

# CARLYLE WAS A GRUMBLER

## And Saw No Happiness in the Average Life.

### Says Max O'Rell, Whose Greatest Enemy Is Mrs. Grundy—French Are Happy Race.

Pleasure is a passing sensation. What the soul craves for is a permanent state. Pleasure is the satisfaction of the moment; happiness is the security of the morrow. Not but happiness gives satisfaction to the soul.

Thomas Carlyle spent his life in scolding the human race for trying to be happy. His diatribes should have been aimed only at those who are foolish enough to try to find happiness in pleasure.

Happiness is to be found in congenial work—in a regular and well-spent life, in obscurity and retirement, in sound and true friendship, and especially in the love of a man and a woman who thoroughly appreciate each other.

For instance, Carlyle abused money making, that chief occupation of modern life, which most people pursue in order to attain the great end, happiness. But men may find pleasure in money grabbing, not happiness. Carlyle mistook pleasure for happiness. His dyspeptic state prevented him from enjoying any pleasure, and his sour disposition any happiness, and, like a man who cannot eat a dinner loves to lecture another who enjoys a good digestion, he scolded and snarled. Now, mankind has never been improved by scolding and that is why the writings have passed over the heads of the human race and done no good. Man has ever been, is and ever will be in search of the solution of the great, the only problem of life—happiness—and what he wants is thinkers and writers who will help him to find it. Carlyle treated the human race very much as he treated his wife. He wrote beautiful love letters to her, but never said a kind or sweet word to her, which might have helped to make her happy. There is something very unsatisfactory, inconclusive about a blind man discussing color, and a dyspeptic one on pleasure and happiness. No doubt the greatest source of happiness in this world is to be found in the love and devotion of a man and a woman. You may find it in every sphere of life, but more particularly in that little cottage covered with ivy, jasamin and honeysuckle which seldom attracts the attention of the passer-by. Happy the one whose nest is hidden from the crowd.

Now, what will especially help a man and a woman to find happiness in love? Many, many things will help, but most especially the artistic temperament, that temperament which can be cultivated and developed, and which will cause the man and the woman to always look for the beautiful, for the enjoyment of the soul and the heart at the same time as that of the body.

Love is the poetry of the senses. It reveals its secrets and ecstasies only to those who can so mingle their thoughts, their hearts, their souls as to transform two beings into one, only to people of refinement and of artistic disposition. Nations are not better or worse than others; they are different, that's all. The French, for example, are neither more moral nor more immoral than the English or the Americans; they are different in their morality, they are different in their immorality, as they are in their tastes, customs and habits.

But what I am perfectly sure of is that they are the happiest people on earth, simply because of their artistic temperament, which makes them take all their pleasures in discreet moderation, like epicures, and, by making the companionship of man and woman most pleasant and attractive, enables them to enjoy love in all its beautiful fulness.

But, some people will say, is not an artistic temperament conducive to unfaithfulness? Will not a man with an artistic temperament, for instance, constantly have artistic aspirations and constantly fall in love with beauty? Not at all necessarily. If you will allow me to repeat a saying that I have used in one of these articles, a saying of which I cannot say I am particularly proud, but the truth of which I insist on, that woman is a beautiful instrument and man a good or a bad instrumentalist, I will answer: No, not at all necessarily. I am not aware that Sarasate and Joachim require more than one violin to give their marvelous performances on, and I know that when Paderewski goes on a tour he insists on always playing on the same piano, which follows him everywhere.

And, on this subject, another question might be put: Should a woman prefer to marry a man to whom woman is an enigma? I know that most people who belong to the retinue of Mrs. Grundy will at once exclaim: Most decidedly, a woman should expect to find the man as he expects to find her. And there goes again the old saying: What is good for the goose should be good for the gander. Well, there is something in that; but when I consider that the whole happiness of a married life may depend on the start, I would faintly reply: A woman ought not to care for such a man any more than a Stradivarius should care to be played upon by a youngster who would try on it his first attempt at a simple scale in C major. Young girls at school are constantly reminded that they should prepare to become good wives and good mothers. What a pity it is that boys are never told that they might now and then think of preparing to become decent husbands and tolerable fathers.

