

"JAKE" HIS COMMON NAME

BUT HE'S THE GRAND TYEE OF THE ENTIRE ILLABEE.

By "Governor's Commission and Company's Permission," He Rules an Alaskan Isle for Uncle Sam.

Away out in the Pacific ocean, off from the shores of Alaska, is a lonely little isle, with barely room enough for the small village of Kili-ka-nee to find a lodgment thereon. There the Alaska Whaling Company prepares fish oil for the market, and the inhabitants are objects of interest to every arriving steamer-load of people. Arrivals are not frequent, as may be imagined, but whenever there is one, the steamer is made fast to the pier, then the seafaring tourist is quickly out and abroad, in the search for novelty and experience.

As you go up the little wharf, you meet the portly form of an individual in uniform, splendid in gold trimmings and the portly form of an individual in undress, to you his large, fat hand and greets you with hearty welcome. One would think himself a friend of the old fellow who had just returned from a trip around the world, so glad appears he to see you.

But some one ventures the question, "Who is he?" The old gentleman is plainly astonished that people are so stupid as not to know who he is. However, he tells us, with a show of comical dignity, that he is high chief and governor of the town, and, pointing, exclaims: "My house is yonder." Then as he turns to the right, he extends an invitation to every one to come visit him.

"Big Injun, Me!" On nearing the house, he points with pride to his family "coat of arms" over the door, with the painted inscription in English:

By the Governor's Commission and the Company's Permission, I am made the Grand Tyee of this entire Illabee.

Prominent in song and story, I have attained the top of glory, as Sa-in-wa I am known to fame, and Jake's but my common name.

No item stick adorns the front yard, where Sa-in-wa, "the Grand Tyee," stops to explain that, years ago, the governor of Alaska gave him "his power," my commission! and shows you a letter, which tells you that he is a good Indian and a friend of the white people.

He invites you to come in, and opens the door; he is simply delighted to have so much company. On entering, you are at liberty to inspect everything in the room.

Ready for Business. The old chap's collection of curiosities and wares at once interests the tourist who is anxious to buy anything and everything, and the governor is ready for business. He can furnish anything, from a whole's jaw to a native needle. There are baskets of beautiful design, bead work, matting, carvings in wood and bone, bracelets of mother-of-pearl and silver, implements of war and native clothing of every description.

Sa-in-wa doesn't have to tell you that he is cleaning out his fall stock, "to make room," and that the articles worth a cent are "marked down" to 50 cents. He has the one price, and you must be quick, or some one else hands over the sum asked and adds another prize to his collection.

One realizes, as he hurries back on board the waiting steamer, with luggage much augmented and purse correspondingly depleted, what a real bargain Sa-in-wa, "by the Governor's commission and the company's permission, Grand Tyee of the entire Illabee," is fast becoming. Go north, young man; go north!

W. S.

VENTRILLOQUISM A FAKE.

About Played Out as a Vaudeville Specialty. Newsdays.

"Ventriloquism as a vaudeville specialty is about played out," said a veteran showman to a New York Sun reporter. "It was always a great fake. Of course, we know nowadays that there is such a thing as 'throwing the voice,' and that it is simply an illusion in which the eye plays a bigger part than the ear. For instance, a man is seated on the stage with a mechanical dummy on his knee, and you hear his voice. The man's face is stiff, and the jaws of the dummy are working naturally, you jump to the conclusion that the voice comes from the doll. If you were right inside them you would know better, but you are too far away to see the man's face. That's the principle of the whole thing, but in the old days the voice-throwing theory was generally accepted. I remember the season of 1889-90 I was manager of a clever ventriloquist, who was also a ventriloquist. He claimed to be able to throw his voice 42 feet, and I had it in a space 10 inches in diameter. As you might speak of pitching a baseball as you might speak of pitching a baseball, but he stuck to it, even to me in private, and we had a stock story we used to work off on the company, that he was a London lawyer at a coroner's inquest and making the corpse accuse a suspected person of murder. At that instant, the climax came, a heavy voice issued from the dead man's throat. The man was a thriving yarn, and in the course of time, my boss got to believe in himself, and would narrate the details with every evidence of good faith. Putting the performance he used to order everybody off the stage, but occasionally I would sneak around behind and listen through a peephole, and it was wonderful how the illusion was lost. Frederick, on the road, he would be completely harassed by requests to 'throw his voice' into this thing or that to further some practical joke, and would always reply 'His largest voice is a trifle inflated.' Still he was a capital ventriloquist—one of the best, I believe, that was ever in the business."

EXTRADITION'S LONG ARM.

No Country Where a Criminal May Avoid Apprehension.

