

ALL ARE RESOLVED

To Do Good and Leave Undone
a Number of Offensive
Practices.

MANY HAVE NO CHANCES TO MAKE.

None So Reckless as to Resolve
to Keep a Diary.

OLD TIMERS WON'T PROMISE

One Man Will Stop Smoking and
Take to Strychnine—In 30 Days
Time 'Twill All Be Off.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
Last night when the hands of the clock met at the top of the dial there was a general tooting of whistles and other noises turned loose in acknowledgment of the fact that Dawson knew the year 1901 had arrived and brought with it a new century. Besides the tooting of whistles and other sounds of that sort, the fact was recognized a great many places by the raising and clinking together of glasses, and the drinking of toasts more or less appropriate to the occasion, according to the place, the people and the number of drinks which had gone before.

There were some, of course, who did not drink, because the coming of a new year effects different people in divers ways. This is accounted for by the fact that there is something about the new year which incites people to make all sorts of resolutions doomed for the most part to be broken if not forgotten, within 30 days, without grace.

Some people make heroic resolves about honesty, truthfulness, economy, the golden rule and a thousand other things equally as absurd, from a twentieth century standpoint. For the most part these are the inexperienced, and the person who decides to keep a diary will generally be found among them.

The next classification is made of those who break up good strong pipes which have withstood the seasoning process gallantly and done their duty. The same resolutionists throw away their tobacco, pour their liquor in the sewer, and stop swearing. The last set are the knowing ones who have watched the passing of many new year days, and have reaped the harvest of understanding from the places where they have fallen down.

Some of Dawson's population resolved last evening and some did not. Here are the results of a few interviews on the subject.

Rudy Kalenborn—I have solemnly promised myself not to play another jack pot till the dawning of 1902. Also that I will smoke as much tobacco as I feel inclined to in the same period.

Johnny Bechtel—There being no money at the disposal of the council to build an insane asylum, I have quit smoking cigarettes and commenced using strychnine. I have also decided that I will forswear the company of newspaper reporters.

Frank Clayton—That I will not laugh at one of Thompson's jokes for 12 months if it costs me my life. Not even if he explains it. I have looked my habits over very carefully and find that no further reformation is needed.

Sam Wall—That I will not joke any more for at least a year, and maybe not during the century, and that I will buy the biggest pipe I can find.

Fred Payne—I have donated my diamonds to the associated charities and am not going to have the quinsy again during the next 100 years.

Jack Emerson—I am going to start today and make the best time I can between here and Whitehorse.

Ed McConnell—No resolutions in mine.

O. Finstad—To do just as I please for the next 12 months. I bought a case of whiskey today.

Harry Edwards (time, last evening)—It's too early in the game. See me at 12 tomorrow night.

Ed Orr—I have resolved to make no

resolutions. Will let it go as it looks.

George McArthur—I have been trying to figure out a winning system for years, and have decided to stick to this one for a year at least—to keep away from behind the jack and nine.

E. B. Condon—I can't see where a resolution made today would do me any good, so I'm not making any.

J. R. McGovern—That I will not

mush any more behind a dog team; that I will never allow another cat to worm its way into my young affections, and that I will never go aboard the Emma Nott again.

B. F. Germain—That I will keep open house next New Year's day.

Deputy Sheriff Seymour—That I will change the brand, buy an indestructible typewriter and write another poem.

Herbert H. E. Robertson—I have resolved to have just as much fun as I can during the next year.

Jack Eilbeck—I have resolved to buy a new hockey stick and refrain from cooking for a year.

Joe Clark—have resolved to incorporate, whether the rest of Dawson does or not.

Dan McKinnon—New Year's resolution? I should say so. I'm going to buy a gun and shoot every reporter I catch outside the city limits for a year.

Andy McKenzie—To stick as closely to the truth as business will permit, and organize a not treat law as applied to press representatives.

Jimmie Hicks—I'll play no more bank.

Al Watson—To eschew bad company, and keep a close watch upon the actions of the chief of the fire department.

Dr. Brown—No resolutions necessary in my case, because I should only have the trouble of breaking them.

Corporal McPhail—No resolutions—not even to the extent of the diary business.

Weldie Young—To inspect everything that is suspected of being a mine in the Stewart river district. I have already reformed.

