

EFFECT OF BLOWS ON HEAD

Being Struck With a Water Pitcher Reforms a Crook.

The Use of a Policeman's Club Makes a Crook Out of an Honest Shirt-maker.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

I am something of a reformer not only in theory, but in practice, and when I discovered the man up a tree I determined to try my hand at elevating his moral standard. I hold that no man is so bad that he can't be reformed to a certain extent, and I hold that any way to bring about a betterment of his moral character is justifiable. I mean by that, to speak frankly and plainly, that, while some men can be reformed by sympathy and encouragement, others need a rap on the head with a baseball bat to arouse their dormant integrity and ambition.

I had extended sympathy and more or less financial aid to this man up a tree. In a burst of confidence he had confessed to me that he had been a swindler, a gambler, a confidence man and a great deal more. He had been "laid away" in prison two or three times during his career, had sailed under a dozen different names, and he might have admitted a murder or two had I not cut him short. I draw the line at murder. I can set out with a great deal of confidence in the task of reforming burglars, highway robbers, incendiaries, perjurers, and so forth, but when it comes to murderers I hesitate. Having become interested in this man, I didn't want him to own up to anything worse than robbing a blind man or burning an orphan asylum. He had come to me as a man who had at last seen the error of his ways and sighed to take another track and be counted with the good and respectable. He had given me the name of H. Jones-Jones. It struck me that there was an extra amount of Jones about him, but the name is an honest one, and I didn't find fault about it. He was a man of about 45, with all the evidences of his career in his face, but I didn't look for babylike innocence in his eyes. When he threw himself upon my mercy, as it were—when he made a clean breast of his wicked career and added that if anyone would point out the path of honesty he would turn into it and travel on without a limp, I agreed to take him in hand. He had whiskers with which the police were acquainted, and I sent him to a barber shop. He had clothes which gave him away as a dead game sport, and I bought him a modest suit of blue. Then I gave him money for a week's vacation from crime, and when the vacation was over we were to see what further could be done. I took my week off at the same time and brought up amid the fresh buttermilk and dew kissed golden-rod of the country.

On the second night of my stay, as I sat by my open window at midnight to finish the last of my cigar and wonder if my Jones-Jones had kept straight during the last 48 hours, I suddenly caught sight of him on the ground below. It was a farmhouse hotel at which I was stopping. I had a corner room, and at that corner of the house stood a large apple tree. I had observed that a big limb branched out so close to my window that I could have descended by it. What you can descend by you can also ascend by. I had no sooner caught sight of Jones-Jones at the foot of the tree at an hour when everybody was supposed to be in bed than I understood that he intended to pay me a secret visit. How he had tracked me to my lair was of no consequence. Why he should imagine that I had brought along any great amount of boodle on my weeks' outing I didn't stop to figure. Indeed I am not sure that he had tracked me. In looking for country board he might have stumbled upon the place. He might have thought the open window belonged to another boarder. No matter how it was, however, Mr. Jones-Jones had no sooner begun to climb that apple tree than I made ready to receive him with all due hospitality. There was no club in the room, but the water pitcher had been filled for the night and made a good weapon. Armed with that I took my stand on one side of the window and waited. Jones-Jones was not an impetuous man. He had all night in which to climb and creep, and it was at least 15 minutes before he grasped my window sill with his hands and drew his body into the opening. I waited with patience until he had reached a particular position and then brought the pitcher down upon his

head. The idea was to administer an anesthetic, and it was a success. He pitched forward into the room with a long drawn sigh, and I lighted a lamp and took from his wrist the "billy" which he had bought in town with my money to use as a "cracker" in case in his sleeping victim woke up before being plundered. Then I forced brandy between his teeth, bathed his face with water, and in the course of a quarter of an hour my midnight visitor had so far recovered his senses that I ventured to remark:

"Well, Jones-Jones, why didn't you tell me that you were coming, that I might be on the lookout for you?"

Jones-Jones sat up. He didn't recognize me. He himself had a different look on his face. That dissipated but yet crafty look had disappeared, and in its place was wonderment if not honesty. It was my wicked man in the flesh, but not in the spirit. He got off the floor and felt of the bump on his head and sat down on a chair, and it was a long five minutes before he said:

"Sir, my name is Brown-Brown, and I don't exactly understand the situation. Am I in your room, or are you in mine?"

"I believe it's my room," I replied, "but being as you arrived late and the landlord is asleep you can stop until morning."