"A very interesting fact of modern life that seems to have escaped attention," remarked a New Orleans lawyer to the Times-Democrat of that city the other day, "is that the world has wiped its last blot of refuge from its globe where our fugitives from justice are safe from extradition."

"Then I first began to practice law in America, I had a wide range of choice in the matter of foreign residence. Spain, Turkey, Algeria, Japan, Holland, Chile, Ecuador, the Philippines, Cuba, and all of Central America except British Honduras guaranteed security to assorted brands of fugitives, from murderers down, and the list of resorts open to simple sinners was very much larger. For years you remember, every runaway bank cashier made a bee line for Canada, and the thing got to be a standing joke. The mother-in-law gag and the merry quips about plumbers. Nevertheless, the circle kept steadily contracting and one by one the different countries entered into mutual treaties and put up the bars so the American crook who wanted a change of air began to find himself in the position of

HOW HE SPENT A MILLION

JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S RECKLESS EXPENDITURE OF A FORTUNE.

Twenty Years of Money-Making, on the Stage and in the Prize Ring, and Naught to Show for It.

John L. Sullivan, the ex-"champion of champions," while sitting in the office of his new place, "the Inferno," on Broadway, New York, a week or two since, told how he had squandered nearly a million dollars which he had earned during his slightly less than 20 years' connection with the prize ring and theatrical enterprises, to a correspondent of the Baltimore American. Some portion of the story has found its way by teletype throughout the world, but it is interesting enough to be given in its entirety, as a commentary on the manner in which an ignorant, uneducated Boston hack driver, possessed only of a rare

AVOIDS THE BOSS BARBER.

Fat Man's Dislike to Being Shaved by That Functionary.

"You're next, sir," said the boss barber, indicating a fat man who was buried be-

hind a newspaper. "I'll wait for a while," replied the fat man. "I'm in no hurry."

As another man climbed into the vacant chair the fat man leaned over to another customer who was waiting his turn, and confided that he was in a hurry, a deuced hurry, but he would rather lose his turn than be shaved by the proprietor of the shop.

"It isn't that I have any grievance against this particular barber," he went on, "but I shun all boss barbers as I would a plague. In the first place, he patronizes you, and in the second place he is invariably the worst barber in the shop. Then, too, it takes him about twice as long to shave you as it takes the other boss barbers in the city. He will lather one side of your face, and then go over to the desk to make change for a customer who is going out, for he is generally his own cashier. He considers it his duty to exchange dirty preface with each customer as he leaves the shop, and by the time he gets back to you your face is caked in cold lather."

"This usually happens four or five times while you are being shaved, and you may consider yourself lucky if a salesman for a perfumery or soap house doesn't come in to talk up his wares. In that event you are kept waiting for 10 or 15 minutes, and when you are finally shaved your peace of mind is destroyed for the rest of the day. No boss barber in my city is worth a cent."

Judge us not yet.

On foreign fields where love of freedom holds, The oppressor vanquished under tropic sun, A people saved from horrors that appalled; Exalted in our heroes' blood the sea, The fine high fruits where all virtues meet—Some of the gods, dainties immortal we! Judge us not yet.

Dreams of vast empire held in freedom's name, Of golden ages from tropic clime, Of earth-circling armaments that flame Their lurid lightnings at a rival's crime; Vespers made all Christian by the might That Christian leaders from ocean traffic get; Dazzling the visions glimmering on our sight; Judge us not yet.

Passed the first frenzy of a wild desire, Sober and sane, yet proud, the nation stands; Freed with the pulsings of immortal fire, And plumed a mighty future for the dawn. And still she bears, not license uncontrolled, And equal laws in stable compact set; Faithful and firm the hands that justice hold—Oppressor's power is trembling to the crash. Judge us not yet.

The word unalterable of God's decree Of universal justice and good-will Sweeps round the earth from sea to tropic sea; His might, His tried and chosen people still, No all-conquering did our fathers find; Our sins, O Lord, we pray forgive, forget; Uplift us now by Thine almighty hand— Independence, O! Judge us not yet.

She Had to Walkie-Palkie. A carrier on his way to Hinckley overlooked a poor woman carrying a baby. She was very tired, and asked him if he would give her a lift.

"Yes, missus," said he, "if you won't talk rubbish to the baby."

The woman promised not to do so, and got in. They had not proceeded far when the baby began to cry.

"Hush, my little ducky-pucky," said the mother, "you're more than once, and always held up to see our uncles-punksy."

"Now you can get out and walkie-palkie," said the carrier.—Weekly Telegraph.

"Or Else We Die." The black wind whistles through our pants In manner sharp, unfeeling, In manner sharp, unfeeling, To keep us from congealing. Oh, ye delinquents, bear our prayer, And bestir your loving spirits, And cheer us for another pair Of pants for our legs.

