.

At the time of the strike there were not more than 8,000 regular members of the union in the entire anthracite territory. The strike was declared off on Oct. 17, 1900.

The strike came exactly in the middle of the second McKinley-Bryan presidential campaign. The managers of the Republican canvass were very anxious to settle it, as they feared it had a bad effect on the fortunes of their candidate.

Senator Mark Hanna interested himself and persuaded the operators to grant the demands of the miners for a 10 per cent increase of wages, the right to arbitrate and on other points as well. The operators made some concessions and the strike was declared off in October.

In the second week of the strike there was a small riot in Shenandoah. One man was killed by the sheriff's posse. The governor of Pennsylvania sent troops there and kept them on the ground for two weeks or more. That was the only disorder.

ONE OF MAN'S DELUSIONS

Owens a Town Today and Saws Wood Tomorrow.

If there has been a day since Dawson was accorded a position on the map on which a man was justified in getting on a skate that would make him blind to the weather, that day was yesterday—a day when the horse-blanket of dreariness spread over all the country and when all nature felt like going to bed, tucking the "kiviers" in closely around her ears and staying there until climatic conditions changed.

The weather of yesterday was too much for W. Fisher, who assayed to woo an artificial sunshine by picking himself in the compound triple extract of rye. For a time it worked like a charm and Fisher was led to believe that he was the poobah of Dawson in that he objected to other people using the sidewalk while he was out on parade until Sergeant Smith came along and cut short the poobah's reign. When arraigned on the charge of "d. and d." this morning Fisher did not deny the allegation but "guessed" it was true. A fine of \$5 and costs or 10 days labor was imposed. Having invested his capital in an attempt to offset the effects of yesterday's weather, he will refine fuel.

Last Gold Shipment.

What will probably be the last heavy gold shipment of the season was despatched this afternoon on the Bailey in care of the Alaska Pacific Express Co. It amounted to \$750,000, and was contained in six strong boxes.

ONE LITTLE ITALIAN MAID

Who Lived on Princes Road and Tended Shop

Was Born to a Career Which She Afterward Achieved by Dreaming and Study for the Stage.

From such surroundings? Yes, perhaps because of such surroundings. Genius will flourish anywhere, and genius has the happy faculty of bending every difficulty to its own advantage. At any rate, though genius itself is apt to be very dubious respecting this comforting doctrine, I cannot but think that Princess road made Catarina. Yet, truly, what a setting for such a pearl!

Her mother was an Italian, her father had died while she was still a child, and from that day Catarina was marked by fate. The mother had bought a greengrocer's shop in that very unlovely Princess road I have referred to, and there, ensconced in that little fortress—it might be truly said hardly ever quitting guard—she had begun and carried on through long years one of those terrible, grim silent struggles with poverty, disaster and death with which London is replete. She had survived, she had been always able just to keep her head above water, but heaven only knows at the cost of what heroism, of what intelligence and of what privations in that little sea of troubles in which her lot was cast!

The older inhabitants of Princess road still remember her as a buxom and high spirited young woman, speaking English very badly, but shrewd enough withal. But the years had gradually robbed her of every trace of her former beauty, and from the first day I knew her she was a prematurely old, quiet, careworn dame, her face sallow and withered, her cheeks drawn and sunken, her hair dry and dusty, and it may be remained to give assurance to the memory of her charms it was in her Italian eye, sad, but deep, lustrous, blazing up at times with some inward fire or occasionally revealing the strange, yearning, hunted look of a poor child of the sunny south weaning out her life in a somber clime and among an alien people.

No; there was another testimony to her former beauty—Catarina! She was about 13 when I saw her first, and most children are pretty at that age, but no one with the eye of an artist or with insight into character could once gaze upon Catarina's countenance without involuntarily resolving that that strange, foreign looking creature was predestined to "become."

Catarina was often to be found in the shop about that time or in the little "parlor" that served for everything at the back. She was generally to be found there, in fact, for though she avoided school and was not a particularly shining light in the paths of learning, the girl was devoted with a rage for reading. There she was to be found as often as now from having handled dusty potatoes, perched up or crouched down with a novelette, a story book, a book of travel, or adventure. She was extraordinarily precocious in her understanding of the world, just as much as she was backward in physical development, for she was small for her age. Even then she was ambitious—she was more than ambitious—she was fiery and resolute. One saw it in the flash of the wonderful eyes she glanced up quickly from her book, seeming in one earnest dart to look through your own eyes into something, possibly the soul, behind!

