

KLONDIKE QUEEN IN SEATTLE

Grace Robinson Entertains a Daily Times Reporter

With a Thrilling Account of How She Reached Dawson and Sang Her Way to Fame and Fortune.

On one of the boats that recently came down from the north was Miss Grace Robinson, a pretty little actress, who not only sang her way from New York city to Seattle, but also from this city to Dawson, reaching that El Dorado on the 15th of June, 1898. Her experience on the way in and during her stay in that city are many and interesting. She determinedly left the States to seek her fortune in the frozen temple of the north, and success has crowned her efforts, for as she modestly stated last night at her suite of rooms in the Northern hotel, "I have made my fortune."

When Miss Robinson made up her mind to go to Dawson she had made a suit of furs, armed herself with a gun, and with Jim Donaldson, a well known sporting man in this city and throughout the east, and a sister actress known as Little Ruby, and others, she started over the Dawson trail in the dead of winter in 1898.

Whenever an opportunity presented itself Miss Robinson sang Col. Fred Wilson's clever ballad, "Klondike," or "The Song of the Gold," and in more than one instance did the miners throw gold nuggets at her. Miss Robinson said:

"The trail was so bad that it would have been impossible for me to have reached Dawson had I not received help from the outside. It was to Mr. Donaldson that I owed my life, but that is getting ahead of my story. More than once I was compelled to wade in mud and water up to my knees. Little Ruby, who was with me, and who has married one of the richest miners at Dawson, was the pluckiest little mortal I ever saw. No matter how hard the trail, or how many difficulties we had to overcome, she never murmured or complained.

"I have had to laugh many times," continued the actress, "when I think of her. Upon leaving Seattle she brought one of the finest hats, the city afforded, and it was her determination to take that hat into Dawson or die in the attempt. She carried it strapped on her back and although advised more than once to cast it aside, she would only smile and shake her head. Suffice to say that on our opening night in Dawson Little Ruby walked out on the stage with her head proudly carrying that hat, the envy of all the Dawson fair sex.

"Well, to continue," said Miss Robinson, "we left Bennett on June 3, following the ice. Mr. Donaldson had built at this point a boat 32x5 feet, and we proposed to conclude our journey in this craft. But we never did so. We had nearly reached Windy Arm, just this side of Caribou, when a terrible storm came up and in the twinkling of an eye our boat became unmanageable. The wind was blowing a perfect gale, and the boat was tossed here and there in a frightful manner. I can remember hearing Jim say: 'It's all up, Gracie,' and then I fainted. He tied a rope around my body and subsequent events proved that my life was saved by that one act. The boat was drifting on to what seemed to be a strait bluff of rocks. Just before it grounded Jim jumped, and fortunately there was a little ledge running along at the foot of the bluff and he secured a footing upon that and pulled me through the water to him. Ruby was saved in the same manner by another gentleman of the party. The boat broke in two and sank.

"We staid on that island for three days and in the meantime my trunk containing my stage clothes drifted ashore, so I felt better I tell you, because that was my stock in trade. We were finally taken off in a small row-boat and at last we reached Little Salmon more dead than alive. At this point we engaged passage for Dawson with a Mr. McKay, of Portland, who was taking in a boat load of cigars.

"There were many queer things that happened along the way," continued Miss Robinson. "For instance, when we reached the top of the summit we were given the delightful privilege at the police station to sleep on the ground for the sum of \$2, and at another place we crossed a little stream by stepping on the bodies of dead horses that had fallen on the trail. But one gets hardened to such things and anything, no matter what, that will lessen

the hardships of such a trip were doubly welcomed, I assure you.

"We reached Dawson on June 15, 1898, and on the night following I opened in the theater there. My Klondike song made a hit the first night, and when it was all over and I was counting my receipts, I could begin to see where my long-looked-for fortune was coming. The hardship I had undergone and the misery of it all, vanished, and for a time I was happy, although I must confess that I would not live over again that trip for all the money that has been or ever will be taken out of the hills and creeks in the Klondike.

"I was the first lady to get in and the first to open at Dawson in that year, and I am sure that I am the first who ever mushed over the trail in the dead of winter.

"There will never be another town like Dawson," said the Klondike queen. "There will never be another camp with as nice a class of people. I will go back, you may depend upon that. I have worked, and worked hard, for sixteen years in the States, and it was a hand-to-mouth struggle at best, while at Dear Old Dawson, in a little over two years, I have made my fortune. The people there may be a little rough, but their hearts are in the right place, and they know how to appreciate and help a friend. No man is allowed to insult a woman there, and the laws are grand. It is unsafe for a lady to walk some of this city's streets after nightfall, but I never thought anything of being alone in Dawson. There are not many women there and they are respected in every sense of the word. We have no quarrels or knockdowns. Dawson is peaceful and quiet; the men and women are grand, and when I return from Paris I will go back, and I do not now think I will again live in this country."—Seattle Times.

Independent Voter Replies.