Or else we die and wear our wings To witness their better wear on wings.—New Era.

WILL RIVAL FERRIS WHEEL.

Among the many freak schemes for the Paris exposition will be one, provided its promoter can procure the necessary capital, which will rival the famous Ferris wheel of the world's fair, at Chicago. It will be a gigantic umbrella, with a car for passengers attached to each rib. When the umbrella shall be closed the cars will rest on the ground, but when opened it will raise the cars upward and outward to a height of 300 feet.

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For a week previous to the quake, ominous rumblings were heard about the base of the mountain, and the Indians are not alone in thinking that there was some mysterious connection between them and the subsequent seismic disturbance.

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EL TEMBLOR'S RECENT MANIFESTATIONS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Buildings Shaken Flat and Men and Women Rendered Helpless, Earthquake Death Claims His Due.

For Whipping "Paddy" Ryan. "I fought and whipped 'Paddy' Ryan, at Mississippi City, February 7, 1883, and received for doing it \$4500, which was about half my due. I was robbed of the balance. On my way home I gave exhibitions at Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Pittsburgh and New York, and received \$24,500 as my share of the receipts.

"For whipping Elliott I received \$3000, and when 'Tug' Wilson staid four rounds with me in Nevada, he brought me \$15,000. A few weeks in the show business brought me \$16,000, and when Williams in May, 1883, stopped me from giving 'Paddy' Mitchell the final blow, \$20,000 being added to my bank account. Beating Slade, the Maori, was worth another \$12,000 to me. I put \$50,000 into a saloon in Boston, and took out \$7000.

Then the former champion sketched more of his winnings, and said: "They were coming my way in great shape about 1883. Two exhibitions in which I beat 'John L.' in Madison Square garden, brought me \$83,000, and for 20 seconds, the time it required for me to put 'Paddy' Ryan out, I received \$8000. I would like to work a few hours at this rate now."

"In 1886-88 I was with a minstrel show, doing the states, and received \$35,000 for my work. I whipped Frank Herald in Allegheny City and earned \$8000. A mark Sullivan clinched his teeth with me in Madison Square garden, I brought me \$15,000. Another exhibition with 'Paddy' Ryan, this time in San Francisco, was worth \$15,000 to me. I toured with 'Pat' Sheedy, and we did \$50,000 in divide. When I broke my arm on 'Patsy' Cardiff was given \$10,000 as a balm. Then I went to England, and brought \$38,000 home with me. A benefit in Boston added \$6000 to my total, and that brought me up to the fight with Kilrain, at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1883. I retained the championship, and received \$35,000 for doing the trick. Then I bought my courthouse.

Immense Theatrical Profits. "Playing with Duncan Harrison in 'Honest Hearts and Willing Hands,' I drew \$93,000, which we divided. Corbett and I fought in New Orleans, September 7, 1893, for \$45,000, winner take all. He got it. However, my benefit in Madison Square garden started me off with \$17,000 again. Two seasons in 'The Man From Boston' were worth \$120,000, and I took \$50,000 more out of the play, 'The True American.'

"Now, if you will make a total of those amounts you will have something like a million dollars. How did I spend it? Well, I got \$100,000 for my first fight with Corbett, \$200,000 more given away; then add another \$200,000 for entertainments of a liquid nature, and finally about \$300,000 losses in gambling and speculations. That disposes of it, and that half I should have saved."

"I suppose my legitimate living expenses have been about \$200,000, and my fights perhaps cost me \$100,000 in training and kindred matters. I have sunk \$1,000,000 in unfortunate business ventures. With a fighter money comes easy, and it goes the same way. I spent \$5000 training for my battle with Corbett, and lost \$20,000 more. I have since kept a stable of trainers following me, and they were a heavy expense.

"But it was being a good fellow that broke me. I was the great and only one of my kind, that title cost me enough money to last an ordinary man a lifetime. I was too easy. When someone would say that I was the only one, I meant another bucket of wine. When another would say that I never refused a friend a dollar, and afterward asked me to lend him fifty, he got a hundred.

"The man, too, I was slow. I was slow in getting to the box office. The others got there first, and the first court of receipts was the largest. Was I robbed? Yes, I was robbed. If I had what they took from me I would be satisfied."

He Had His Fling. "However, I don't regret it. I had my fling, and I paid for it. I haven't touched a drop of liquor for six months, and am not going to drink again. I feel as well as ever, and if I could lose a bit of fat, I would have another try in the ring. But that is out of the question. I am going to try to make my business a success, and if I ever get another they will have to break the United States to break me. My money will go into bonds."