As for Mrs. Grundy, she is a very moral person, for whom I cannot help feeling some respect; but she is the cause of a great deal of happiness being missed in Anglo-Saxon lands. My greatest grudge against that lady is that she is the bitter, implacable enemy of the artistic, the beautiful and the truthful, of which she has succeeded in denuding art, literature, and life itself. Anglo-Saxon intelligence, the "intellectuals," as we call them in France, are dead against her, but the masses of the people are crawling on their knees before her. All the conventionalities of English life have been invented to suit her taste, and to please her most innocent pleasures have had to be transformed into funeral functions. Everything suggests impropriety or indecency to her distorted mind, and she is the cause that, in England, and also to some extent in America, art, literature and life have to lie to avoid running the risk of deserting her frowns.

Personally I avoid Mrs. Grundy, having made up my mind never to have anything to do with angels—this side of the grave. MAX O'RELL.

### Views of An Authoress.

If I were talking to a daughter regarding her future life partner, I think I should say:

"An extravagant young man is to be avoided, yet one of the best husbands I ever saw was a spendthrift until he married the wise little maid who taught him economy."

"A man of the world who has 'seen life' is to be kept at a safe distance by a prudent girl, yet the best husband I ever saw was that sort of man until he met the woman with whom he began a new and beautiful life."

"A hasty tempered man is a most dangerous suitor to encourage, yet I have seen one become a lamb of docility when associated with the girl who knew how to laugh his tempers away."

"A too ardent and impetuous lover is to be looked upon with suspicion and doubt, still I have known a couple to be superlatively happy for a score of years who were engaged after their second meeting and married shortly afterward."

I should give a son similar wise council, and neither would be in the least influenced by what I said, for marriage, like birth and death, are personal experiments, and must be experienced individually. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

### The Lease Divorce.

Mary Elizabeth Lease is under suspicion of bringing her divorce suit as an advertising dodge.

Of course, the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Lease will not object to paying Mr. Elizabeth Lease a fair amount of alimony. Right is right.—Kansas City Journal.

As Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease alleges "failure to provide" as a ground for divorce, Mr. Mary Elizabeth Lease might allege failure to keep house as a counter-charge.

Mrs. Lease's case is merely one illustration of the fact that public careers for women who have domestic responsibilities are extremely likely to promote domestic discord. One career may be all right for a woman, but two careers are usually one too many.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease now wants a divorce from her husband. The announcement that Mr. Lease will not contest the suit comes as no surprise, for he long since expressed weariness at being known as "the husband of Mrs. Lease."

Robinson the tailor from Vancouver, will leave in a few days; order your spring suit and you will get up-to-date clothes. Room 10, Hotel McDonald.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the lentes season will all be gone long before Easter.

Best assortment of Klondike views at Goetzman's the photographer.

## PERT PERSONALS.

Li Hung Chang is posing for a statue of "Innocence," to be placed in the Palace of Truth in Shanghai. The artist's name looks like "Tu Thin."—Boston Transcript.

Talk of making Andrew Carnegie president of a golf club sounds like an effort to divert some of his surplus wealth from libraries into the avenues of sport.—Washington Star.

The doctors say that there is more nerve nutriment in corn than in wheat, and Joe Leiter, contemplating the success of Plumber Phillips, may be disposed to agree with them.—New York World.

It is authoritatively stated that Miss Helen Gould receives per week begging letters asking for an average of about \$1,500,000. Has it ever occurred to Miss Gould that she might save herself the annoyance of a great many of these letters by getting married and thus changing her name?—Savannah (Ga.) News.

