

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S FIFTEEN PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY
ALLEN BRON. Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.	
DAILY	
Yearly, in advance	\$40.00
Six months	20.00
Three months	11.00
For month by carrier in city, in advance	4.00
Single copies	.25
SEMI-WEEKLY	
Yearly, in advance	\$24.00
Six months	12.00
Three months	6.00
For month by carrier in city, in advance	2.00
Single copies	.25

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When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Dawson and the North Pole.

LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of anyone stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

PHRENOLOGICAL CALCULATIONS.

Our evening contemporary has branched out into an entirely new field with results which are simply fearful and wonderful. The News has a phrenologist editor who has been spending some time comparing the bumps which nature and years of hard usage have left upon the cranium of prisoner Geo. O'Brien, with those which are to be found upon different members of the News editorial and reportorial staff.

Like a true scientist the phrenological editor has given the results of his calculations without fear or favor. He has discovered by means of the unerring tape-line that prisoner O'Brien and the editor of the News have certain characteristics very much in common. The exact language used by the phrenological expert in this connection is extremely interesting and affords a wide field for speculation to those who may be given to that sort of diversion.

With much gravity the phrenologist gives us the following as the result of his observations:

"O'BRIEN'S HEAD MEASURES AROUND THE BASE—JUST A LITTLE BELOW THE HAT LINE—EXACTLY 22 INCHES. WE HEREBY PRESENT A CITIZEN (the editor of the News) MEASURED IN EXACTLY THE SAME WAY. THE MEASUREMENT IN THIS CASE GIVES 22 1/2 INCHES. THE CORRESPONDENCE IS STRIKING AND NO COMMENT IS NECESSARY."

The Nugget quite agrees with the phrenologist that "the correspondence is striking" and we confess to a distinct shiver when the full meaning of his words is forced upon it. Possibly the phrenologist is right in saying that "no comment is necessary," although we are inclined to the opinion that he owes it to the public to go somewhat further into the matter, and if possible allay any disquiet which his words may have awakened.

When it is remembered in connection with the foregoing that prisoner O'Brien and the editor of the News are fellow "townies," added significance is given to the phrenologist's observations. The Nugget is not an alarmist, and certainly it is far from our intention to stir up any feeling of general uneasiness. We do not believe that such feeling is necessary. As a matter of fact we are rather impressed with the idea that the phrenologist was working out some personal grievance as well as solving a scientific problem when he recorded his calculations.

This view is strengthened by the conclusion which the phrenologist reaches in comparing his own head with that of O'Brien. In making this comparison his published report reads as follows:

"Tracing men from the lowest types to the highest phrenologists declare that the nobler qualities lie on the top of the head and are the last to develop. Taking the opening of the ear as practically the base of the brain we find that O'Brien measures across the head from ear to ear exactly 12 1/2 inches. In comparison with this we give the head of the man who measured him—not as a model head, by any means, but from the idea that it would be a happy comparison—the measured

and the measurer. The one free of the jail as a trusted visitor to the condemned cell and the other in irons, awaiting a horrible doom.

"Cut No. 2 is the man who measured O'Brien being himself measured. The difference here is remarkable—16 1/2 inches as compared with 12. O'Brien is a smaller man, but, as was shown by his head around the base is normal. Now, up there where the tape line crosses phrenologists place the qualities of veneration, hope, spirituality, benevolence, etc. Draw your own conclusions."

The Nugget can best follow the modest example of the phrenologist and simply say "Draw your own conclusions."

THEY EXPECT MILLIONS.

Oh what a difference it will be in the morning after President Graves makes his report to the London directors of the White Pass railway company. In all probability it will take a good deal of diplomatic work for him to retain the very slight majority he now has on the board, as the showing of his mismanagement will not only be painfully apparent and conclusive, but it will arouse the ire of every member present. It will be hard to make them believe, in fact that they have not been in some way defrauded.

In the program for the present year's operations the directors were promised great things. On a very liberal scale of expenditures for improvements and a very conservative estimate of the total income, the latter footed up to \$4,250,000. That Mr. Graves started to squeeze this enormous sum out of the people of the Klondike is easily shown; that in so doing he was "killing the goose that laid the golden eggs"—as we have so often pointed out, is equally apparent. Instead of developing a profitable business on a basis of fair profits and reasonable dividends for many years to come, he has by his exorbitant charges for transportation almost brought to a standstill the development of the district, and has forced shippers to seek another route for the transportation of their supplies. Instead of a steady carrying business President Graves will have, if he is permitted to continue, a huge fleet of rotting steamers at Whitehorse and two streaks of rust across the summit to represent the assets of his company.

It is a curious and perhaps significant fact that the estimated income of the road this year is \$4,250,000, while the cost of the road was last year placed at \$4,406,000. That is to say, one year's income almost equals the whole cost of the enterprise. The London directors will of course expect this, and their expectations are now doomed to bitter disappointment. Last year the profits were a mere trifle of \$1,728,000; this year it should have been nearly three times as much.

How can a country be developed when its one infant industry has to bear such an enormous tax upon it? Therefore, when the company's officials talk in the government organ of their efforts to build up the country everyone knows how to value such flimsy designs to obtain money by false pretenses.

The railroad company has promised a reduction of rates for next year. Do not place any confidence in such statements. Even if partly carried into effect it would only be done to the prejudice of the lower river steamers. These wiped out by cut rates it could again promise its London directors a yearly dividend running into the millions.

The only way to bring the railroad to "reasonable" terms is to stimulate and maintain as much competition as possible in the transportation business.

