

## IT STOOD THE TEST

### Standard Library Building in the Fire

#### Though Wrapped in the Roaring Flames Not a Single Volume Was Scorched.

When the flames were roaring against the north wall of the Standard Library restaurant during the second avenue fire night before last, among the crowd of spectators on the sidewalks were many speculations as to the fate of that building. With the fierce fire beating against the corrugated iron wall it was expected every moment that the plates would burst from their fastenings and curl up with the heat. Then the building would be completely gutted. Nothing of the kind occurred, however. Of the thousands of books and magazines on the shelves upon the inside of this wall not a single one was even singed.

In a city such as Dawson, where many of the older buildings are miserable fire traps, it is worth while to consider the reasons for this satisfactory result; for not only did Mr. Horkan save his own buildings, but he prevented the fire spreading to the flimsy buildings south of him and their destruction. Fierce as it was and radiating such an intense heat, it was unable to pass the restaurant building.

Those who watched the progress of the improvements which Mr. Horkan made in the building during the past year had the explanation already to hand. There might have been some who then scoffed at his going to so large an expense, principally for labor, in the thorough carrying out of every detail as he had planned it. He was determined to have a building as near to being absolutely fireproof as it could be made, and upon this New Year's morning he is receiving congratulations upon the result of his foresight and perseverance. In this one fire he saved a much larger sum than the entire cost of the building.

For Mr. Horkan builded well, perhaps better than he knew. In the first place the foundations were run down from six to eight feet and were made solid. Then, when the plates were put on, they were coated with asbestos pulp. All the studding, inside and out, was treated in the same way, whether it was liable to be exposed or not, and on the top of the pulp was pasted asbestos paper. The whole of the inside walls, on both sides, were treated in this way. Much of this work did not appear to the many who "knew it all" and were giving Mr. Horkan suggestions, to be at all necessary, as the outer wall of corrugated iron would seem to be sufficient upon that side. But even this was also coated on the inside with the pulp, and there was a dead air space between it and the wooden walls which was hermetically sealed. The fire therefore was unable to find an entrance. While asbestos paper, at such a fierce heat, would be liable to curl up and smoulder, thus giving the fire a chance to make an opening, the way this paper was put on, on top of the pulp, effectually prevented it. It cost money, but look at the money it saved to Mr. Horkan and to his neighbors.

That is the thorough way in which the proprietor of the Standard Library restaurant does everything. He has built up his large business upon the same principle of doing everything thoroughly which he undertakes. In his library and his restaurant he calculates to a nicety what he is able to give upon a safe working margin, and goes ahead in supreme confidence that his numerous customers are sure to stay with him. For years now the library has been the club room of the working man. Here he can find the best literature, both in volumes and in magazines, that is to be had in the city. In fact when the \$35,000 Carnegie library is built it will still have a competitor in that of the Standard. And when other restaurants are closing by reason of competition or are laid in ashes, his is and will continue to be prosperous and well patronized. It is the same with his sleeping accommodations and his bath rooms and all the departments of his large establishment. They were built on sure foundations and on sound business principles. "He builded well."

It was noon in the Eternal City and Julius Caesar was on his way home to lunch. At the corner of Jupiter avenue and Juno street he met Brutus.

Brutus went on by without speaking. Caesar was surprised.

"Oh," said he, "Brutus, old chap!" he called in a friendly tone. "What do you mean by cutting me like that?" Brutus merely gave him a half look back over his shoulder.

"Oh! that's nothing to the way I cut you before long," he said smugly.

And Caesar didn't tumble till the idea of March.

Send a copy of the Nugget's Christmas edition to your outside friends.

## A Fortunate Failure

BY W. R. ROSE

The young manager of the amusement bureau looked at the card the boy handed him and shook his head. He had seen the name before. It had become quite familiar to him. He stared at the boy.

"Oh, well," he said, "show him in."

The young manager was the victim of innumerable applicants for a chance to test their merits. Most of them, unfortunately—at least for themselves, were impossible. But this did not prevent them from being importunate. They were not easily discouraged. Like the raw recruits in a beaten army they didn't know when they were defeated. Day after day they sat about the outer room and waited for the manager to unbend. It was not a cheerful sight. The majority of them had grown old in a profession that a few of them had once adored. The others were younger and more hopeful, and not so threadbare, and the older women displayed remnants of finery that dated back to almost forgotten fashions.

The young manager had grown hardened in his profession. He shut his eyes to the shabby gentility and he stole his heart against the painful importunities. It was not a business where the emotions were a safe guide. Had he listened to the dictates of a really tender heart he might have filled the stage with those aspirants—most of them incompetent, few of them even passable. That was altogether impossible. So he smothered his sympathy and did his best to win the reputation of a hard man.

