

Stroller's Column.

The following was noticed by the stroller on the agricultural page of a Toronto newspaper:

"Cutting for grafting—a knife, a saw and a dish of grafting wax."

Such a harmless combination may be looked upon with scorn by the average Dawsonite who does not know either a saw or knife and who regards for what "wax" there is in it.

There is in Dawson one Dominion land surveyor who has a decided preference for surface work. This preference never became decided until a short time ago, since when it has been very apparent.

A short time ago the surveyor in question was called to Chechaco Hill to run some lines in the bowels of the earth about 120 feet below the surface. With fear and trembling he entered the bucket and was lowered into the field of action where the required surveying was soon done. But the flight of the tripod was afraid to ride up in the bucket so he decided to climb up a ladder that ran up the side of the shaft. He had climbed about 15 or 20 feet when, like a meteor, an apparition passed him and landed at the bottom of the shaft.

It was the windmill man who essayed to glance down the shaft and losing his footing, had in person the full view of the surveyor who was looking at him. Strange to say the man was not seriously hurt by the fall but it was a severe shock to the nerves of the surveyor who again retreated to the bottom of the shaft, where he made up his mind to stay for the remainder of his life rather than attempt to ascend to the surface. For three days he remained there to his promise, during which the claim operator lowered to him food, drink and hot rocks, the latter to prevent him from freezing and becoming petrified.

After three days the claim owner came tired and sent down to the surveyor an ultimatum to the effect that he could decide on coming up that day or of having his supply of canned beef, Canadian Club and hot rocks shut off. He decided to make the trip and, after holding a single-armed prayer-meeting, tied himself to the bucket bail, blind-folded himself and rode in safety to the top. His friends say that during the three days he dwelt on bedrock he aged fifty five years.

The Stroller is pleased to see that pugilism is once more growing in vogue throughout the length and breadth of the North American continent, all except in South Carolina, and as that state has Ben Tillman it has as much pugilism as it can entertain at one time.

Only five short years ago Fitzsimmons and Corbett had to feel all the country before they could get a soft spot on which they would be permitted to knock each other and at last chose a way station by the name of Carson City in Nevada. Now it is different. Every place except Charleston, South Carolina, is beckoning to the big fellows in a manner that says: "Come and fight on our lawn."

Such is as it should be. Far too much attention has been paid to education and refinement and too little pugilism, with the result that education has run rampant. But of what good is refinement and education?

The man who has no talent as a pugilist is apt to drift steadily downward until he eventually becomes a school teacher or a narrow-chested doctor who has to sit day after day grinding out stuff to satisfy the morbid curiosity of a sin-cursed world.

The majority of prize fighters are as many people think, college graduates. On the contrary, they are men who have fought their way up, and were, until they see their pictures in the sporting papers more often than the educated school teacher whose name is in print.

The Stroller has been attending to Slavin and Burley's practice matting lately and he has become very much interested in the many art works of Slavin and Burley are prominently of an italic nose with quoniam marks on either side of it. Slavin and Burley must be seen swatting recital to have their pugilism recognized.

It is possible that both Slavin and Burley were once poor boys who sought the advantages that wealth can position bring. Yet by their latitudinarian ability as heavyweight convincers have climbed the ladder of success until today they can stand up against any other two men in Dawson. Each man has burned midnight

oil while he sat up to knock out all comers. This shows what patient industry will accomplish.

The Stroller does not wish to be understood as being the foe of education, for he is not. Education is good enough in its place but it seldom gets a man's picture in the papers, and that is what counts these days.

Education and refinement are both entirely too common. Who will turn around to look at a man on the street or ask him to have something just because he is educated and refined?

The celluloid ear, the gutta percha nose, "de bum lamp," and "de gory mug" are the things which attract attention in these days of progress and enlightenment and when progressive pugilism and the prize ring succceed to a great extent the ill-ventilated common schools and the unnering prayer meetings, the more young men will get their pictures in the sporting papers.

A number of years ago the Stroller rode from New Orleans to Cincinnati in the same train with Jake Kilrain, Bat Masterson and Con Rioridan. It is a grand, triumphal tour, a continuous round of pleasure and free drinks at every station. The Stroller spoke on two or three different occasions on the trip to Col. Jake Kilrain and he did not seem to feel very much superior to his fellow passengers but was quite affable. On the same train was a delegation of New York state ministers who had also been attending the New Orleans exposition. At the railway stations and eating houses the three prize fighters ate the fried chicken while the ministers and Stroller calmly sought the gingerbread end of the counter.

And thus it is. The young man with the tin ear is the one who will fill the responsible position of the future while the college graduate will be shoving a truck with a gang of longshoremen.

Hurrah for Slavin! Sic em, Burley! Vive pugilism!

