

The Klondike Nugget

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1900

A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trade held last night seemed to demonstrate very forcibly that interest in the organization is still alive and its members are ready and anxious to undertake and forward whatever movements may be suggested as conducive to the advancement of the city's interests. We are of the opinion that there is a field for very healthy activity on the part of the Board of Trade at the present time. Regardless of what the organization may accomplish in the way of securing alterations in the regulations which are enacted in Ottawa, there are important matters of a local nature to which the board may address itself with highly beneficial results.

President Fulda sounded a keynote when he stated in his address last evening that we must rely largely upon our own resources to secure the development of this country upon right and proper lines.

There is no gainsaying the fact that if a small portion of each year's output can be diverted for investment in local business enterprises, or, better, in the further development of our natural resources, there will be no occasion for seeking the aid of outside capital.

The men who have made their hundreds of thousands out of this country ought to be willing to re-invest a share of their profits. The country has certainly done well by them and a disposition to reciprocate ought to be made manifest among them. The theory has prevailed too long that the Yukon country is a country for a day only. A greater mistake has never been made. The city of Dawson and the Yukon territory are yet in their infancy, but already the evidences of permanence are being shown on all sides. A survey of the town as it appears today indicates conclusively that the majority of our people are here to stay. They recognize that wonderful stability which Dawson has displayed in the face of apparently unsurmountable obstacles, and their faith in the future of the town is stronger than ever.

The Board of Trade may very profitably begin a campaign of education with reference to the outlook for Dawson and the territory and the possibilities for investments. The facts in the case, supported whenever possible by figures and statistics, should be brought to the attention of local capitalists as well as outside investors. The co-operation of the former, as brought out so strongly by President Fulda last night, is especially needed. If men who have made money in the Yukon have sufficient confidence in the country to re-invest their earnings, an object lesson will be furnished sufficiently strong to induce all the outside capital to come in that is required; and on the other hand, if such men squeeze on to every dollar they get hold of and ship it out of the country, there is no occasion for wonder that outside capitalists are disposed to regard propositions from this country with askance.

President Fulda's suggestions are sound and will, we trust, be followed up promptly and effectively.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

It is not the Mongol subject that is the sick man; it is the Mongol lord. The yellow man, be he Turkoman, Tar-

tar, Manchu or Chinaman, has shown that he can live in all climates, that he can march through all climates, that he can keep on marching after the white man has dropped from exhaustion and that he can thrive where the white man will starve. What he can do, even when asleep, is indicated by the respectful forbearance of the Western nations when confronted by the battalions of "the Sick Man of Europe." What he can do when awakened is on exhibition in Japan.

With Slav rulers and leaders, with Slav generals and captains among the yellow men, the world may yet see its dream of reviving the languid East suddenly and disastrously realized. It is remembered in Europe that while the yellow man has not written all the history of the world he has been behind nearly all of it, the unseen hand that impelled its vast migrations. Once under Attila, again under Genghis Khan, again under Timour and again under the Othman Turks, he has swept like wind from the steppes across the face of the continent. His vigorous but transient dominion has been wider, for the moment, than any of the empires of antiquity. The Russians like to remind themselves that their country was united under the Mogul Tartars, not so many centuries since in one sway with both China and India, and in that precedent some of them profess to see a prophecy.

Viewing the Russian progress in Asia, Europe sometimes fears that it may rest more in the forbearance than in the weakness of some future czar, if it shall not behold uncounted millions of Asiatic warriors drawing rein again on the banks of the Danube. That is its nightmare, however fanciful it may prove to be. That is "The Yellow Peril."—New York Mail and Express.

The Yukon council, as at present constituted, is based upon a principle that is entirely wrong, and which is absolutely certain to work injuriously to the interests of the country. Every member of the council holds some other appointive position under the government and hence is morally certain to be bound, in a greater or less degree, to the wishes of the appointing power in determining his attitude toward local legislation. So many illustrations of this fact have come before the public at various times that no one who is in touch with current events will lack for specific instances. The council will never be properly constituted until its entire membership is elected by popular vote in the territory. When this is done there will be no room in the council for such obstructionists as Legal Adviser Clement.

An ancient legend relates how, in the days when Carthage threatened to become a serious rival of Rome, the old Roman consul was accustomed to end all his documents, whether public or private, with the sentence, "Carthage must be destroyed." It would be quite in order for citizens of the Yukon territory to pursue a similar course and append to their documents the inscription, "the royalty must be abolished."

A Primer Lesson.

See the man! Is the man a king that he walks with such pomp and splendor?
No, my child, the man is not a king.
Then, why does the man assume the air of a nabob—a poo-bah, so to speak?
That air, my child, is assumed by the man for the reason that he thinks he has the world by the tail with a down hill pull.
Is he the biggest man on earth?
No, he is not, except in his own estimation. Some day very soon he will get a call-ing down that will make him feel so small he will fall through a knot hole in the side-walk.
Alas, when that happens what will the Yukon do for a public administrator? But say, pa!
What, my child?
Won't you buy me a tin dog?