Steve O'Brien—Too early to tell yet how I'll come out, but I have resolved to reform in several places simultaneously, I may live through it.

Steve Barret—Resolutions not for publication, as they may break all over things.

Chief Stewart—Resolved to do the best I can for myself and everyone else, Al Watson included.

W. P. Allen—To raise a mustache.

Al Smith—To get a larger hammer.

The Train Was Stopped.

"One night last winter," said a Boston man, "I came up from the south with two friends of mine. They occupied the stateroom, and I was lodged in a section outside. They were in a hot discussion before they retired, and one of them had finally become so sleepy as to abandon the argument. I turned finally, as they did, but the man to whom the argument had been abandoned did not seem satisfied with the victory he had won, and when I left them he was busily engaged in trying to prolong the talk with his sleepy companion.

"Shortly after I had fallen asleep I was awakened by some confusion in the aisle of the car. The train was at a dead stop, and then I heard the voice of the conductor angrily ask of the porter, 'Now, who in thunder pulled that bell rope?' I had a shrewd suspicion, but deemed it safe to lie quiet and say nothing. Finally the train started, and as they could not find out who had jerked the bell rope the car assumed its customary night aspect. Presently the stateroom door opened and one of my friends requested me to step in and decide a bet. It seems that he who was not sleepy was trying to tell the man who was something to which the sleepy one refused to listen on the ground that the noise of the car wheels made it impossible for him to hear. The other man promptly rang the bell and stopped the train, as has already been told.

"The bet of \$50 was as to who was responsible for stopping the train. The sleepy one said the wide awake one, because he had pulled the bell rope. The wide awake one said it was the sleepy one, because he had averred that he could not hear what was said to him because of the rumbling of the train, which naturally led to the train being stopped. I decided in favor of the wide awake man, which effectually waked the other up also. Which would you have decided in favor of?"—Ex.

Owing to Snow.

People experienced in Yukon winter weather assert that the mildness of the present winter is due to the more than usual heavy fall of snow. It is the previous history of the country that winters of heavy snow falls are unusually mild. It is predicted that there will be considerable more snow fall during the next two months and that next spring will witness very high water throughout the Yukon valley.

THAT KANSAS MURDER CASE

Trial of a Woman That Has Interested the World.

Two Females Fight With Razors Till One Dies—Jessie Morrison a Hopeful Prisoner.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 11.—A special to the Star from Eldorado, Kan., says:

When Jessie Morrison awoke in her cell this morning it was with a realization that her fate at the hands of the jury would soon be known. Her hope of acquittal which had begun to arise with the close of court on Friday last, had become almost an assurance. The closing arguments were not finished until 10 o'clock last night. At that time Judge Shinn sent the jury to a hotel for the night, with instructions not to begin consideration of their verdict until 8:30 o'clock this morning. At that hour the jury was led into a small room in the courthouse set aside for it and its struggles began. In the hallway outside the men could be heard talking loudly, apparently all at the same time. It is the opinion of the lawyers on both sides that no matter what the verdict may be it will not be reached for a day or two. When the jury was sent out to deliberate the prisoner and her family retired to her cell.

Miss Morrison this morning received 40 letters of sympathy. A New York physician extended an invitation from himself and his wife to her to make her home with them when she should have been acquitted.

The case has been one of the most interesting in the annals of Kansas crimes. The principals were Jessie Morrison, daughter of M. H. Morrison, formerly probate judge, Mrs. Clara Wiley Castle and Olin Castle, the latter's husband. All came of prominent families, who had lived in the county for the past quarter of a century. Miss Morrison and Castle were clerks in a "racket" store, and before he married Clara Wiley, Castle paid attentions to the prisoner. It was shown in the trial that much jealousy existed between the two women, and it was fanned to a glow by Castle, who apparently gloried in their discomfiture.

Miss Wiley and Castle were married in June last. On June 22 the women fought with a razor in Mrs. Castle's house, and the latter died of her wounds 18 days later. In a deathbed statement Mrs. Castle charged Miss Morrison with entering her house on pretense of showing her a letter, of talking in a threatening manner and then slashing her with a razor, which the defense tried to show she had abstracted from a showcase in the racket store. Miss Morrison's plea was self-defense, and on the stand she declared that Mrs. Castle had called her into the house, attacked her and made it necessary for the defendant to cut her to save her own life.

