

# Stroller's Column.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

To the above quotation from the Bible might have been added: "Especially when forty-nine in every fifty men carry revolvers in the 'booboo' of their pants."

Every mail brings to the Stroller copies of his old paper from Florida, but the Stroller never thinks of breaking the wrapper on one of them until he has his handkerchief ready and a convenient shoulder to lean on and weep.

Only a few days ago in a fit of absentmindedness the Stroller tore the wrapper from the 'Possum Trot Semi-Weekly Viper and the first thing to meet his eye was a three-column-headed article containing an account of a revolver recital in which three of his old patrons and valued contributors of articles, "Veritas," "Taxpayer," and "Constant Reader" had all been perforated with bullets which made serious inroads throughout their various anatomies. The Stroller was so overcome that he fell on the first shoulder he saw. He did not know whose shoulder it was and he does not yet know. But it belonged to some young lady who wore a shirtwaist and who bounded fully ten feet, then turned and with a withering glance said:

"Sir!!! I am not that kind of a girl!"

The Stroller mentions this here in the hope that the young lady will see it, and if she cannot wholly forgive him for the postoffice scene, she may think of it with a feeling more of pity than of wrath.

As the result of Smith & Wesson matinees the Stroller has probably written two and a half or three miles of obituary notices and with every one of them he has pointed out that the average resident had as much use for an upright piano in his hip pocket as he had for a revolver, yet he fails to see that there is any perceptible decrease in the mortality roll. One by one his old and esteemed subscribers, no matter whether their subscription was paid in cash, sugar cane molasses, coon skins or moonshine whisky, have allowed some fellow to get the drop on them and have crossed to the Great Beyond and with them a great deal of lead has been retired from circulation and weeping widows now gather

their little ones around their knees and tell them how their brave fathers "done carried with him to glory foh ounces of lead in bullets and up'ards o' fohty buckshot."

Besides people who shoot with malice aforethought, there is another class which deals death and destruction with the revolver. They are the effeminate, white-faced, white-livered fellows who are always killing somebody else or themselves by accident. If they would confine their killing to themselves it would be all right and the neighborhoods in which they live should take up collections and present them with revolvers.

In his modest, unassuming way the Stroller has been laboring most assiduously for the past twenty years to make for himself a name and incidentally to keep a family from becoming a charge on the neighbors. And yet some illiterate fellow who does not even know who discovered the island of Madagascar will take a revolver and spring into prominence in a few hours. It is these things that make some people tenacious of their belief in hell.

If the people of the south would refrain from carrying revolvers in their hip pockets and take to carrying razors up their sleeves it would be a step in the right direction. The mortality list might not materially decrease, but the male population would appear to much better advantage in society as there would be much less bagging of pants than at present.

These are days of benefits, deserved and otherwise, in Dawson and for that reason the Stroller takes this opportunity for calling attention to the fact that the time is mellow with ripeness for a benefit for the striking telegraphers who have toiled from six months to a year without money and without price and lived on government bacon, beans and promises in the meantime.

Just think of an operator sitting at his key all day or all night and taking thousands of words about the unprecedented prosperity of his country when that same country is forcing him to live on shade soup and wind pudding! Think of Delivery Albert riding up and down the streets of Dawson on a wheel delivering messages when mercury is toying

with the fifties below and being paid in slow promises which mean half cash when he dies and the other half when he comes back. Yet he is expected to protect himself against Bory's icy blasts by wrapping himself in a government promise that has been worn so long and used so much as to cause it to become as thin as kerosene.

The Stroller believes that all the talent in the city will assist in a benefit for these victims of an unappreciative department of a great government. The Stroller himself will agree to do a turn. If he can get someone who is tired living and hasn't the nerve to shuffle to play a silent part with him he will render a Smith & Wesson solo entitled "Down in Georgia," or "Curing the Chicken Habit." The assistant will be required to use burnt cork to make the rendition of the solo realistic. It is both thrilling and penetrating.

The ways of innocent childhood are both admirable and interesting. A little girl in Dawson recently gave a birthday party to about thirty of her little friends, the invitations stipulating that the guests were to remain from 2 until 5 o'clock. Five o'clock came and mirth and revelry were supreme. However, the time was up and as guests the children went home. Fifteen minutes later they were back, not as guests but as neighbor children, and with no time limit. The games were renewed and mirth and revelry again reigned.

Many people in Dawson have been wondering for the past few months what became of Dr. Catto's bill against the city for \$300 for professional services rendered in restoring a mendicant to physical vigor.

It will be remembered that the municipal fathers declined to pay the bill notwithstanding the fact that it had the sanction of the medical health officer and that the services rendered probably kept the recipient of the treatment from filling an unsung grave.

Time after time the bill was presented to the council only to be laid on the table, thrown under the table, referred back and otherwise treated as a dehorned steer at a straw stack or a bound boy at a corn shucking.

Dr. Catto bided his time until one day he sallied forth on a shopping expedition. From his worship he kept him smoking during the summer; from Alderman Adair he purchased some suitable furniture for his

office and to the other members of the council he extended patronage, to each man in his particular line, requesting that the bill be presented to him at the first of the ensuing month. The bills were duly presented and paid—not in cash, however, but by orders on the city.

And now Dr. Catto sits or reclines on upholstered furniture and blows ringlets of smoke from pure Havanas. He has ceased worrying about his bill for standing off a pauper funeral, and on the whole is feeling quite complacent and satisfied.

## Concert This Evening.

A most worthy entertainment will that be which is to be given at the Presbyterian church tonight in honor of the arrival of the new Salvation Army officers and the departure of the old. Since the establishment of the army in Dawson in '98 they have accomplished a world of good, have fed a multitude of hungry people in the name of sweet charity and cared for many a poor wanderer who had not where to lay his head. It is eminently proper that the old officers who have labored so faithfully should be given a fitting testimonial upon the eve of their departure. The following excellent program has been arranged, to enjoy which the trifling admission of 50 cents only will be charged:

Selection, organ ..... Selected Mr. Scarelle.

Address ..... Rev. Dr. Grant.

Solo—"The Better Land" ..... F. H. Cowen

Address ..... Mrs. Dr. Thompson.

Reading—"So Flows the Yukon" ..... Miss E. Coleman.

Address ..... Adjutant J. Barr.

Solo—"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" ..... Stanley Mrs. Boyes.

Address ..... Adjt. G. Kenway.

Solo—"Daddy" ..... Behrend Mr. McLeod.

Congregation:—"God be with you till we meet again. By His counsels guide uphold you. With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again."

It is stated in Wall street that Gen. F. V. Green resigned the presidency of the Asphalt Company of America several weeks ago, and that his resignation was accepted.

## Salvationists

The expected new contingent of Salvation Army workers for the Dawson post, two men and two women, arrived on the steamer Dawson this morning. They are Adjutant Kenway and wife, Miss Hillman and Lieut. H. Allen. They will relieve the officers and members here who have labored so faithfully during the past two years. The latter contingent will leave for the outside in a few days.

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Phones—Office, 129b; residence, 86c

—Dawson, Y. T.

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