She was delightfully shy, though confident; timid, though fiery; rapid, though tender. When she dropped her eyes there was a fascination that depended on no mere demureness, that must indeed have been something unconscious, for it seemed ready to be due to the lashes, with their long and peculiar fanlike sweep.

Catarina had resolved even to be an actress. By a sort of instinct she perceived that that was the only avenue by which she could escape from the surroundings of Princess road, which at the same time she loved and loathed, and acquiesced in with a fatal and even affectionate familiarity.

Catarina would weigh out a pound of potatoes with "East Lynne" in her hand. She would haggle over an odd halfpenny with the asparagus man, dreaming—or she was always dreaming—of the most brilliant conquests, the most illustrious situations of the "boards."

Catarina had been six months in "the profession." By dint of what exertions, of what energy, resolution, had she carried her point? It was heroic, but of that kind of heroism which is utterly unconscious to the actor. Catarina knew a world of things, and she had nerves of steel. She had succeeded. And then her chance came. Almost as one tosses a ball of worsted to a kitten they had given Catarina an interpolated "song and dance."

She could sing a "little bit," for though her voice had a quality as though the sense of touch had somehow been dissolved into it, the volume of sound in singing was altogether too feeble. The audience laughed, laughed even at the beautiful Italian eyes, simply because they were "new"—until Catarina began to dance. They had taught her steps for a fortnight, but in her excitement she had forgotten them. She fell back upon the steps her mother had taught her and upon her genius. Her dancing spoke, it sang, it laughed, it teased—yes, like the very kitten with the worsted—it fascinated, it struck

fireworks, it brought down the house in a thunderclap of sudden, impetuous astonished applause. I met her going home "one night shortly afterward. She had slipped away and was actually tripping or, rather, stepping it, like a fairy on foot. Perhaps she liked the walls, perhaps it was the habit of the old days when a halfpenny loomed vast as a sovereign. She was beautifully dressed, though outwardly enveloped in a coarse cloak.

It came to me to rain, and I suggested we should take a handson. She consented with the alacrity of a child, and I was no longer a princess, giving me her dainty little hand. On the way down Bayswater road she alternately laughed and cried for joy, and her whole pleasure was that she would be able to make the "mater" a counter-attack, for she never complains. She has indignation!

Poor mater! I thought of that long campaign of suffering, of privation, even doubtless at times of starvation, and Catarina knew it. We came near Princess road. "Tell him to stop!" Catarina cried suddenly. Then with the confidence of old acquaintance: "I can't bear to tell any one my address is in Princess road. I abhor it. But the mater is positively loath to leave it."

"Catarina," I said, "no one I hope, judges you by—"

She started up as if she had been struck by a whip, her eyes in the moonlight glancing like those of a tiger, throwing a lustre upon the pallid, beautiful countenance. The sudden glance recalled to my mind the picture of the "mater" maimed and burned from the terrible battle of life, with her broken English, garnished with the hideous slang of Princess road, which she had piously accepted as the English vernacular.

"Catarina," I pursued firmly, "no one I hope, judges you by Princess road." She seized my hand. The tears gushed to her eyes. "I thought you were going to say something else. If you had, by Jove, I'd a gone for you!"

We walked on in silence till we came to the little greengrocer's shop. I was about to bid Catarina good night, but she said: "Come in for a minute and talk to the mater. She sits up waiting for me always. And if you tell her I danced well she could listen to you telling it a hundred times."

We entered through the darkness of the shop. A pale light shone, however, through the crack in the parlor door. Catarina, a little surprised that the mater had not opened to greet her, called out, "Mater, mater, mater!" as she entered the room. There the mater sat in the old armchair. In front of her on the table was a little painting representing her as a young girl of about Catarina's age. Beside the painting was Catarina's latest photograph. A newspaper was still in her hand. Her face was smoothed of wrinkles in last repose. In the pale light of the lamp it had an expression almost of joy.—Black and White.

PECULIAR WEATHER

Rain and Fog Usurping Rights of Frost and Felt.

The present continued mild weather is very much of a surprise to old timers who assert that such soft, juicy weather has formerly been unknown at this advanced season of the year. Usually by the 5th of October the ground is frozen hard and covered with snow that remains until the following April or May. At this time both last year and the year before felt shoes and fur coats were being worn and snow lay on the ground to the depth of several inches, and people were more comfortable than in the slush and dampness of the present.

