

# Mr. Dooley on Newport

"About this time ivry year," said Mr. Dooley, "I go to Newport for the summer."

"Ye go where?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I go to Newport," said Mr. Dooley, calmly, "in the paapers. Newport's always there. I may not find anything about the fire at the yards or the war in the Philippines, but if Mrs. Rasther opens a can iv salmon or pounds the top off an egg, it's down in black an' white be the fearless hands iv th' editor. 'Tis a great joy bein' lithry an' knowin' how to read."

"Th' air is hot in Ar-rchey road, ye can see it. It looks an' feels like hot soup with people floatin' around in it like viggystables. Th' smoke poots fr'm th' chimney iv th' rollin' mills an' comes right down on th' shreet an' jines us. People ar-re lyin' out iv dors with their mouths open. Theyse a gr-rest dale iv cholery infantus an' a few deleyeryam thremens. If I cudden't read I'd be hot about th' weather an' things. But whin th' day is darkest an' I don't want to see me best lookin' frind, I takes me yacht at th' top iv page eight an' goes sailin' off to Newport in me shirt sleeves with twelve inches iv malt in th' hook iv me thumb, an' there I stay till I want to come back an' rest."

"Th' autyomobill season has opened in deadly earnest. Manny new machines is seen daily, an' wan iv th' delights iv th' summer col'ny is to go out iv an avenin' an' see th' farmers iv th' neighborhood pluckin' their horses fr'm th' top branches iv threes. Th' younger Hankerbilt has attracted much attention be his ac-c'rate ridin'. Th' other day he made a scour iv eight fr'm a runnin' start in tin minyits; an' this in spite iv th' fact that he was obliged to come back to th' last wan, a Swede named Olson, an' bump him over again."

"Misther Graball, th' Muskegon millionaire, who got into society las' year be dyin' his hair green an' givin' in a dinner at which all th' guests rayceived a lumber mill as sooveeners, has returned suddenly fr'm th' west an' his house party is over."

"Little Aigrette Vandycoker has a tooth, her elder sister a markess, an' her mother a siparation."

"Misther an' Mrs. Roger Smitherson an' frind ar-re spindin' th' summer at a frind's house."

"But wait a minnyit. Where's th' thing I was lookin' fr'? Ah, here it is: 'Newport's Monkey Party.' Lave me read about it to ye. 'All Newport is talkin' about th' latest jest iv Masther Wallie Wimper, th' cilly-brated cut-up iv th' colony. While he (Misther W.) was visitin' th' sixty-two thousand horse power steam yacht "Fond Father," belongin' to a frind, he (Misther W.) was much amused he th' antics iv a monkey owned be th' host. He (Misther W.) took him (th' monkey) ashore an' havin' injoiced a tailor to carve him (Misther W.) a dhrass suit fr' him (th' monkey), invited him (th' monkey) home, an' ast in a number iv th' mos' fash'nable New York people outside iv South Dakota to meet him (th' monkey)."

"Th' intertainment was a gorgeous success, he (th' monkey) gettin' loaded before anny iv thim (th' guests). He (Misther W.) drunk toasts with him (th' monkey), with th' raysult that he (th' monkey) behaved like a gentleman, ogled th' ladies, screamed at th' top iv his voice, spilled th' food on his chest, an' fin'ly went to sleep with his head in th' eyester stew. He (th' monkey) was put to bed with his boots on, an' th' guests, who had been convulsed with merriment, voted th' performance th' mos' successful joke iv th' gr-reatest wit Newport has projoiced since th' little Steenevant boy set fire to th' but-ler. They thought th' monkey was particularly comic. Th' monkey was too drunk to say what he thought iv thim, but it is believed he will stay here where he has frinds."

"Mind ye, Hinnessy, we don't have this kind iv intertainment ivry night. No, indeed. Sometimes we ask a horse in to supper. But gin'rally we lade a life iv quite an' illi-gant luxury."

"Would ye like a line on me daily routine? Well, in th' mornin' a little spin in fifty-horse power 'Suffer-little-childher'; in th' afternoon a whirl over th' green waters iv th' bay in me goold-an-ivory yacht; in th' avenin' dinner with a monkey or something akely as good; at night a few leads out iv th' wrong hand, some hasty wurruds, an' so to bed."

"Such is th' sportin' life in Rhode Island, th' home iv Roger Williams an' others not so much. It grows tiresome aither a while. I confess to ye, Algernon Hinnessy, that before in monkey was intrained, I was sufferin' fr'm what Hogan calls ownnee, which is th' same as ingrowt in money. I had got tired iv put-

tin' new stores on me cottage an' ridin' up in th' elevator fr'm th' sixth room on th' eighth flure to th' dinin' room on th' twinty-ninth; I didn't care about ayether thrap-shootin' or autyomobillin'. I felt like givin' a cawrnation dinner to th' poor iv th' village an' feedin' thim me potato ponies. I didn't care whether th' champagne bar'ls was kept iceed, whether th' yacht was as long as wan owned be th' Ginger Snap king nex' dure, whether I had three or ten millyon dollars in me pants pocket in th' mornin', or whether th' Poles in th' coal mine was strikin' fr' wan dollar an' forty-seven or wan dollar an' forty-eight sints a day."

"I was tired iv trythin'. Lile had me be th' throat, th' black dog was on me back. I felt like suicide or wurruk. Thin come th' bright idee iv me young frind an' th' monkey saved me. He give me something to live fr'. Perhaps we, too, may be monkeyes some day an' be amusin'. We don't talk half as loud or look half as foolish or get drunk half as quick, but give us a chanst. We're a young people, an' th' monkeyes is an old, old race. They've been Newportin' fr' cinchies. Sure that ol' la'ad who said man was descinded fr'm monkeyes knew what he was talkin' about. Descinded, but how far?"