"Very kind of you, sir—extremely kind. As to this bump on my head—is it a bump or not? If it's a bump, how did I receive it?"

"You hit your head on the door in the darkness, I believe."

"Ah! Just so. Very stupid of me, but it's only a trifle. Now, then, Mr. Ashmere, as to the business in hand. If you think you can advance me \$500, I am sure I can make a go of it."

It took me a little while to catch on, but by and by I discovered that Jones-Jones had been knocked out and Brown-Brown had taken his place. Jones-Jones was a crook who wanted to reform; Brown-Brown was a poor but honest man who wanted to go into the making of shirts. He knew nothing whatever of Jones-Jones. He picked up the conversation as if he had been talking about the business when the accident happened. He called me by another name than my own, and it was plain to me that he was also another man. I sounded him about crime and state prison, but he solemnly assured me that he had never been arrested. He was Brown-Brown as far as his name went, but as for his past history he was rather hazy on the subject.

I had turned Jones-Jones, the crook, back into Brown-Brown the honest man, by a knock on the head. It was rapid transit reformation, and I looked upon the problem as solved. Having been willing to assist a crook, I could not refuse an honest man. When my week was up, we went back to town together, and I gave Brown-Brown money enough to set up in shirtmaking. He had on the clothes I had bought Jones-Jones. He had the hair, the eyes, the mouth and the build of the crook, but there had been a change of souls. As far as the present went he was bright and talkative, but when asked of the past he looked puzzled and could not figure it out. The doctors agreed with me that it was the whack on the head that had made Brown-Brown of Jones-Jones and that the police ought to be given full power to go around breaking water pitchers over crooks' craniums; but, alas, that was a twist of the business we hadn't the foresight to discover and prepare for.

My man prospered wonderfully well. People said he was a little eccentric, but he was honest and a hard worker. In one year he had paid me back half my money and built up a good business. One day a detective entered the store to make a purchase. He had known Jones-Jones as a crook. He knew that Jones-Jones had a crooked finger on his right hand and a mole on his left cheek. When he discovered that Brown-Brown had these same identification marks, he began to look at him more closely, and by and by he made up his mind that the old crook stood before him. He was so sure of it that he set out to make an arrest. Brown-Brown was an honest man, but in his surprise he started to make a bolt of it. As he ran out of his shop and down the street, pursued by the detective, he encountered a policeman who tapped him on the head with his club. Brown-Brown went down like a log and was carried off to the station. I was present when his senses returned, and you can imagine my feelings when he sat up and said:

"Well, you've got me at last, but I gave you a run for it. You fellows ain't half sharp."

"You are Jones-Jones, the crook," said the sergeant.

"Of course I am, and the slickest crook in the country. Is it that bank business you want me for this time?"

"Mr. Brown-Brown"—I began as I

stepped forward, but the crook stopped me with:

"Who in blank is Brown-Brown?"

Then I realized how it was. I had smashed Jones-Jones, the crook, over the head with a water pitcher and changed him into Brown-Brown, the honest shirt constructor. The policeman had smashed Brown-Brown with his club and changed him back into Jones-Jones, the crook. The taps on the head had done the business. My tap was all right, and I had founded a new theory upon it, and invested \$500 in cash. But I hadn't foreseen that a second tap might come any day, as come it did and my theory had been knocked into a cocked hat, and I was \$250 out.

M. QUAD.

He Knew all About It.

A well dressed, rotund and kindly appearing old gentleman happened to pass by a vacant lot on North Twenty-fourth street while a lot of small boys were engaged in playing a match game of baseball. It was a game between the Parker street Bohunkers and Blondo street Geehilikers for the championship of the election precinct, and a warm game it was.

The old gentleman watched the game with great interest and applauded every good play.

"That's the stuff!" he shouted as the Bohunkers' catcher nailed a base runner at second.

"Lead off! Lead off!" he shrieked as the Bohunkers' base runner on third showed a disposition to hit the base.

"Ginger up! Ginger up! Now you're off! Slide! Slide!"

"You're quite excited," remarked a young man who was also watching the game.

"You bet!" said the old man. "I used to catch for the old Peoria Red Socks in 1872, and I guess I wasn't the poorest that ever happened. Say, I've got a record as a back stop. Ding me if I ain't going to ask the boys to let me catch an inning!"

