

# What The Bartender Sees

A young man with a cold face, much nervous energy, and a tired-of-the-world expression, leans over the polished, silver-mounted drinking bar. You look at him and order your drink.

You know what you think of him, and you think you know what he thinks of you. Did you ever stop to think of all the strange human beings besides yourself that pass before him? He stands there as a sentinel, general, detective, waiter, business-entertainer and host for the homeless.

In comes a young man, rather early in the day. He is a little tired, but too late for the right before. He takes a cocktail. He tells the bartender that he does not believe in cocktails. He never takes them in fact. "The bitters in the cocktail will eat a hole through a thin handkerchief—pretty bad effect on your stomach, eh?" and so on.

Out goes the young man, with the cocktail inside of him.

And the bartender knows that that young man, with his fine reasonings, and his belief in himself, is the confirmed drunkard of year after next.

He has seen the beginning of many such cocktail philosophers, and the ending of the same.

The way out to be a drunkard is never to taste spirits. The bartender does not know it.

At another hour of the day there comes in an older man. This one is the fresh-faced, young oldish man. He has small gray side whiskers. He shows several people whom he does not know—his book of communication tickets.

He changes his mind suddenly from whisky to lemonade. The bartender prepares the lemon slowly, and the man changes his mind back to whisky.

Then he tries to look more dignified than the two younger men with him. In the midst of the effort he begins to sing, "The Heart Bowed Down With Weight of Woe," and tells the bartender "That is from the 'Bohemian Girl'."

He sings many other selections, occasionally forgetting his dignity, and occasionally remembering that he is the head of a most respectable home—partly paid for.

The wise man on the outside of the bar suggests that the oldish man will get into trouble. But the bartender says:

No, he'll go home all right. But he won't sing all the way there. About the time he gets home he'll realize what money he has spent, and you would not like to be his wife. It won't be any songs that she'll get.

The bartender knows that the oldish man—about fifty-one or two—has escaped being a drunkard by mere accident, and that he has not quite escaped yet.

A little hard luck, too much trouble and he'll lose his balance, forget that there is lemonade, and take to whisky permanently.

At the far end of the bar there is the man who comes in slowly and passes his hand over his face nervously. The bartender asks no question, but pushes out a bottle of everyday whisky and a small glass of water. The whisky goes down. A shiver follows the whisky and a very little of the water follows the shiver.

The man goes out with his arms close to his sides, his gut shuffling, and his head hanging. It has taken him less than three minutes to buy, swallow and pay for a liberal dose of poison.

Says the bartender: "That fellow had a good business one. Doesn't look it, does he? Jim over there used to work for him. But he couldn't let it alone."

The "it" mentioned is whisky. Outside in the cold that man, who couldn't let it alone, is shuffling his way against the bitter wind. And even in his poor sodden brain reform and wisdom are striving to be heard.

His soul, with its shiver that tells of a shock to the heart, lifts him up for a second. He has a little false strength of mind and brain, and that strength is used to mumble good resolutions.

He thinks he will stop drinking. He thinks he could easily get money backing if he gave up drinking for good. He feels, and really believes that he will stop drinking.

Perhaps he goes home, and for the hundredth time makes a poor woman believe him, and makes her weep once more for joy, as she has wept many times from sorrow.

But the bartender knows that that man's day has gone, and that Niagara river could turn back as easily as he could remount the swift stream that is sweeping him to destruction.

Five men come in together. Each asks of all the others:

"What are you going to have?" The bartender spreads out his hands on the edge of the bar attentive and prepared to work quickly.

Every man insists on "buying" something to drink in his turn. Each takes what the others insist on giving him.

Each thinks that he is hospitable. But the bartender knows that those men belong to the great American Association for the manufacture of drunkards through "treating."

Each of those men might perhaps take his glass of beer or even something worse, with relative safety. But as stupidly as stamped animals pushing each other over a precipice, each insists on buying a poison in his turn. And every one spends his money to make every other one, if possible, a hard drinking and a wasteful man.