He sat in his little office, with a boy at the door, who thoroughly knew his business, and was not to be cajoled, nor bribed, nor bribed. He was a haughty boy, who reflected his master's importance and inspired quite as much dread as did the master himself.

And so it happened on this occasion that the boy stared back at his employer with considerable wonderment in his bright black eyes.

"He's a Has-been," said the boy.

"Show him in," said the young master.

"He's a wheezer," said the boy.

"Show him in."

"There's moss on him," said the boy.

The young master waved him to the door.

"He's pretty near old enough to be a Never-was," came the boy's final shot.

To this the young master deigned no response. So the boy, crushed and humiliated, sullenly retired to his little anteroom. This anteroom was the inner line of defenses of the master's room, and few there were who stormed it. The boy hesitated for a moment as he entered his fair. Then he snatched up a placard from his littered table and carried it into the waiting-room. He ostentatiously tucked the card to the wall, and then stood off a little to contemplate its effect. The inscription was worded as follows:

"Do not loiter in this room after you have finished your business. If you have nothing else to do you can at least make room for others who may have occasion to call here."

There were other placards with the same inscription nailed about the apartment and in the outer hall.

It was the boy's delight when he felt in a particularly bad humor with the patient sitters to dart out of his den with a copy of this placard and with much ceremony nail it up. It relieved his feelings and it taught the waiting applicants a much needed lesson, from the boy's point of view.

When he had let his big black eyes roll around at the sitters he fixed his gaze for a moment on a tall, thin old man who sat close to the door of the den—where he had been sitting for hours—and crooked his somewhat grumpy forefinger at him.

"Mr. Jeffries will see you," he said.

The old man arose with alacrity as he comprehended the boy's words, and followed the lad into the manager's room.

"Mr. Philo Bailey," said the boy and withdrew to his den, where he busied himself inking one of the offensive placards.

The young manager looked up. He saw a tall, old man with a profusion of gray hair and a cleanly shaven face. He was a thin old man and very erect, and his form was arrayed in a shiny suit of black. There was a huge turned-down collar about his neck, surrounded by a flowing silk scarf, and in his shabbily gloved hands he bore a shabby silk hat of an antique shape. The young man softly sighed.

"Well, sir," he said in his abrupt and yet not unkindly way. "I believe I told you that there would be no chance for you at present."

The old man straightened up.

"You did," he said in a heavy and somewhat husky voice, "you did. And yet, sir, what am I to do? I put it to you, sir, what am I to do?"

He paused and looked at the young man as if he had asked an unanswerable question.

"There are too many men and women who appear to believe that the stage owes them a living," said the manager.

"I gave the best years of my life to

it," said the old man. "I grew old in its service. It seems a pity that there is not some nook or corner where I can creep on just once more."

"It is a pity," said the young man. "I will not say that my efforts were unappreciated," the old man went on, "but it is quite true that I did not rise as I had hoped. I was painstaking, earnest, ambitious, yet fate was against me. In my day, sir, I supported the younger Booth, and Davenport, sir, and the immortal Cushman. As a youngster I trod the same boards with Ned Forrest and the fiery Macready, sir. My models were of the very best. If I failed to improve, no doubt it was my own fault—quite my own fault."

He let his head droop as he spoke and the hands that held the shabby hat shook.

"And yet you still turn to the stage?" said the young manager.

"I know nothing else," said the old man. "It is my life, my all. I am quite alone in the world, sir. It hurts me to say so, but the fact is I am dependent upon the kindness of a worthy couple, old friends of the profession, who are keeping me from the charity of the public. It is a humiliating confession to make, sir, by one whose Polonius was not considered unworthy of mention in the same breath with Booth's Hamlet, and whose Eccles met the approval of many of the leading critics of the nation, sir."

He was silent for a moment and his shrunken chest heaved beneath the closely buttoned threadbare coat.

"And there is no room for you on the legitimate stage?" the young manager asked.

"No room, sir," the old man sadly replied. "I am not in-line with their new-fangled problem plays and their society tangle. Once the stage held up the mirror to nature, now it holds it to an artificial existence that is at once abnormal and unreal."

"And you would go into vaudeville?" said the manager.

"Yes. It is my only chance."

"And how do you expect to entertain an audience?"

The old man's eyes sparkled.

"I have prepared a monologue," he quickly replied, and drew himself erect. "It is entitled 'Great Players Have Known,' and in it I will give personal reminiscences of those eminent lights of the drama with whom I have had the honor to be associated with more or less prominence. It will be rich in anecdote, sir, and abound in imitations. I am considered a clever mimic, sir."