The Geehilikers kindly consented to let the old gentleman catch an inning for the Bohunkers, and he grabbed a mitt and stepped into position. Of course you who have wasted valuable time in reading this little story are prepared to exclaim:

"The old duffer got the ball on the fisser the first flop out of the box."

Well, that's just where your thinker doesn't track. The old man froze fast to every curve shot over the plate, slammed the ball down to second and caught a base runner by ten feet and made a long sprint and nailed a pop-up foul that looked as if it were going to drop outside the lot.

"I guess I ain't lost my old catching eye yet," he exclaimed as he laid down his mitt at the end of the inning and made a run for his car.—Omaha World-Herald.

A Shrewd Deal.

"It is all right to talk about the robber railroads, but we get robbed once in awhile ourselves," said the right of way agent. "The railroad that I am working for has been engaged for some time in straightening out the curves on its line, and the work has kept me busy getting the necessary right of way of the farmers whose land we run through. There is nothing that will increase the value of a farm so much as an impression that a railroad will need some of it. But I got along fairly well until last week, when to straighten out a bad curve I found that we would have to buy a few feet from the farm that adjoins our right of way. The moment I set eyes on that piece of ground I saw that I was going to have trouble with the owner, for upon it was a newly made grave. I hated to approach the man, but a railroad can't afford to be sentimental, so I put the case before him.

"What," he cried, "disturb those hallowed bones?"

"I am sorry," I answered, "but it is absolutely necessary that we have the land that the grave is on."

"Well, the old man protested with tears in his eyes and threatened to take the matter into court, the last thing that I desired to do, as I wouldn't care to say what a jury would do after a lawyer was through with them. I argued with him and finally got the land that we desired by paying him five times what it was worth.

"Now," said I after the papers were passed, "I suppose you will remove the remains at once?"

"Guess not," said he.

"Well, I guess you will!" said I sharply. "That land belongs to us now."

"Well," he drawled, "I don't suppose the old hog what's buried there cares whether he is removed or not."

"Say, that old sharper had buried nothing there but a measly hog and then shed tears over the hallowed bones till I weakened."

"Well, it was on me. So after advising the old fellow to be careful in the future and not bury any more of his relatives near our right of way I left."

—Ex.

DAWSON'S WATER SUPPLY

The Only Plant of the Kind in the World.

Successfully Operated in Extreme Cold Without First Heating the Water.

"A prophet never acquires honor in his own country." There is much philosophy in that expression. The same lack of recognition is noticeable, for instance in unusual enterprises which if maintained in any other city but our own would attract our keenest interest, while those which are carried on in our midst are taken as a matter of course. In this regard the water system now in operation in the city of Dawson is operated under conditions found in no other place in the world, and is the only city of the world in northern latitudes with the possible exception of St. Petersburg, which enjoys an uninterrupted water service during the winter months. As far as is known the feasibility of sending water through mains of a city during intense cold without being first artificially heated has never before been proven until successfully demonstrated right here in the city of Dawson.

So far, however, the enterprise is not a paying one, as the revenues derived by the water company is in no wise a compensation for the capital invested.

In an interview with the manager of the water company Mr. Dan Matheson, he furnished the following information relative to the plant:

"The water is taken from a well near the Klondike river sunk some 36 feet in depth, the flow of water entering the well in an entirely opposite direction from the course of the Klondike or Yukon rivers which leads me to believe that the supply does not come from those streams, but from a subterranean spring.

"The capital represented is some \$55,000 and the cost of operating is from \$70 to \$75 per day. The water is pumped direct into the mains from the well under such pressure that the pipes are kept open by that means, the outlets or taps being within inclosed houses in which fires are kept constantly burning. There are eight of these houses maintained.

"We have one mile of pipe laid at present and we have several more miles of pipe which will be put down next spring. One of our mains now extends the full length of Second avenue, but the terminus of flowing water is at the corner of Third street. Another pipe line extends down Third avenue from Mission to Harper street and Second avenue.

"Next season we will lay pipes along First avenue its full length to a point beyond St. Mary's hospital, also along the full length of Second and Third avenues. The line along First avenue will be a six-inch main, Second avenue will be eight inches and Third avenue four inches. There will be another four-inch main extending up Mission to Tenth avenue, and along the hillside to the extreme northerly end of the city. This main will be tapped with smaller pipes on all the streets which intersect, thereby inclosing the city in a complete and thorough system. It is our intention to pipe direct to the houses next season and we will run that system all of next winter."