The following poetical effusion entitled "The Dancehall on Saturday Night" is the product of Mr. R. A. Fox of Mint creek. The Stroller is not able to say whether the effusion is based on actual experience or merely on observation. There is a glaring possibility that there was a tincture of both in the promptings of the article:

In Dawson on Saturday night you can see
Queer sights on strolling about;
Crowds going and coming wherever you look,
Some go in while others come out.
Some walk along slowly to pass away time,
While some look around for a fight.
But the greatest old fake that ever I seen
Is the dancehall on Saturday night.

Around the dancehalls you see many odd things
As you push on to get through the crowd,
Tough mugs and old bats that wear big diamond rings
All smiling and talking quite loud;
The girls all a-smile with jewels and paint—
Their aim is to get the boys tight,
And then pull their legs for all they have got
In the dancehall on Saturday night.

The butchers and barbers, the captains and crews,
Are jumbled up here in large masses;
They all want a smile, a drink and a dance
And a chat with those dear little lasses;
But it all ends in leg-pulling greater or less,
And the way some get pulled is a fright,
And they all have their bettyfuf after they leave
The dancehall on Saturday night.

I noticed a lass who corralled a big / still
With her smiles and her bit of a chat,
And soon the big guy he stood no more show,
Than a little mouse does with a cat.
She took the big sucker around to the bar
And filled him up full so she might
Take him to a room and rifle his jeans
In the dancehall on Saturday night.
A pert little bat spied a bald-headed man
Of sixty odd years, I should think

She called him her pet as she set them up twice,
While she gave the bartender the wink.
To square up the treats he pulled out a big sack,
The whisky now made him feel bright,
And soon he was full while his sack disappeared
In the dancehall on Saturday night.

The dudish-clad man of the bank is there too;
He wears a broad fifty-cent grin,
And waits for the girls to come on his way
To tickle him under the chin.
His darling soon comes and they step to the bar,
He orders champagne to be right,
And soon they march off arm in arm,
Don't you know,
In the dancehall on Saturday night.

And by and by Ole comes in from the creek
A-wearing his mackinaw pants,
Edging up to the bar he takes a big hooch
And says, "Now I skal haf a dance."
He dances with joy and has a big time
And soon he begins to get tight;
Next morning he finds that his gold sack got lost
In the dancehall on Saturday night.

This is the resort of the old married men
Whose wives and poor children go short
On-clothing and food 'way on the outside
While the husband in here plays the sport;
With his damsel in arm he goes to the bar
And gins up the girls out of sight;
The Doctor and Flossy are mixed with the rest
In the dancehall on Saturday night.

Astrologer Tomerlin and Brophy his pal
They used to be there with a smile,
But somehow or other the stars and the moon
Have called them away for a while,
And when they return, so their horoscope reads,
To take in the town and its sights,
There will be no more leg-pulling in the dancehalls
In Dawson on Saturday night.

Dear Stroller:
I am compiling a book which I will take to the outside to have printed as soon as navigation opens. The title of the book will be "Half Hours With Great Men or Eminent People Who I Have Saw."

I write you to engage a half hour of your time as I very much desire that you shall have a place in my forthcoming book. I will give you a position at top of column on the page opposite my own picture which will show me as I was once dressed to be Queen of May.

An early answer naming the day on which you can spare a half hour is anxiously awaited by
CYNTHIA.

P.S.—Do you not really think there is an indescribable affinity exists between literary people like I and you? My pet name is "Little Golden Hair."

Goldie, any time you desire a half hour of the Stroller's time you can have it, but he prefers to spare it during working hours for then the time comes off his boss instead of the Stroller's personal account. If you come in the busy portion of the day he will try to spare you an hour. With onions at 75 cents per pound, Cynthia, there is certainly an affinity between all literary people. Ta ta, little one, till we meet.

Off for Forty-mile.
Mr. Jack T. Broderick, of the firm of Broderick, Stevens & Co., owning claims on Huaker, Dominion and other creeks in the Klondike district, left this morning for the Forty-mile district with four men and four tons of provisions and machinery.

Mr. Broderick has an interest in claims Nos. 12 and 31 on Miller creek and intends to continue developing these properties all summer.

MAY LIMIT BOUNDARIES

Court of Appeals Established Precedent

Up Hill Stakes on Hillside Claims Not Necessary, But When Fixed Must so Remain.

Another precedent was established yesterday in the court of appeals by the decision in the case of Davis vs. Adams, the point being as to whether of his claim. A hillside claim such as was staked by Sousa, the prior owner of the claim in question, is 250 feet up and down the creek and extending back on the hill 1000 feet. In staking it is necessary to use but two stakes, those on the down hill boundary where the claim joins the creek claim, the regulations not requiring the placing of stakes on the up hill line. In this instance, however, the original staker instead of claiming 1000 feet up the hill as he was allowed only claimed 500 feet. In addition to that he planted his up hill stakes at a distance which he considered to be 500 feet up from the lower stakes, but which upon survey were ascertained to be but 452 feet. Subsequently another staker finding the up hill stakes and ascertaining that the ground beyond was vacant, staked a bench claim, covering the ground which would have been included in the hillside had it been so claimed. The bench proved very valuable and the owners of the hillside sought to have his grant set aside upon the ground that the bench properly belonged to the hillside, the law allowing a hillside 1000 feet. The decision of the court was that the up hill boundary of the Sousa claim having been voluntarily established the owners of the claim are now obliged to abide by those stakes. The entire court concurred in the opinion.