Hired the Press Censor.
The average newspaper man is usually about as quick witted as the next one. This was pretty well illustrated when the Chicago Record was placing its foreign correspondents. George Ade was sent abroad by Victor F. Lawson for that purpose. Ade did all right until he got into Serbia. There he found all the newspaper men in jail for "political offenses." He was in a quandry, so he cabled to Mr. Lawson:
"Newspaper men all in jail. Press censor very strict."
Lawson promptly cabled back:
"Make press censor correspondent." And Ade did it.—Inland Printer.
Potatoes, eggs, lemons. Mohr & Wilkens.

STROLLER'S COLUMN

"That claim," said Sheriff Billbeck, as he leaned back in his chair and looked the recent purchaser straight in the eye with unflinching modesty, "is, in all probability worth about \$20,000, and you have bought it for \$285. That's because you bought it of me, and I am a philanthropist." He looked longingly at the Stroller as he finished speaking and meditatively jingled a pair of handcuffs in his coat pocket. Then he spoke words, some of them being words of wisdom and others not so wise, and as he spoke the Stroller saw in a vision many tall piles of wood and men working with saws and axes thereon, and the vision in nowise pleased him. And it came to pass that the Stroller also grew wise like unto a serpent and he saw that it was good to think considerably along the same lines with the sheriff.

"I am the hardest working man in the employ of the government," said the sheriff; "I put in more hours in toiling for the good of the people than any other two men in Dawson." The Stroller said he had noticed that fact and had written home concerning it. As he said it a small still voice away down deep in his interior was asking if the sheriff was practicing a campaign speech. Then the sheriff spoke again and after that the small voice was stilled.

"I'm one of the very few men in Dawson who will invariably refuse to drink hooch." That settled the campaign idea, and the Stroller regarded the sheriff with deep interest.

"Sometimes I smoke," said the sheriff, and the look he fixed upon the Stroller's vest pocket was so filled with sinister meaning that there remained no room to doubt that robbery was contemplated. "I smoke," repeated the sheriff, reaching forth his hand towards the pocket. "Not with me," yelled the Stroller, and as he fled from the office two typewriters and a gum boot followed him together with the sheriff's blessing, which goes with everything which leaves the office.

Down at the S. Y. T. Co.'s dock there is a large gate which when closed, blocks the way of people not armed with a ticket for Nome or a written order from the company's high priest. The other evening when the Rock Island was about to sail, the Stroller strolled against the hard, unyielding surface of this gate and his lamentations were loud. Behind the gate stood a man with whiskers. He was the keeper of the portal and refused to open the same, saying he had allowed several to pass who could not give the countersign, and had been roasted.

"I see a man in there," said the Stroller, "who has tried to stowaway on every boat leaving this spring, including the Emma Nott."

"Hully gee! where!" exclaimed the man.
"May I be stricken blind," said the Stroller, "if there isn't a man the police want for doing business with marked cards; you'll get into trouble here if you're not careful. The gatekeeper was getting pale."

"Say, if I was in your place I'd go and jump in the Yukon. Do you realize, unhappy man, what you've done?" The man looked helplessly through the bars and said no.
"You have let a smallpox patient right in there among all those people."
"Holy padlock!" gurgled the gatekeeper as he tugged at his shirt collar in the most approved Horace Man style.
"I'll call Mr. Te Roi!"
"Here, come in here and let that man alone or I'll have you quarantined," said the dock captain, who had been listening, and the Stroller passed within the tall gate.

The advice given by the Stroller recently to intending candidates for a position on the board of the Yukon council was very favorably received by nearly all those interested, as 29 out of the 35 who had asked for information relative to the matter of conducting a campaign have either personally or by letter expressed their thanks for the pointers given. The thirtieth man, however, the other five not having been heard from, can not understand the instructions given. On the contrary, he exhibits a natural denseness that insures to him the Stroller's support in his candidacy, as he is wholly without guile; therefore, eminently qualified to sit as a member of the Yukon council. In his letter regarding the advice given to candidates he says:

"Now, do tell why a candidate should eat pie with a knife in order to endear himself to the common people? Besides, there is danger of his cutting his bloomin' mouth with the bloody knife, don't you know?"
"Again, the prescription you give for making a campaign drink might prove fatal and I would be arrested for manslaughter or some other beastly crime; Oh, Moses!"
"By Jove! If the baby looks like a man on the next claim, why shouldn't it be mentioned? I can't for me life see what would be wrong about speaking of it, for if the man on the next claim is good looking it would be a compliment to the baby, and its parents would certainly look at it as such, don't you know?"
"As for eating potato skins to avoid being called a plutocrat, I won't do it; by jove, I can't do it. If this is the road to travel to obtain a seat on the board of the Yukon council, I will not attempt it. I prefer to be a common clerk with no chance to steal—that is, not much chance, don't you know?"
"It is just this: If you can't devise any more easy method of campaigning, I will renounce my bloomin' candidacy; for, d— me if I will go out among the people and make a bloody bloke of myself for any job in the Yukon, outside of the governorship."

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