You, Mr. Reader, have seen all these types and many others, have you not? Why do you see them? What reason had you for seeing them? The bartender stands studying the procession to destruction, because he must make his living in that way. He is a sort of clean-aproned Gharon, the whisky Styx, ferrying the multitude to perdition on the other side of the river. But what is your business there?

You might as well be found inside an opium den.

The drink swallowed at the bar braces you, does it? If you think you need the drink, you really need sleep, or better nourishment, or you need to live more sensibly. Drink will not give you what you need. It may for a moment make your nerves cease tormenting you. It may do in your system for an hour what opium does in the Chinese for a whole day. But if it lifts you up high, it drops you down hard.

And remember! There is no such thing as moderate drinking at a bar. You think you can take you occasional drink safely and philosophize about the procession that passes the bartender.

But the bartender knows that you are no different from the others. They all began as you are beginning. They all, in the early stages, despised their own fore-runners.

They were once as you are, and the bartender knows that the chances are all in favor of your being eventually like one of them.

Even like the poor, thin, nervous drinker of hard whisky, who once wondered why men drink too much.

The bartender's procession is a sad one, and you who still think yourself safe are the saddest atom in the line, for you are there without sufficient excuse.

It is a long procession and its end is far off. It is born of the fact that life is dull, competition is keen, and failure so often ends in sawdust.

A better chance for strugglers, a more generous reward for hard work, better organization of social life—the solution of the great unsolved problem of real civilization—will end the bartender's procession.

Meanwhile keep out of it if you can.—San Francisco Examiner.

meaty advice. "Is Mars Inhabited?" "The future is th' Columbia River Salmon," "Is White Lead Good?" "The Complexion?" "What Wud I Do if I Had a Million Dollars, an' It Was So," "England's Supremacy in Cochinchina," "Pink Scaeters as a Necessity iv Warfare," "Is th' Waist Shoul-ders Goin' Out?" "Waist Measurements iv Warriors I Have Met," an' so on. Gin'ral Miles is the only in-an-out, up-an-down, catch-as-catch-can, white, red or black, with or without, journalist we have left. On any subject fr'im stove polish to sun worship, I'd take th' wurruud iv me fr'im Gin'ral Miles before th' man that made the goods.

"Twas that got him into trouble. Wan day after inspectin' th' army, Gin'ral Miles gave a chat to wan iv his favorite journals on what he thought about th' navy, him bein' a great authority on navy affairs before steam came in. I don't know what th' divil he said, an' I don't care, fr'im mind was made up long ago, an' ivrybody that don't agree with me is eyether a Schley man or a Sampson man, an' little better th' n a traitor or a cor'd at that.

"But anyhow he give his opinion, an' after giving it, he got his bonnet out, had a good beater in to fix up th' epylets, got th' electric lights goin' in th' buttons, found th' right pair iv blue an' pink pants, pulled on th' shoes with th' silver bells, harnessed to his manly hips th' sword with th' forget-me-nots on th' handle an' pranced over to th' White House. As he went up th' hall he noticed an atmosphere iv what Hogan calls cold natooor, fr' wan iv th' dr'keepers said th' President wasn't home an' another lightly kicked him as he passed, but like a sojer he went on to th' East room, where Mr. Rosenfeld, th' papers tells me, staid in front iv th' fireplace nervously pluckin' Secrety Gage be th' beard.

"I've come," said Gin'ral Miles, "to pay me rayspects to th' head iv th' nation." "Thank ye," says th' President, "I'll do th' same fr' th' head iv th' army," he says, bumpin' a coal scuttle on th' vetnan's helmet. "Gin'ral, I don't like ye'r ret-ment conduct," he says, s'ndin' th' right to th' pint iv th' jaw. "Ye've been in th' army forty year," he says pushin' his head into the grate, "an' ye shud know that an officer who criticizes his fellow officers, save in th' regular way, that is to say, in a round robin, is guilty iv dinnaw what," he says, leedin' him with his sword. "I am forced to administer ye a severe reproof," he says.

"Is that what this is?" says Gin'ral Miles. "It is," says th' President. "I thought it was capital punishment," says Gin'ral Miles as he went out through a window pursued by a chandelier. His next article will be entitled "Hospital Sketches," an' I understand he's dictatin' a few remarks to his nurse on providing attractive suits of steel plate fr' Gin-rials in th' army.