Miss Morrison was last July indicted for murder in the first degree and has since been refused bail. It took five days to secure a jury, over 400 men having been subpoenaed. Each side presented about 40 witnesses and eight lawyers were retained.

The taking of testimony consumed 11 days' time and the arguments were begun Saturday morning. The defendant fainted in her cell on Wednesday after a fit of sobbing, and cried much in the court room. It was feared that she would break down before her testimony could be heard, but on the day the prisoner took the stand she displayed remarkable nerve and coolness.

She recited the details of the terrible death struggle without hesitation, and underwent the rigid cross-examination of the state's attorneys without show of fear.

Since then she has grown brighter and stronger as her hopes of acquittal rise. Former Judge Morrison has been at his daughter's side constantly during the trial, which has daily attracted great crowds.

Sunday, attended by her relatives, Miss Morrison spent the time in her cell singing and praying, while Olin Castle joined a party of hunters. Castle was not in the court room during the closing arguments.

Jessie Morrison is 29 years old. Mrs. Castle was 28 and Castle 26.

Candidates in Jackpot.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 12.—During the recent election in the district of Yale-Cariboo for a seat in the Canadian house of commons, it was a matter of general surprise when the returns were all in to find that two somewhat remote polling places had gone solidly for

Gallagher, the government candidate. Wardner, in East Kootenay, and the 150-Mile were the two peculiar localities, and it is positively asserted that the result at the 150 Mile was brought about in this way:

The electors of that unconventional locality decided to vote as a unit for one of the three candidates—Gallagher, the Liberal nominee; McKane, the Conservative, and Foley, the labor candidate. The combined vote was a jackpot to be played for. The adherents of the three candidates selected each its own most expert poker player and the game was started with 20 chips in front of each player. The gamester representing Gallagher was the most expert or the most lucky, and he won, so Gallagher received 45 solid votes from that polling division, every elector living up to the agreement.

At Wardner the only voters were two government appointees, the deputy returning officer and his poll clerk, and as they could not vote against Gallagher without detection, they naturally voted for the government which employed them.

"All the Jolly Fun to Ye."

There is always a mixture of the horrible and the delightful in a London crowd. The "horrible" includes the water squirts, which are known by the name of "all the jolly fun." In a previous letter I have spoken of these squirts being brought into requisition during the election by rude boys and girls who show their disapproval of certain quiet men who, on being interrogated, have declared their intention of voting in opposition to the views of the rude boys and girls. In a large crowd there are always hundreds of these squirts which are always referred to as "all the jolly fun."

"Oh, missus! All the jolly fun to ye!" cries a street hooligan at a handsomely dressed woman in a carnival crowd, and into her face is squirted the water. This sort of "fun" is, of course, never resorted to by any but the lower Londoners, but lower Londoners make up a large part of a London crowd. It is useless to protest against it, and so far it has appeared useless to agitate the subject in parliament. Many times, so I am told, staid parliamentarians have given their attention to this subject and have brought up the proposition to abolish "all the jolly fun" by punishing any persons seen carrying one, but in spite of agitation against it "all the jolly fun" remains a horrible feature and fixture in a London crowd.

Another of the carnival horrors has been the "tickler," but it is an insignificant discomfort compared with "all the jolly fun." "Ticklers, ticklers—two a penny. Who'd be without a tickler when ticklers are so cheap?" This is the selling cry of the vender of peacock feathers, otherwise "ticklers." They sell like hot cakes in the London crowd, nearly every member of which seems to become possessed of a passion to tickle his or her neighbor on the ear or in the neck with a peacock's feather. The buying and manipulation of the "tickler" are not confined to the lower Londoners. College boys out for a lark and clubmen, having disguised themselves, are especially adept at wielding the peacock feather.—London Letter.

Burning of Farms.

London, Dec. 12.—Forty-one proclamations of Lord Roberts have been published. They have been mostly summarized previously in the newspapers. The last one, dated November 18, says: "As there appears to be some misunderstanding as regards the burning of farms, the commander-in-chief wishes the following to be the lines upon which general officers commanding are to act:

"No farm is to be burned, except for an act of treachery, or when our troops have been fired on from the premises, or as punishment for the breaking of the telegraph or railway, or when used as a basis of operations for raids, and then only with the direct consent of the general officer commanding. The mere fact that a burglar is absent on command is on no account to be used as a reason for burning houses. All cattle, wagons and foodstuffs are to be removed from all farms. If that is impossible they are to be destroyed, whether the owner is present or not."