"Jim" Corbett who wrestled the championship from Sullivan, has also known the ups and downs of life. He spent \$500 getting himself into shape to be defeated by Fitzsimmons, and lost \$15,000 which he bet on himself in that fight. He received \$33,000 from the purse and \$30,000 as his share of the picture money. He said yesterday that his money, like Sullivan's, had gone in riotous living and in taking his friends. Unlike "John L.," however, he has never gone the limit. He still owns his house, which he values at \$75,000, and has money otherwise invested.

"A pugilist," said Corbett, "is a good thing for every borrower in the land. We have to give up. Sullivan has given away a fortune, no doubt. If I had what I did he has, I could buy a brick block with my money. We are all spending like mad. We must have five or six trainers, and sparring partners. They are costly luxuries. Managers, too, are necessary, but expensive. I have divided half a million dollars with my manager, while a man in any other business would have

been able to have kept it all himself. It is the unnecessary expenses which keep a pugilist broke."

Some fun on for working. And some playing back in the calling. And take some other man's.—Chicago Times-Herald.

RUIN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

EL TEMBLOR'S RECENT MANIFESTATIONS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Buildings Shaken Flat and Men and Women Rendered Helpless, Earthquake Death Claims His Due.

Christmas day in 1899 will long be memorable in Southern California. Just before the dawn's first glimmer on that day the southern part of the Golden state was visited by one of the most severe earthquakes in its history. The damage was confined to a limited area, but the tremor was felt throughout an area of about 150 miles in diameter.

The first shock was experienced at 4:45 A. M., and a succession of sharp, twisting, wrenching shocks followed, with scarce a second's intermission between them. They were unheeded by the usual preliminary warnings, and the phenomena were unique in several other noteworthy particulars.

The center of the earthquake appears to have been in Riverside county, the undulations from that point extending westward and northward. Taquitz, one of the taller peaks of the San Jacinto range, has long been regarded as an extinct volcano, and no amount of percussion can induce an Indian to approach the dreaded mountain. The Indians gave it its name, which, in English, is Devil's Peak.

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ACTOR NEILL ON CRANKS

DECLARES THAT WITHOUT THEM DRAMA WOULD RETROGRADE.

"Theatrical Crankiness" a Term Applied to Those Who Introduce Progressive Innovations.

James Neill, whose dramatic company begins a week's engagement at the Marquam tomorrow, stands well among the foremost of stock organization stars. This is his and his company's first extended trip on the road, they having heretofore mostly played, for months at a time, in the larger cities of the country. They have only recently completed a 20 weeks' successful engagement at St. Paul and Minneapolis. The success of Mr. Neill, aside from his ability as an actor, is largely due to his attention to special scenery, stage settings, decorations and what, in theatrical parlance, is known as the "business" of the profession. His property "plots" are among the most elaborate in the country, and his devotion otherwise to the technique of the stage has earned for him the title of "theatrical crank" among less careful and painstaking actors and managers. This, by no means offends Mr. Neill, who, on the contrary, regards it as somewhat in the nature of a compliment. In a conversation on the subject with the writer he spoke his mind freely, and his words are carefully chosen for consideration because of his straightforward manner of saying just what he means, regardless of consequences.

"Crank" Make Progress. "There are a great many people in this world," said he, "who being satisfied to remain quiet themselves and live uneventful lives, object to any progress or innovations upon the part of others less contented than they, and who apply to the latter the familiar appellation of 'crank.' Has it ever occurred to the average observer to analyze the actions that call for that term?"

"They embrace all ambition, all enterprise, all originality, all desire for something better than has been before. Without them all improvement would cease; worse than that, there would be retrogression, for nothing can stand still in this ever-pushing world. All hail, then, to the 'crank' who risks the lacy coils of the 'good enough' and 'stagnant' and 'drawing' in spite of protest and anathemas."

Applying his remarks to the profession of which he is so brilliant an ornament, Mr. Neill said that a stage manager cannot afford to disregard anything that might aid, in the least, to the attractiveness of a performance. "That will do" is a phrase that can never be a satisfactory excuse for an apologetic substitution. There may be only one auditor who notices the substitution, but his notice is attended. He continues, saying:

"Authors have much to thank the actor for in the realization of their intended, but not always expressed, ideas. Many a time has a dramatic writer been in a bad mood, and his characters have been in a bad mood, and his feelings against the stage manager who has ruthlessly cut one of his most beautifully rounded speeches to a single word, supplemented by simple nonsense. This phrase is a phrase that can never be a satisfactory excuse for an apologetic substitution. There may be only one auditor who notices the substitution, but his notice is attended. He continues, saying:

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