"Well, sir, they'll be great times down there fr' a few years. A movement is on foot fr' to establish an emergency hospital fr' office-holders an' politicians across th' street fr' th' White House, where they can be treated fr' infractions iv th' civil service law followed by pers'nal injuries. I'll be watchin' th' pa-apers ivry mornin'."

"Raycaption at th' White House. Among th' casualties was so-an-so. Th' President was in a happy mood. He administered a stinging rebuke to th' Chief Justice iv th' Supreme Court, a left hook to ye. Sinitor Hanna was prisint walkin' with a stick. Th' President approached him gaily an' asked him about his leg.

"'Tis gettin' better," says th' Sinitor. "That's good," says th' President. "Come again when it is interly well, an' we'll talk over that appointment," he says. Th' afternoon was enlivened by th' appearance iv a Southern Congressman askin' fr' fourth-class postoffice. Th' President hardly missed him more th' n a foot at th' gate, but th' Congressman bein' formerly wan iv Mosby's guerrillas, escaped, to th' great chagrin iv Mr. Rosenfeld, who remarked on his return that life in the White House was very confin'.

"I will nivr be able to enforce th' civil service law till I take more exercise," he said heartily. "Th' ambulance was at th' dure promptly at five, but no important business havin' been transacted nearly all th' Cabinet was able to walk to their homes.

"Yes, sir, 'I will be grand an' I'm goin' to injye it. Fr' th' first time since I've been at it, Ar'chery road methods has been int'reposed in national politics. I knew th' time wud come, Hinnissy. 'Tis th' only way. You may talk about it as much as ye want, but Government, me beg, is a case iv me makin' ye do what I want, an' if I can't do it with a song I'll do it with a shovel. Th' ir'n hand in th' velvet glove, th' horse-shoe in th' boxin' mit, th' quick right an' th' heavy boot, that was th' way we r'un polyticks wlin I was captain of me precinct."

"But ye nivr was President," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I always had too soft a spot fr' age," said Mr. Dooley, "an' 'tis th' aged that does up as young fellows. An' anyhow, I done better."

**For Shortening Time.** Chicago, Jan. 15.—A new route shortening the time for the transportation of the transcontinental mail is likely to be effected by a plan that is now being studied by officers of the Lake Shore and Burlington roads. The arrangement under consideration would obviate the necessity of

through eastern mail destined for points west of the Mississippi river passing through Chicago. The scheme is to run mail cars through from New York to San Francisco via the Lake Shore to South Bend, Ind., and thence over the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa road to Zealand, Ill., where a connection is had with the Burlington.

For years the through transcontinental mail has been carried by the Lake Shore and Burlington roads via Chicago. The slow time necessary in entering and leaving the city costs the roads about one hour, and the transfer from car to car.

**Change in Golf Rules.** New York, Jan. 13.—Walter J. Travis, the winner of the tournament held under the auspices of the United States Golf Association recently, has declared in favor of the proposed changes in the constitution of that body. Said Mr. Travis:

"I have always felt that the present constitution and bylaws were framed to meet the conditions existing at the time they were drawn up. One of my hobbies has been the eradication of the system governing what is termed the amateur championship. I have always insisted, that competitions should be divided into sections viz., North, South, East and West, and that the winners of the winners and runners up in each division should meet for actual championship at a course designated by the United States Golf Association. I have never believed in the associate and allied distinction recognized by the United States Golf Association."

**Two Children Burned.** St. Louis, Jan. 15.—John and Henry Kander, aged respectively 4 and 2 years, sons of Stephen Kander, of East St. Louis, perished today as the result of a fire that destroyed their home. The parents had left the children alone in the house, and when they returned they found John, who was stricken with scarlet fever several days ago, in bed suffocated. The other child was burned to death. The bodies of both children were rescued from the flames by a fireman, who was almost suffocated.

**Blown Up by Boers.** New Orleans, La., Jan. 15.—It is believed in shipping circles here that a British transport laden with American mules bound for South Africa, has been either intercepted and blown up by a Boer spy in the Gulf of Mexico or has foundered.