In fact, a more dreary, dismal, dark, damp and disagreeable day was never experienced on Puget sound the home of old Nimbus, than was experienced in Dawson yesterday. As one result of the present weather about three of every four persons are suffering from hard colds. The season is here for the freeze-up and the sooner it gets action the more comfortable the residents will be. They are prepared for winter and will welcome its advent.

Mr. Hanna Misunderstood.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 23.—Senator Hanna declared today that he had been misunderstood when he refused to discuss the policy of President Roosevelt; a few days since. While he then did not feel disposed to express an opinion on the subject, he did not mean to imply that he would never talk again for publication.

"If President Roosevelt carries out his promise," said Mr. Hanna, "to continue the policy of President McKinley, he will have my warm support, as well as that of every other loyal Republican."

"I sincerely believe that the present prosperity of the country will continue indefinitely."

Twins, eh?

"Yes; boy and girl. The boy is a second edition of his father."

And the girl?

"Well, she's more in the nature of an extra, I suppose."

WAS ONLY A BOLD HOLD-UP

When W. P. & Y. R. Charged Street Storage

First Avenue Property Extends to High Water Mark Says Land Agent Gosselin

Reference was made in these columns a week or so ago to Wm. Kleinberg having been mulcted out of \$38.50 storage charges which the White Pass people collected from him for the privilege of allowing a boiler to stand out in the street under no covering save that of heaven's broad canopy, the action of the company at the time being characterized as the grossest kind of a high handed outrage. Representatives of the corporation when questioned as to their right to make such assessment claimed to have possession of a strip of land 16 feet in width lying between their warehouse and the street, and the Kleinberg boiler is said to have rested upon that piece of hallowed ground. Investigation as to the extent of the company's lease does not show that they have any more title to that ground, perhaps not as much, as the general public, and their collection of storage, in the manner stated was the most brazen piece of effrontery possible. Commissioner Ross when spoken to concerning the right of the White Pass Co. to preempt and turn to a source of revenue the public street, said:

"It is a matter to which my attention was called a few days ago, but I have as yet had no time to investigate it. Last spring I was approached by representatives of the company who expressed a desire to secure permission to use the street for the storage of heavy pieces of machinery until such time as they could be removed. It was manifestly impossible for me to grant outright any such privileges as that, but I realized that often it might work hardship on persons to be compelled to move heavy boilers immediately upon their arrival, whereas a delay of a day or two would hurt nothing, and shippers in that time might arrange matters so they could haul their machinery direct from the dock to their claims, thus saving one handling of the heavy pieces. I knew, too, that none of the city docks were large enough to accommodate the freight constantly arriving unless it was removed at once, so decided that as long as traffic was not interrupted the street could be used. The use was granted tacitly, but no rights whatsoever were attached to it. Concerning the extent of the ground under lease to the White Pass Co., I know nothing. That you will find in the office of the crown timber and land agent."

From Mr. Gosselin, land agent, it is learned that the water front leases cover no ground whatever except from the edge of the river outward. At the time the C. D. Co. built its dock in '98, now the White Pass, H. Mackland Kersey, then managing director, tried to gobble up 20 feet of the street, and after having started his foundation was compelled to desist and move out to the present location. The width of Front street is not limited to 66 feet, as is ordinarily supposed, but extends out what would be high water mark were there no buildings along the water front. The leases held by the wharf owners cover only the river bank—fresh water tide lands, so to speak; they have not the faintest shadow of title to the ground abutting them on the street side, and are allowed to use the streets for storage purposes only by the suzerainty of the government.

Dead Game Sport.

Ross, of Murray & Ross, is a trifle loser on the yacht race. He backed Shamrock II. Yesterday as soon as the wire reached Dawson stating that the Columbia had won the third and final race Ross, like a true sport, sent over to George Butler of the Pioneer saloon a check for the amount of his bet, which by the way then did not feel disposed to express an opinion on the subject, he did not mean to imply that he would never talk again for publication.

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"Well, she's more in the nature of an extra, I suppose."

L. O. Carter, more commonly known as "Dad," the enterprising news agent, has purchased the wagon news stand on the corner of 1st Ave. and 3rd St. by the Bank sales where he will be pleased to see his many patrons and friends.