The status of the great steel strike shows once more how it is the ignorant hot-heads who are most urgent for war,

while those who have come into most intimate contact with the strike and have to carry the responsibility for it grow in conservatism daily. Mr. Shaffer undoubtedly knows better what the strike means than he did when he ordered it. It is a sobering influence to know that you are responsible for the existence and the settlement of a disturbance of industry so vast as this is already, so incalculable as it may easily become. Therefore, Mr. Shaffer favors the agreement reached between himself and his associates on one side and the authorities of the steel company on the other. But the executive board is divided, and has refused so far to ratify the conclusions of these representatives of both parties, because there is a younger and more radical element, which knows less about strikes and is therefore in favor of continuing the fight.—P.-L.

Trouble at Nome.

It was three-quarters of an hour after sounding the gong for dinner at 12 o'clock noon in Nome, on Monday, the 21st, before Deputy Marshal W. S. Evans awoke to the fact that eight of Marshal Vawter's hangers had "blown the coop." Quick examination of the United States jail showed a hold in the ceiling above the second tier of cells, and a piece of corrugated iron directly above in the roof, having been loosened it was a simple matter to determine just how A. G. Bowers, Harry Davis, J. Sanders, T. Miller, W. May, J. Smith and Charles Libby had been able to take French leave of their dear friend, the marshal.

Now, Mr. Vawter thinks a great deal of these seven lads—so much, in fact, that he caused dodgers to be printed urging them to return to his hospitable roof, not necessarily the same way they went out, but in any old hurry-up manner—and \$600 reward was offered anyone who could induce them to retrace their steps.

Forty soldiers from the barracks reported for duty and were cut up into ten squads, under charge of a deputy marshal, and the search was commenced. Every cabin in town was examined but only one man of the seven came to light. Chas. Libby was found in a deserted tent back of the Frye-Brubn Company on the spit, and surrendered to Deputy Marshal Al Lowe without resistance. Scouting parties covered the hills and creeks, and Bob Warren at the head of Moonlight creek on Monday night came suddenly upon "Kid" May and J. Smith. Instead of obeying the command to halt the jail breakers took to their heels, and a shot sent by Warren took effect in May's jaw.

This settled the matter, and in a short time the wounded man and his pal were returned to the tender mercies of their host. Marshal Vawter has removed Chief Jailor Weingler in consequence of apparent neglect and appointed Al Lowe to fill the position.

Al Cody and Floyd Davis are scouting the country within a radius of 100 miles for the four desperadoes uncaptured.—Teller News.

A Case of Dollars.

Port Townsend, Aug. 6.—An effort made here yesterday to relieve the distress in which the San Francisco collier John A. Briggs has been suffering through a conflict with the sailors' union ended in naught today just when everything looked promising and everyone has concluded that the owners of the Briggs are not fighting on a principle, but that it is a question of saving dollars.

The union's demand of \$50 per man or the run to San Francisco and return fare on the steamer was refused. The vessel lay a week in Tacoma without getting a crew and then shifted to Seattle. Later she came here and in all has consumed 23 days in waiting. Yesterday a party of seven sea marines sojourning here offered to relieve the vessel by shipping before the mast. The list was led by Captain Rufus Calhoun, the owner of numerous vessels in the sugar carrying trade, and Captain Arthur M. Sewell, sole owner of the American ship Benjamin Sewell.

When these volunteered to ship before the mast several well known citizens followed agreeing to work the vessel to San Francisco for \$40 and a return passage. Sufficient men, many

former sailors, were secured, and Capt. Balch wired his owners that the citizens had volunteered to help him out providing their fares were paid home. Today a reply came announcing that George Pimmmer, the owner at San Francisco would accept the offer, but declined to pay the fares home.

The volunteers at once saw that it was dollars and not principle that was the main matter in the fight, and now the departure of the Briggs is an indefinite quantity. As the vessel idle is costing over \$100 a day, the poor policy of her owner in refusing to pay \$88 fare is apparent. Had the crew been shipped lively times were expected for it was rumored last night that the union would not have allowed the Briggs to go to sea with her amateur crew.

Excited Stockholders.

London, July 30.—At the first meeting of the creditors today and at a subsequent meeting of the shareholders of the Standard Exploration Co., one of the mining concerns known as the "Whittaker-Wright group," the official receiver made such astounding revelations that he drew from the excited shareholders demands for the lynching of the persons implicated. The receiver said that the estimated assets were farcical; the fourteen mines valued at £767,000 had earned nothing. The company started with a cash capital of £500,000, but the directors took little interest in the company's mines and devoted themselves to stock exchange speculation.

"And that is where your money is gone," said the receiver, "£288,000 was lost in differences in Lake Erie speculation and £250,000 was lost in differences in Cleodonia Copper. The total profits from speculations are £38,000, and the losses are £536,000."

After a few more such statements, which a shareholder said would "stagger humanity," another shareholder asked the receiver to prevent the directors from making away with their property, as it was reported they were doing.

"And these men are still at large," shouted another shareholder. "Yes, they are," came the answer, and immediately those present at the meeting rose to their feet shouting "Lynch them!"

It was an exciting moment for Lord Pelham Clifton, General Gough Bathurst and others who were attending the meeting. A storm of angry cries and hisses broke out, but the receiver finally succeeded in calming the shareholders by promising them every protection possible.

One of the most pleasant social functions given at Grand Forks this season was the musical entertainment given by Miss Case at the Presbyterian church Monday evening. Miss Case was very ably assisted by Mrs. McCloud and Messrs. Bell and Brown. Mr. Raymond presided at the piano. A large crowd was in attendance and all thoroughly enjoyed the finest musical treat which has gladdened the hearts of the residents of Grand Forks for a long time.

To close out quickly, I offer a lot of choice coffee at 35 cents per pound and roast mutton at \$5 per case of two dozen each. J. H. Booge, manager Yukon hotel.

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