

The Klondike Nugget

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.

From Friday's Daily.

THE QUESTION OF VOTING.

American and other alien residents of this city will greatly appreciate the action taken at the meeting in the Board of Trade Rooms last night in connection with the approaching incorporation of the city.

As will be noted by reference to another column of this paper it was resolved as the sense of the meeting that alien residents who are on the local assessment rolls for the payment of taxes on property in excess of \$1000 in value should be qualified to participate as voters in the coming election.

The Nugget believes that the nature of the situation is well understood by all residents of Dawson who may be classed as aliens. They are in no position to make demands for the extension of the rights and privileges of suffrage, and if such privileges are granted, it will be entirely a matter of graceful courtesy on the part of the Yukon council.

It may be said, however, that the peculiar conditions which exist in this community warrant the council in following the line of action indicated by the resolution in question. A municipality may be defined as a corporation in which the tax payers occupy the position of stockholders.

The rights enjoyed by a town government are so limited that no question of federal or territorial policy can possibly be affected. It is simply a matter of securing a certain amount of revenue, to be expended for the benefit of the particular community in which the money is raised and it is quite natural that those who contribute should desire some voice in the selection of the men who are to be authorized to expend the funds so raised.

It would be quite unreasonable to expect, and we feel very safe in saying that no one desires that aliens should be permitted to stand as candidates for office. But the privilege of voting for local officers may be conceded to taxpayers generally, irrespective of nationality, without any sacrifice of principle, and it is not difficult to cite numerous precedents in support of this view. It is unnecessary to point out the extent and value of alien interests in this city.

An examination of the tax rolls will disclose the fact that the greater share of taxation rests upon American and other foreign citizens, and it would seem quite in accordance with the general fitness of things that this peculiar situation should be given some recognition.

ST. ANDREW'S.

Tonight will witness Dawson's grandest social pageant of the year, St. Andrew's ball. For four successive years this function has been observed in this city and each year with increasing pomp and splendor.

Strangers who have been in Dawson only a short time will wonder at the magnificence which will be displayed at the ball this evening. They will marvel at the richness of the costumes and the decorations, and will find difficulty in persuading themselves that they are really in Dawson and not some metropolitan center.

But to those who know the history of the town, who know the substantial nature of the foundations upon which it has been built, and who realize the wonderful strides that have been made along every line of economic and social development the glories of

the great event will be accepted as a matter of course. St. Andrew's ball may be accepted as a fair criterion of the material condition of the community. Dawson is a busy, thriving, prosperous town and that prosperity will be well reflected tonight.

The telegraph line is down and the mail has not yet been up this winter. The expression "Klondike isolation" seems to have some meaning after all.

Thanksgiving day was quietly but generally observed in Dawson. This city had particular reasons for rejoicing, and the occasion was honored in a fitting manner.

A Tale of Two Tickets.

Horace Turner and the lady whom he called an angel, years ago, moved out of Evanston about the first of June for the summer. Mr. Turner bought a railroad commutation ticket for the purpose of saving money. There were 60 rides on the ticket which cost him \$6.

"I won't use all these rides," he explained to his wife, "but I'll come pretty near it—near enough to bring the fare down to 11 or 13 cents a ride anyway. You see, if we go into the city to the theater or if I have to go in on Sunday I can just use my commutation ticket, and it'll be just the same as if I rode free."

That was reasonable enough, but Mr. Turner didn't happen to go into the city during the month of June, and the consequence was that he had about a dozen rides left on his ticket when the month was ended.

But he didn't mind that. He felt that he was ahead of the game anyway, and he went up to the station on the 1st of July and bought another monthly ticket, promising himself to even things up by doing more extra riding on Sunday and at night. Meanwhile he kept his old ticket in his pocket, having forgotten all about it.

One day when the weather changed he put on a heavier suit of clothes. When he was riding into the city the next morning, he handed out his ticket, to be punched and kept on reading his paper as he did so.

"This is last month's ticket," the conductor informed him. "It's no good."

Then Mr. Turner looked and saw that it was so. He felt for his July ticket but couldn't find it. Evidently he had fished the wrong one from his pocket when he had changed his clothes. He tried to convince the conductor that he was an honest man and would permit his good ticket to be punched next time, but it was a useless effort.

If he had been a pretty young woman, his plea might have counted for something. As he was the rules had to be observed. So he paid the full cash fare, handed the old ticket into his pocket and told several passengers who sat near him that robbers the railroad companies were.

He happened to think of his ticket before he left home the next morning and rode into the city without any trouble. During the day he had occasion to rummage in his pocket for a letter and while doing so he fished out a railroad ticket.

"There's that confounded old June ticket again," he said. "I'll just tear it up, so that I won't make another mistake when I change my clothes again."

He ripped it into bits without looking at it a second time and forgot it until he was going home at night. When the conductor came along, Mr. Turner handed out his ticket and looked at the headlines in his paper.

"This is no good," said the man with the pencil. "That month's." Horace Turner looked. There was prima facie evidence that he was unable to shatter. Then he paid his fare again and made a solemn vow that he would never buy a commutation ticket as long as he lived.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Unreasonable Request.

"Colonel," she said when they were alone on the stairway. "Father tells me you are a man who never fails. He says when you undertake to carry a point you carry it, that if you are sent to raise a siege you raise it, and he says he believes if you were sent out to find the north pole you would hoist the flag on it."