The creditors of Anna Gould's husband, Count de Castellane, have taken legal measures to grind the fair Anna down to an expenditure of \$250,000 a year. Anna and her children might, with strict economy—keeping but one girl, for instance—pull through on a quarter of a million a year. We've known it done.

### Looked Like Mark Twain.

Mark Twain once had a unique experience in New York, and this is the story as he told it to a reporter:

"I was coming up in a car on the elevated road. Very few people were in that, and on one end of it there was no one except on the opposite side, where sat a man about 50 years old with a most winning face and an elegant eye, a beautiful eye, and I took him from his dress to be a master mechanic, a man who had a vocation. He had with him a very little child of about 4 or 5 years. I was watching the affection which existed between the two. I judged he was the grandfather, perhaps. It was really a pretty child, and I was admiring her, and as soon as he saw I was admiring her he began to notice me.

"I could see his admiration of me in his eye, and I did what anybody else would do—admired, the child four times as much, knowing I would get four times as much of his admiration. Things went on very pleasantly. I was making my way into his heart.

"By and by, when he almost reached the station where he was to get off, he got up, crossed over and said, 'Now, I am going to say something to you which I hope you will regard as a compliment.'

"And then he went on to say: 'I have never seen Mark Twain, but I have seen a portrait of him, and any friend of mine will tell you when I have once seen a portrait of a man I place it in my eye and store it away in my memory, and I can tell you now that you look enough like Mark Twain to be his brother. Now,' he said, 'I hope you take this as a compliment.'

"Certainly," I said. "I take it as more than a compliment. Yes," I said, "this is the proudest moment of my life to be taken for Mark Twain, for most men are always wishing to look like some great man, Gen. Grant, George Washington or like some archbishop or other, but all my life I have wished to look like Mark Twain. Yes," I said, "I have wished to look like that synonym, that symbol of all virtue and all purity, whom you have just described. I appreciate it."

"He said, 'Yes, you are a very good imitation, but when I come to look closer you are probably not that man.' I said: 'I will be frank with you. In my desire to look like that excellent character I have dressed for the character; I have been playing a part.' He said: 'That is all right; that is all right. You look very well on the outside, but when it comes to the inside you are not in it with the original.'"

### Railroad Centers.

The Philadelphia Record says: "One of the fond delusions cherished by New Yorkers is that the Grand Central station in their city is one of the greatest railroad terminals in the world and a scene of such bustle and activity as can be seen only in the metropolis. As a matter of fact, the travel through the station is much smaller than that which passes through stations in Philadelphia, Boston and St. Louis. It has only 162 trains each way a day, while the Broad street station in Philadelphia handles nearly 250 trains each way, and the Reading Terminal has 215 out and 212 in."—Ex.

### Didn't Have the Napkins.

A young theological student who was recently appointed to occupy the pulpit of a mission in this city started out a few days ago to make pastoral calls. He only made one, and being a little discouraged he decided to knock off for the day. He went to the home of a family supposed to belong to his parish, and his ring at the door was quite promptly answered. A buxom woman came out, all in a flutter.

"See here, did you come back again without my napkins?" she inquired, with some asperity.

"Why, I beg?"

"Oh, don't come that, now. There are a whole 'nuff dozen missing."

"I—'Im not the man," the young minister managed to say.

"Well, I declare, you look enough like him. And you're not the laundry man, then?"

"I sometimes help wash sins away, but I didn't wash your napkins. I'm the new minister."—Ex.

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### Notice.

Notice is hereby given that on and after March 1st, 1901, grants for all applications for relocation will be issued at the time the application is made, wherever the claim applied for appears open for relocation upon the records. The allowance of two weeks which has hitherto been made for holders of claims to take out a certificate of work will cease on and after March 1st. Holders of claims are warned, in order to avoid trouble with relocators to take out a renewal of their claims on or before the expiration of their former lease. (Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, c28 Assistant Gold Commissioner.

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## SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, U. P. O. F. S. A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 P. M. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

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