Court of Appeals.
At the afternoon session yesterday of the court of appeals the time was principally occupied in hearing various motions. The case of Smith vs. Wills came up for judgment upon a motion that the appeal be heard and determined as "it now stands. The case was set for the next sittings of the court.

In Davis vs. Adams, in which judgment had already been rendered, an application to hear further evidence was denied.

An application to rectify the judgment in the case of Fleischman vs. Creese was heard. Decision reserved. The motion to hear further evidence in the case of Lamb vs. Kiveler, now on appeal, was dismissed.

There was no session of the court this morning, the hour of convening today having been deferred until 2:30 this afternoon. Today is the last day the court will sit this week.

Grand Reopening.
After being thoroughly overhauled, repaired and made second to no other on the Yukon, the popular international hotel on 23 below, Louie Couture, proprietor, will reopen with a grand ball Friday night of this week, April 18.

The International is a trim, two-story building with elegant sleeping apartments, the finest bar on the creeks and an unsurpassed cuisine department.

Mr. Couture numbers his friends by the hundreds and he invites them all to be present at his grand reopening Friday night.

Cool.
It was in a western hotel. A bell-boy was sent to Colonel William Greene Sterett's room to ascertain what urgent need had impelled that gentleman to push the button. He entered and found the colonel deeply immersed in a friendly game with some chosen spirits.

"Did you ring, sah?" he deferentially inquired.

"Yes," said Colonel Sterett, deftly hurling two unpromising pasteboards into the discard. "We want you to bring us some whisky. My friends here will take Scotch, and mine is rye."

"Yes, sah," said the boy, turning to go.

"And after you have brought us the whisky," continued Colonel Sterett, arresting his flight, "turn in a fire alarm. Some one in the next room has set the place afire."—Ex.

Latest Styles in Ladies' Silk

RAGLANS AND ETON JACKETS
AT
SUMMERS & ORRELL'S
SECOND AVENUE

Signs and Wall Paper

ANDERSON BROS.
SECOND AVE.

EMIL STAUF
REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER
Agent for Harper & Ladue Townsite Co., Harper's Addition, Menzie's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company.
Collections Promptly Attended to Money to Loan, Houses to Rent.
Gold Dust Bought and Sold.
N. C. Office Bldg. King St.

Regina Hotel.
J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.

Dawson's Leading Hotel

American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Re-fitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

WINTER TIME TABLE—STAGE LINE.
THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.
Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901—Week Days Only.
FOR GOLD RUN AND CARIBOU via Carmack's and Dome. 9 a. m. 9 a. m.
FOR GRAND FORKS. 9 a. m., 1 p. m. and 3 p. m.
FOR 23 BELOW LOWER DOMINION Chase's Roadhouse, via Huaker Creek, 12:30 a. m.
FOR QUARTZ, MONTANA AND EUREKA CREEKS—9 a. m. every other day, Sun days included.
Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m.
ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 8.
Watches set by departure and arrival of our stages.

DAWSON LIQUOR CO.
CHEAPER THAN EVER!
FRONT STREET, Opp. L. & C. Dock. TELEPHONE 161

RENT OF 'PHONES Beginning April 1, 1902:

—DAWSON—		—CREEK TELEPHONES—	
Class A—Independent service, per month.....	\$20.00	Bonanza Creek and Grand Forks, per month.....	\$20.00
Class B—2 parties on same line, per month.....	15.00	Eldorado Creek, per month.....	25.00
Class C—3 or more parties on same line, month.....	10.00	Quartz Creek ".....	25.00
		Sulphur Creek ".....	35.00
		Huaker Creek ".....	40.00
		Dominion Creek ".....	40.00
		Gold Run Creek ".....	40.00

GENERAL OFFICE THIRD, NEAR A. C. STORE
Yukon Telephone Syndicate, Ltd.

The Northwestern Line
Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points
All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.
Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with
F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wn.

Don't Wait For
RAILROAD TO THE FORKS
But Order Your Supplies Now While the Freightage Is Good.
We Carry SILVER DOLLAR SHOVELS, SLUICE FORKS, BED-ROCK BRUSHES and a Complete Line of THAWER FITTINGS.
DAWSON HARDWARE CO., Ltd. SECOND AVENUE, TELEPHONE 36

hern
EVERY DAY
All Modern
address the
TLE, WASH.
to what eastern
may be des-
ticket should
Burlington.
SEATTLE, WN.