The young man shook his head.

"I am afraid that your monologue would be quite above the heads of the average vaudeville audience," he said.

"Then they must be elevated," cried the old man.

"Not out of their present realm of enjoyment," said the manager. "It is our business to keep them there. How long is your monologue?"

"Exactly eighteen minutes, sir."

"A little long," said the manager. He gave the old man a sympathetic glance. The anxious eyes, the shabby garb, the trembling hands, all appealed to him.

"What you want is a trial," he said.

"That is all."

"I will give you one. But understand, I do not believe you will succeed."

The old man's eyes were suffused.

"All I ask is a trial," he murmured. "It is my last hope."

"Do not rely upon it," said the young manager. He picked up a memorandum book, and turned the leaves. "You will present yourself to the stage manager of the Thalia at 1 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon. He will assign you a place on the programme."

"Thank you," said the old man brokenly, and he arose to go.

The young man looked at him with kindly eyes.

"You are an old man to start in a new venture," he said. "I wish you every success." And he arose and put out his hand. The veteran's trembling hand met the hearty clasp.

"You are a very good and a very kind young man," he said in his shaking voice. "I wish you good day."

The manager halted him at the door.

"I would be glad to have you report to me Thursday morning. I want to hear your own opinion of the trial."

The old man gravely bowed and then passed the wondering boy in his den with head erect and stately tread.

The young manager at his desk picked up the veteran's dingy card and read it aloud.

PHILO BAILEY,  
Actor and Monologue Artist.  
At Liberty.

The "at liberty" had been written in by a trembling hand, and the manager with a faint smile drew a blue pencil line through it.

"An engagement at last," he murmured. "Poor old fellow. It was wrong to encourage him, but really, I couldn't help it. His melancholy face and his pathetic figure haunted me. I suppose I'll get hardened to this sort of thing in time, but I haven't quite reached the petrified stage yet—thank heaven."

And he gently laid the card down and picked up his mail.

It was Thursday morning and the young manager was engrossed at his desk when the boy, entering softly, laid a card before him. The manager glanced at it.

"I remember I told him to call," he murmured to himself. "Poor old chap." He drew a slip of paper from a pigeonhole. "Here is Morgan's report," he went on. "The old man's talk was a frost. He didn't get a hand. Poor old vet." He dropped the paper and turned to the boy.

"Show him in," he said.

"He isn't alone," said the boy.

"Not alone?"

"No, sir. There's a stunning young woman with him, sir."

"Show them both in."

There was a remarkable change in the old man's appearance, a new air of jauntness in the erect figure, a new expression on the wrinkled face.

And at his side stood a young woman, a lovely young woman, a young woman in charming attire, whose slim hand rested lovingly on the old man's arm.

The manager arose quickly and motioned them to chairs.

"I have called, my dear young friend," said the old man, "in accordance with your suggestion that I should report here on Thursday morning."

The young man bowed and then he looked toward the slip of paper he had just dropped, and his expression was a painful one.

"Well," he said, and he tried to smile, "and what is your own opinion of your effort?"

The old man waved the question aside.

"I am more indebted to you, sir," he said in his stately way, "than you can possibly understand. A most wonderful thing happened at yesterday's entertainment, sir."

The young man glanced again at the slip of paper.

"Pray enlighten me," he said.

"In that audience, sir," said the old man, "quite by chance, was one who had been looking for me for years. She saw my name and sought me out, and lo! the lost was found."

The hand of the young woman rested lightly on his shoulder. And the old man, reaching up, laid his own hand tenderly upon the slim fingers.

"Sir," he went on, "in giving me the chance, unwittingly you gave me a daughter."

The hand of the young woman went round the old man's neck with a gentle pressure.

"A daughter," repeated the manager.

"A daughter, sir," the old man went on, "a daughter whom I had not seen since she was an infant. It is a strange story, and not a pleasant one. It is enough to know that my child has sought me and found me, and that her home is to be my home, and that I am to lean upon her strong arm and that she will not think me—broken and wearied as I am—a burden too great to bear."

The strong young arm closed about the old man's neck and the fair young cheek was pressed to the withered one.

"I am very, very glad," said the manager softly.

The old man arose.

"I sincerely thank you again, my young friend," he said in his stately way, "and give you a farewell pressure of the hand."

The young woman advanced and extended her slim fingers.

"I am very grateful, too," she said, and let her hand rest for a moment in the young manager's.

Then they were gone.

The manager sighed as he looked after them.

"I'll never be thanked like that again," he said, "for aiding and abetting a disastrous failure."

And he laughed as he turned to his work.

### HERE AND THERE

Frank Lewis was hanged at Harlan, Ky., for the murder of his father-in-law, Henry Dixon.