The Billiard Tournament.

The last game played in the present billiard tournament now on at the Regina Club was played Friday night when C. S. W. Barwell essayed to make 190 while E. C. Senkler was piling up 160. The result was that Senkler had made 160 while Barwell was striving to surmount 177.

The next game may be played tomorrow night and will be E. C. Senkler 160, vs. C. A. Dugas 110. The winner of this game will then play with W. H. McKay the final game of the tournament.

THE DR. BETTINGER MYSTERY

How the Evening Pipe Dreamer Thickens It.

Exclusive Telegraph Franchise Not Affected by Broken Wire—Wonder of the New Century.

The supposed disappearance from the trail between Dawson and Whitehorse of Dr. Joseph Bettinger, accounts of which have previously appeared in this paper, is sufficiently mysterious of itself with the intervention of the Daily News to further complicate the situation.

Yesterday we were rejoiced to read in the News and under a big heading the information that Dr. Bettinger was met on Lebarge on December 17th, just two weeks previous to yesterday, and further down in the same article the News assures us that "Mr. Fretwell's story sets at rest the apprehensions felt regarding Dr. Bettinger's supposed fate."

The above was pleasing to all who read it as people generally have manifested deep interest in the matter and many and profound have been the expressions of sorrow for the missing man and of sympathy for his wife, a bride of but a few weeks; therefore, the article in the News headed "Dr. Bettinger is All Right," was hailed with delight when it caught the eye of the public yesterday evening.

But the News did not stop with saying Dr. Bettinger is all right. The News has an "exclusive" franchise which is a wonder. Notwithstanding the fact that the telegraph wire was down continuously from Saturday until today, the News, by its "exclusive" franchise, received the following yesterday labeled "special to the Daily News":

"Skagway, Dec. 31.—Mrs. Bettinger, wife of the missing doctor, has sailed for Seattle and will enlist her brother in the search. They will probably return together."

The "exclusive" franchise, like young Lochinvar who came out from the west, is not easily downed. Broken wires are no obstacle to its working with the result that the News' readers are regaled with up-to-date telegraphic news regardless of broken wires.

An "exclusive" franchise is a great "ting."

But the question is: Which, if either, of the News' stories is to be relied upon. People would like to believe the one which says "Dr. Bettinger is all right," but 14 days after the News says he was met on Lebarge the News further says by its telegram, which is infallible because the product of an "exclusive" franchise, that the doctor never arrived and refers to him as the "Missing doctor."

It is a rule of philosophy that when bodies of equal weight and velocity come together they fall to the ground. This same rule applies to the News' conflicting stories of yesterday, and the only logical conclusion that can be reached is that the News never interviewed a man named Fretwell; neither did it receive the telegram, but that both stories were ordinary—very common News pipe dreams.

Meeting Night Changed.

At the last meeting the local camp of the Arctic Brotherhood the time for holding the regular meetings was changed from Friday to Tuesday nights. Today being a legal holiday no meeting will be held tonight. But hereafter a meeting will occur regularly each Tuesday night at 8 o'clock.

An Oriental Married.

Denver, Dec. 12.—Panay G. Voulo Vouraky, son and heir of Bee Vouraky, one of the hereditary chieftains of the Island of Crete, one of the best versed men of the day in the languages of the Orient, who has a record as a soldier under many flags and as an officer of the United States secret service, was married in Denver by Magistrate Rice to Mrs. Effie Cook, daughter of Fred Smith, and granddaughter of the late Col. McMartin of the British guards. They became engaged a week ago, having met last summer in Salt Lake. The couple will spend their honeymoon in Crete.

Vouraky has held positions as instructor in classics at Harvard University of Western Pennsylvania at Pittsburg and at Tulane University, New Orleans. At one time he served on the detective force in San Francisco and assisted in the arrest of Theodore Durant. Later he went into the United States secret service and was engaged in breaking up gangs of counterfeiters.