"Now, don't go gettin' cross about th' rich, Hinnessy. Put up that dinnymite. Don't excite ye'ersill about us folks in Newport. It's always been th' same way. Father Kelly tells me. Says he: 'If a man is wise he gets rich, an' if he gets rich, he gets foolish or his wife does. That's what keeps th' money movin' around. What comes in at th' ticker goes out at th' wine agent. Fr'iver an' iver people have been gettin' rich, goin' down to some kind iv a Newport, makin' monkeyes iv thimselfes an' goin' back to th' jungle. 'Tis a steady projoission. Aisy come, lazy go. In ivry little hamlet in this broad land there's some man with a broad jaw an' th' encouragement iv a good woman, makin' ready to shove some other man off his steam yacht."

"At this very minnyit whin I speak, me frind Jawn Grates has his eye on Hankerbilt's house. He wud swing a hammock in th' woodshed this year, but nex' he may have his feet up on th' bannister iv th' front stoop. Whin a captain iv industry stops drinkin' at th' bar, he's near his finish. If he ain't caught in his own person, th' constable will get to his family. Ye read about th' union iv two gr-reat fortunes. A dollar meets another dollar, they are con-ganial, have sim'lar tastes an' many mutual frinds. They are marrid an' bring up a family iv pennies, dimes, th' rty-cintses an' counter-feits. An' ather a while th' family passes out iv circylation. That's th' history iv it," says Father Kelly."

"An'," says he, "I'm glad there is a Newport," he says. "It's th' exhaust pipe," he says. "Without it we might blow up," he says. "It's th' hole in th' top iv th' kettle," he says. "I wish it was bigger," he says. "Oh, well," said Mr. Hennessy. "We are as th' Lord made us."

"No," said Mr. Dooley; "lave us be fair. Lave us take some iv th' blame ourselfes."—Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

this morning. He is still uncon-scious. It is believed his neck is broken. Great excitement prevails. The downtown streets are now swarming with soldiers.

Troop F, Fourth Cavalry, under command of Captain Tyree Rivers, rode into Leavenworth fully equipped this morning to quell the riots on the streets and disperse the crowds of soldiers.

July 19.—John Graham, the negro who is alleged to have stabbed Private Loejeks, was brought to Kansas City tonight and placed in jail for safe keeping.

**Court-Martial Cases.**

Washington, July 22.—Secretary Root today sent to the president, at Oyster Bay, the proceedings and findings in the court martial cases of Maj. Edwin F. Glenn, Fifth infantry; Lieut. Julien E. Gaujol, Tenth cavalry, and Lieut. Norman E. Cook, of the Filipino scouts. Glenn was found guilty of administering the water cure to natives, or permitting it to be done, and was sentenced to one month's suspension from duty and fined \$50. Lieut. Cook was acquitted on a charge of giving orders to kill three Filipino prisoners. The testimony showed that he had given orders to shoot the prisoners if they attempted to escape. The Filipino scouts, to whom this order was given, thought it meant to shoot the prisoners.

In forwarding the cases to the president, the secretary recommends that the sentences and findings be approved, but that no other action shall be taken. It is not believed that the president, who is the reviewing authority in these cases, will make any comments such as were delivered by him in the case of Gen. Smith. It is shown in the evidence and reports that Maj. Glenn has performed excellent service and has done much to pacify the country where he has been in command.

**Not Made for Hauling.**

Washington, July 22.—The interior department has issued notice that the government roads in the Sequoia and Gen. Grant national parks, in California, whose construction is now completed, save for a stretch of about five miles, are built solely for the comfort, convenience and recreation of the public traveling in the park, and are not a part of any system of county highways. Heavy

hauling for commercial or other purposes is prohibited.

This will interest large California interests which have contemplated using the government roads for hauling large amounts of timber.

**Seattle Thieves.**

Seattle, July 23.—The house of G. N. Gilson, president of the board of county commissioners, was entered by thieves Monday night and rifled of every article of value that could be easily carried away. The loss will aggregate more than \$200. The burglary was reported at police headquarters yesterday by City Attorney De Bruler.

Mr. Gilson lives at 412 Olympic place. His family is camping at Lake Chelan, and the commissioner was down town when the burglary occurred. The thieves had plenty of time to overhaul the house. The contents of closets and dressers were dumped on the floor, and whatever the burglars thought could be disposed of without difficulty was carried away. The burglary was discovered by Mr. De Bruler, when he was on his way home. He noticed the door of the Gilson dwelling standing open. He entered the house to see if thieves were at work, and found everything turned topsy turvy.

The residence of W. B. Jones, at Thirty-eighth avenue and Madison street, was broken into Monday night and jewelry valued at \$100 stolen. The burglary was reported to the police yesterday. The thief entered by the rear door, which was smashed in with an axe. The occupants of the house slept soundly while the house was being ransacked, and knew nothing of the burglary until yesterday morning.

**His Illness Prolonged.**

Rome, July 22.—Cardinal Ledochowski, prefect of the congregation of the Propaganda of the Roman church died this morning, after a long illness.

Cardinal Ledochowski was born at Cork, October 29, 1822, and was the descendant of an illustrious Polish family.

Tonight the candidates for the post made vacant by the death of Cardinal Ledochowski are equal in number to the hours which have elapsed since the cardinal's decease. In addition to Cardinal Vanuttelli, Cardinal Francis Satolli, formerly apostolic delegate to the United States,

is prominently mentioned as a candidate for the prefecture of the congregation of the propaganda. He is reputed to be a special protegee of the pontiff, whose power of appointing is absolute. It is pointed out that Cardinal Satolli's thorough knowledge of American affairs peculiarly fits him for the prefecture, the United States being the most important country with which the propaganda has to deal.

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