Housekeeping in Dawson.

The woes attendant upon housekeeping in Dawson while, not to be compared for a moment with those of the sour dough miners, are still real enough to the ambitious housekeeper, and if she happens to be inexperienced and of a social turn, given to a love of social dinners, etc., some of the trials which fall to her lot become positively pathetic.

A young wife not long resident in Dawson, has learned to her sorrow that keeping house in Dawson and entertaining a few friends occasionally, is one thing and that doing the same thing in her former home in another. The whole difficulty lies in the matter of competent help, and by no means in the market, where about everything can be procured that goes to load or grace the table anywhere.

Not long since the lady in mind had arranged for a certain number of friends to take dinner at her home, and thinking to lighten her burden, she thought-ful husband sent her a woman to help in the preparation of the meal. The person sent was supposed to know all about cooking a dinner, and have some ideas as to the amount of the various component parts of the meal necessary to prepare for a stated number of peo-

ple, and, therefore, her coming was hailed with delight by the prospective hostess, who, because of her short residence in Dawson and her inexperience with cold winter weather was not getting on as well as she could have wished, although she and those who know her are quite sure that she could have done better without the help.

"How much coffee do I need," was one of the first things she asked of the woman who knew all about it.

"Just leave that to me," was the answer "I'll make the coffee," and she did. She made coffee not only for a few guests, but enough to last the whole neighborhood for a week. The next day after the affair was over, there was enough coffee to fill every available dish in the house.

After the question of coffee was disposed of there came the question of salad. If there was anything in the world that this walking encyclopedia of cookery knew about it was making salad. She therefore assumed the burden of the great responsibility and made salad. About the time she got ready to make this dish, the mistress was called away to another part of the house where she was detained for some time, and upon returning found that enough salad had been made to feed the Yukon Field Force. A case of canned jobsters had been purchased and the person of exhaustive culinary knowledge had got at it with a can opener with the result that every tin in the box was opened and mixed with the previously prepared sauce.

However, there was one redeeming feature to all this; everything prepared was good, and the entertainment a consequent success, although the hostess thinks in future she will be able to dispense with the services of help in arranging her dinners.

Dawsonites Warned.

Editor Daily Nugget: In order to insure protection for Dawson people who intend making a trip to American territory by way of Forty-mile river, I wish simply to state the treatment we received at the hands of the American customs collector at Boundary.

The law provides that each miner shall be allowed \$100 worth of American goods free of duty, which Mr. McCarty, collector, allowed us, but when it came to our dogs, three of which came from Seattle in October, it was a different proposition. He told us when it came to valuation that we were to place value upon our own dogs, which we did, placing them at \$125. Then McCarty said that he would not put the dogs in at any such money. We suggested for him to place the value on them, but he stated that he could not under the law appraise the dogs himself, but that he would not allow us to perjure ourselves and that he would not value the four dogs at less than \$200. We told him that the dogs were not worth that money and that they would not cost us that in Dawson, to which we were willing to make affidavit, but all to no avail. He arose and in a high-keyed voice said he would show the people from Dawson they could not run his office and that if we did not like those values he would appoint appraisers at our expense.

McCarty while in Fortymile made the assertion, which I am prepared to prove, in language not permissible here, that he would show them this winter; he would make them pay duty on the lash ropes on their sleds. To say the least, Mr. McCarty is one of the greatest hindrances to the development of the Fortymile country that could be placed in any country, for instead of acting as a servant to the people who pays him his salary he is acting the part of a czar, and from his ruling there is no appeal, as there is no one to whom one can appeal nearer than Eagle, some 70 miles distant.

Anyone contemplating the trip should get a consular certificate, being very sure to express definitely the exact date of the shipment, if American dogs, and have everything right, for it there is the slightest possible chance McCarty will turn it down. During my stay one man came up from Eagle City, but McCarty refused to let him pass without paying duty, so the party left his dogs and mushed on foot to the creeks. McCarty formerly gave three days in which to make the trip to the creeks, and if one returned inside that time duty was returned, but even this he denied us.

In justice to McCarty I will say that last year it seems that he was quite lenient but he charged some Dawson man more than he thought right and he reported McCarty at Washington, and since that time McCarty has, like all narrow-minded people, Indians included, wreaked out vengeance on all Dawson people.

C. L. LA PLANT, Washington.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.