The National Indian Association has closed its twenty-third annual convention after adopting resolutions urging legislation for the relief of the Navajos in Arizona.

It is reported that Spain has offered to purchase the new Chilean battleships and one cruiser, but the government has kept the offer, if there has been one, a secret.

The five-story structure occupied by J. L. Connell & Co., wholesale grocers, Scranton, Pa., was destroyed by fire. Four firemen were slightly injured. The loss is estimated at \$175,000, fully insured.

The American Institute of Architects has elected as honorary members Andrew Carnegie, Samuel A. Abbott and Emil Nauchamer. It was announced that the institute proposed to raise a fund of \$30,000 for the execution of a project to be disclosed later and that \$15,000 had been raised towards the \$30,000 necessary to purchase the historic octagon house in Washington for permanent headquarters.

From information received by the British Astronomical Association from Mr. John Griggs of Thames, New Zealand, it appears that the comet discovered by Perrine, which is this news is confirmed, has been erroneously named 1902 h, is not the second, but the third comet discovered this year. Mr. Griggs reports that on the morning of July 23 while using a 31-inch telescope, he saw a

General "Phil" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident he laughed the most.

"Well," he said, "I do not know but I always laugh when I think of

the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got

its hoof caught in the stirrup, when in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off!'

LOST—Saturday, roll of bills amounting to \$40. Finder please return to Nugget and get reward. c 30

Send a copy of the Nugget's Christmas edition to your outside friends.

## Political Announcements YUKON TERRITORY.

### Dr. Alfred Thompson

Is a candidate for the Yukon council from the Dawson district. The support of the electorate is respectfully requested.

FOR MEMBER OF THE YUKON COUNCIL,  
DISTRICT NO. 1.

### A. J. Prudhomme

### MEETING SATURDAY NIGHT

J. C. Larsen's Vacant Store, So. Dawson

In the interests of the candidature of

R. P. McLENNAN

All candidates for mayor and aldermen are invited to be present and participate in the meeting.

## CITY OF DAWSON.

### VOTE FOR R. P. McLENNAN

For Mayor of Dawson,  
1903.

### CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR 1903,

D. W. DAVIS.

### VOTE FOR

### James F. Macdonald FOR ALDERMAN

Candidate  
FOR ALDERMAN  
1903

J. A. GREENE

Candidate for  
ALDERMAN, 1903

Another New Comet

From information received by the British Astronomical Association from Mr. John Griggs of Thames, New Zealand, it appears that the comet discovered by Perrine, which is this news is confirmed, has been erroneously named 1902 h, is not the second, but the third comet discovered this year. Mr. Griggs reports that on the morning of July 23 while using a 31-inch telescope, he saw a

nebulous object, which was not laid down on any of his charts, and which he decided to be a comet. It was in the constellation Virgo, near the western border, about 8 degrees south of the star Denebola, in Leo. He obtained two other views of it on August 1 and 2, and found that it was moving slowly in a southeasterly direction. The observations are admitted to be a little doubtful, however, owing to persistent haze and moonlight.

Job printing at Nugget office.

For Member of the  
YUKON COUNCIL

Dawson District No. 1.

C. W. C. TABOR

### For Yukon Council

Candidate for District No. 1, which includes Dawson, Fortymile, Miller, Glacier and Boulder.

WM. THORNBURN

If elected I shall endeavor in every matter to act for the general good of this territory, and I trust my many friends will give me their vote and influence.

### FOR YUKON COUNCIL

To the Electors of Electoral District No. 1:

Gentlemen,—I hereby announce myself a candidate for election as one of your representatives in the Yukon territorial council and solicit your votes and influence in my behalf.

JOHN PRINGLE.

Bonanza, 30th Dec., 1902.

### CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR 1903

Thos. Adair

### Vote for PETER VACHON

For Alderman.

### Vote for JOHN L. TIMMINS

For alderman. He stands for a clean administration and a judicious expenditure of the people's money. He makes no pre-election pledges but will treat conditions as they arise to the best of his humble ability.

### TO THE VOTERS

At the solicitation of my friends I will be a candidate for alderman at the ensuing municipal election. Your votes and assistance are solicited.

H. E. A. Robertson.

Candidate

For Alderman

1903.

Dr. Z. Strong.

V. S.

FRANK N. JOHNSON

Candidate for

ALDERMAN, 1903

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Requested for

ALLAYNE JONES

As Alderman for 1903

Candidate for  
ALDERMAN  
1903,

A. LA LANDE.

Candidate for  
ALDERMAN  
1903,

R.H.S. Cresswell

New Stock AT THE NUGGET JOB PRINTERY New Type