Editor Nugget:

"Dear Sir—"My learned friend," as Mr. Wade would say, thinks that some of the utterances of Independent Voter call for refutation, and yet so far as I am able to understand English he does not refute them to any noticeable degree. Like all Republicans he confuses his party principles with true Democracy, and when he has drawn a happy picture of the latter he points to it with pride and says, this is Republicanism. I am not aware that I made any statement in the letter he refers to in any way tending to show that money had never been used by ambitious and not over scrupulous Democrats. What I did say, and what every American voter who pays enough attention to politics to lay himself open to the suspicion of being able to cast an intelligent vote knows to be a fact, is, that Mark Hanna spent large sums of money in electing Wm. McKinley to office during the last campaign. California Republican seeks to evade this issue by saying that Mr. Hanna spent money as chairman of the Republican committee. I may have been sometime in the past enough interested in politics to be counted a politician, but I was never sufficiently "broken down" to be fooled that way. Mark Hanna spent more money than was furnished him for the purpose. Where did he get it? Did he borrow it from the paymaster of Coxe's army? That statement would be just as reasonable as the one which says that Mr. Hanna could by no possibility have anything to do with the policy of President McKinley after his election.

If California Republican doubts the statement that the almighty dollar comes nearer to being the absolute monarch of the United States of America under the administration of Wm. McKinley than ever before since 1776, let him go to the statistics and histories of our country and read the lesson. Let him find out how many rich men there were then and what their power was. Let him compare the result of his search with the figures of like nature of today, always bearing in mind the difference in population. When this is done let him answer this. If dollar is not king how comes it that a few thousand men today hold fast the reins of government and make the laws practically governing all our millions?

Politically I am a turncoat. If one chooses to use the phrase, and I am proud to say that my sense of right is strong enough to admit of my deserting any party; any cause when I think it is wrong, and that no party, however old or honored its past may be, can control my vote for one minute longer than is in keeping with my judgment, and that judgment tells me there is danger to the country I love in the ways of Mark Hanna and McKinley. INDEPENDENT VOTER.

He Wants Light.

Editor Klondike Nugget:

Dear Sir—Permit me a few remarks on our home politics, since the ques-

tion has been raised, who best to vote for. Politics and policies, like everything else, must be judged by results. Effects are one thing, causes another, but those are the logical sequences of these, and are traced by some; the majority though worship success. The doctrines propounded by the party called the Republican, for the last 20 years, have been the basis of government, and when arguments thus far have prevailed to support them, froth has now taken their place—Fourth of July froth, Independence day froth, Washington's birthday froth, fire crackers and roman candles. Here are some conditions—not theories—results of some sort of government, that are overlooked by your frothy orators and shallow talkers:

Deserted and depreciated farming properties in the east, sparse and straggling population in the west and south, 60 per cent of the workmen single and not able to establish family relations—to form the primary unit of the state—the family; children and women increasing in numbers in factories and stores, and everywhere middle aged men parading the streets of New York, not able to secure an occupation; the products of American, pauper labor now invading the markets of Europe; unstable business conditions and periodical financial panics.

Expansion? Why certainly, lots of it; we are "expanded" to Alaska, Hawaii, China, Cuba, the Philippines, to Europe, because, you see, the pastures home are not as green as they used to be, although some people are still as green as ever. And you march at the head of civilization, like France until 1870, and your frothy Chicago Times-Herald in tones of a megaphone announces to the astonished world that since Uncle Sam whipped Alphonso XIII of Spain gloriously, he will con-

descend and play the first fiddle in the world's diplomatic concert hereafter. Talk about imperialism, there is more genuine power in the concentrated wealth of your eastern captains of industry and trust magnates, which are the real government behind your Harrison and McKinleys, than in the several-princelings and constitutional and autocratic potentates of Europe taken in a bunch. A republic, indeed!

Remember, Bryan represents a principle and not a school of blatherskites and flatheads; the principle that he is fighting for is "justice and equal rights for all," and where productive industries of the individuals and small capitalists of the middle classes are made impossible by your trust magnates, and everybody expected to meditate on a dinner pail, full or empty, and to take it as a political axiom that only by complying with the will of the dominating gang of industrial pirates of the east you can have it full or half full once in awhile—there you will always find Bryanism rampant; you will always find a champion of the masses, a tribune of the people trying with might to restore the balance of power where it properly belongs. And the Demo-Pops with Ajax, Bryan may not succeed this year, that hypnotic spell may not be broken yet for awhile, but remember, the law of compensation is a natural law, and you and I will live to see it yet in full operation. The will of the Lord grinds slow but sure. Yours,

FOR LIGHT AND TRUTH.

The Orpheum will give another concert next Sunday night. New people have been engaged and Prof. Parkes will display another series of new and clever moving pictures on his wondrous scope.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Continues to Flourish.

J. L. Timmins is prospering at his location on Second avenue, the Royal Grocery doing a large and ever increasing business. The store is fitted up in metropolitan style and an air of neatness and order prevails which cannot fail to be appreciated by the customers of the store. Just now a special display of domestic and imported cheese is to be seen in the large show windows which would reflect creditably upon any similar concern on the outside.

Usher & Dewar Scotch whiskies at The Pioneer saloon. Just got in. crt

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