A schooner, arriving on the lower coast reports hundreds of dead mules floating for a distance of thirty miles.

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SOCIETIES.  
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J. A. DONALD, Sec'y.

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FOR ALDERMEN

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GEO. MURPHY  
H. C. NORQUAY

H. E. A. ROBERTSON  
F. M. SHEPARD  
PE ER VACHON

THE PLATFORM

1. An honest administration; economy consistent with progression.
2. The general improvement of the city streets, lighting, sidewalks, etc., consistent with a reasonable expenditure.
3. No salaries for aldermen.
4. Civic control of saloon licenses.
5. Civic control of franchises of the Telephone Co., Electric Light Co., Water Co. and all similar franchises.
6. The proper carrying out of the health ordinance.
7. Proper regulations regarding taxation, thereby securing the equal distribution of taxes.
8. A complete and thorough system of fire inspection.
9. The appointment of all city officials and the awarding of all contracts in the best interests of Dawson, regardless of political or other influences; and that all contracts be let by tender to the lowest responsible bidder and a bond taken for the due performance of same.
10. Absolute control of all affairs which should properly come under city government.
11. That we will request the Government at Ottawa to abolish the liquor permit system.

# Reflections of Mr. Dooley

"Where did ye spind th' New Years?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I didn't go to th' White House raycaption," said Mr. Hennessy pleasantly.

"I see ye didn't," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'r ar-m is not in a sling. Man an' boy, Hinnissy, I've taken many a chance on me life, but I'd as lave think iv declainin' th' sintiments iv me heart in an Orange meetin' as droppin' in fr' a soecial call at what Hogan calls th' incutive mansion.

That is, if I was a government im-ployee, which I ain't, havin' been born wrong.

"Th' time was when a man lost his job an' his heart to th' President at th' same time. A reproof was administered to him with chloryform. He woke up an' rubbed his eyes an' says, 'Where am I?' an' th' policeman says, 'Ye'r in an ash bar!' He come in th' White House with tears in his eyes an' was tol' he was out iv work. But, Hinnissy, th' prisint reproof person."

A reproof fr'im him was a name thing as a compound wurud iv caution will down to fr' a week, an' a severe reproof will send him through life

with a wooden leg.

"There was me frind Gin'ral Miles. No more gallant sojer iver drehw his sword to cut out a pattered. Fr' a coat thin Gin'ral Miles. He's hunted th' Apachy, th' Sioux, th' Wrypahoo, th' Commanchee, th' Congressman, an' other savages iv th' plain; he's faced death an' promotion in ivry farm, an' no harm come to him till he went up th' White House stairs, or may be 'twas he come down."

"Anyhow, Gin'ral Miles was pur-sooin' th' thure coorse iv a nachral warror an' enlightenin' th' wurruud on th' things he happened to think iv. 'Tis what is expected iv him. Wan half th' pa-apers iv th' country is edited by Schley an' th' other half by Sampson. An' Gin'ral Miles is a contributor to all iv thim. If ye don't read him ye don't know what's goin' on in th' wurruud. Ivry Sun-day I pick up me pa-aper and hurry through th' articles on what's a suitable Christmas gift fr' th' hired girl who'll pizen th' soup if she gets three yards iv calico, be Winnyfield. Scott Schley, an' what ought to be done fr' th' Chinese, be Cap Mahan, an' get down to what Gin'ral Miles thinks."

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meaty advice. 'Is Mars Inhabited?' 'The future is th' Columbia River Salmon,' 'Is White Lead Good?' 'The Complexion?' 'What Wud I Do if I Had a Million Dollars, an' It Was So,' 'England's Supremacy in Cochinchina,' 'Pink Scaeters as a Necessity iv Warfare,' 'Is th' Waist Shoul-ders Goin' Out?' 'Waist Measurements iv Warriors I Have Met,' an' so on. Gin'ral Miles is the only in-an-out, up-an-down, catch-as-catch-can, white, red or black, with or without, journalist we have left. On any subject fr'im stove polish to sun worship, I'd take th' wurruud iv me fr'im Gin'ral Miles before th' man that made the goods.

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