"Yes," the bluff old soldier replied. "That's me, and when I want to get out of a corner I escape. Excuse me, over there's a friend of mine that I want to see on particular business." Chicago Record-Herald.

Stroller's Column.

The subject and question of the day! My St. Andrew's outfit and how to pay for it.

The other day a gentleman from the creek called on the chairman of the St. Andrew's Society of Dawson, Mr. R. P. McLeeman. That the gentleman was a foreigner was evident from the foreign look and other foreign substance on his face.

"Be you da president of da St. Andrew's Society for prevention of cruelty to dogs?" asked the fellow whose head proclaimed him to be a "square" and upright man.

"I have the honor of being president of the St. Andrew's Society," replied R. P., "but as yet we have

not added a canine department. However, what can I do for you?"

"Ae thank Ae buy a tucket an' go da ball. How much da price?"

"Fifteen dollars from your inside pocket," replied the president, "or an ounce of dust."

"Fifteen hales!" said the man formerly from Norseland but latterly of Hunker. "Ae not pay fifteen tollar to see a circus, nor da half of it to see a St. Andrew's ball. For fifteen tollar Ae can put a nudder hole to bedrock. Ae like da Scotch, but Ae radder tak five tollar more an' buy a

young man came up to impart some fresh heat to the chair, she would exhibit for his edification some article of her ball costume. A puckered waist, a one-button-cut-away dress, a bit of lace trimmed lingerie, a dainty pair of slippers or some other article equally attractive to the average masculine eye, would be seen in various parts of the room. And yet, the young man, having switched from lawn tennis suits to hockey sticks, said nothing about the St. Andrew's ball. He said he had found a new brand of chewing gum and would not

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give me a cold, don't you know? Besides, we have a game of hockey on for Saturday. I really think I will go to St. Andrew's ball next year."

The young lady hastily gathered up her finery and asked to be excused for the evening. She realized that all her St. Andrew's ball aspirations were knocked into the middle of some future period for her parents were not going; and as she bathed her pillow in salt tears that night and thought of how she, single-handed and alone, had held down the sofa and listened to oat meal mush-talk for the past six months she resolved that the next thing in pants that comes smooching around her parlor will declare its intentions in the early part of the game.

The Stroller probably gets as much advice as any other man of his age and experience in Dawson and now he is going to reciprocate by offering a suggestion. It is this: That on the Dawson stage all flippant allusions and reference to the late Islander disaster be eliminated. That is all.

Ben Davis and his partner own claim 21 on Stowe creek. It is as yet unprospected, therefore, it may be rich or otherwise. Ben has the reputation of being "next" on many things and of being hard to head off in the matter of peddling.

One day lately he was in a First Avenue "crash" store when a miner came in for a drink. He bore with him the aroma of fresh earth and in many respects gave evidence of his occupation. He was asked where he had been for some weeks and in reply stated that he had been prospecting his claim, 22 Stowe creek. Being further questioned, he reluctantly admitted that he had struck bedrock and in a low, guttural whisper further admitted that he had been rewarded with gold from \$3.25 to 17.50 per pan.

Then it was that Ben Davis jumped up on top of the table by which he was sitting and yelled until he was hoarse, winding up by inviting everybody in the house to drink with him.

"You found \$7.50 to the pan on 22 and we own 21. Have another round, gentlemen and then smoke. I am the people and don't you forget it!"

Half an hour later Ben discovered that he had been made the victim of a foul conspiracy and that the miner who had been employed to do the acting is working a lay on Dago Hill. Davis' enthusiasm cost him \$18, which is more than he could get for No. 21 on Stowe.

Not According to Rules.

"Tickets!" There was something resolute and commanding in the tone of the conductor of the famous express train as he uttered the word upon flinging open the door.

The broad-shouldered, firm jawed veteran conductor of the line looked so businesslike that the passengers in the crowded coach at once got busy hunting up their tickets, and when the conductor reached them they all had their pasteboards ready.

All but one. This was a ruddy faced, well groomed, fine looking old gentleman with white whiskers.

He fumbled in his wallet for his ticket, but it wasn't there. Then he began a hurried search of his pockets. He appeared to be unsuccessful.

"By ginger!" he was heard to mutter. "I'm almost certain that I brought those."

And then he stood up and made a systematic search of his pockets, turning over old, dog eared letters, formal looking papers and heavy looking envelopes tied up with red tape.

But he didn't find what he was looking for. They he clawed his Gladstone bag down from the rack above his head, fished at the lock and finally got in open. He spent five minutes in turning the contents of the bag topsyturvy, perusing all the titles and muttering things that wouldn't go for a minute in a family newspaper that has a large circle of young readers.

"Tickets!" The broad shouldered, firm jawed veteran conductor of the line was towering right over the well groomed old gentleman with the ruddy face and white side whiskers.

"Haven't got any ticket, dang it!" growled the well groomed old gentleman. "Lost it, I guess. But here's my card." And the old gentleman handed the conductor his pasteboard, which set forth the fact that he was the first vice president of the road.

Now, right at this point in the narrative, if the writer were to let the truth get away from and follow the inevitable rule in such cases made and provided, he would have the conductor remark grudgingly to the old gentleman that, card or no card, vice president or no vice president, he'd have to show something entitling him to a ride on the line or be put off at the next station. Then the writer would have gone on to narrate how the old gentleman was filled with admiration over the conductor's strange sense of duty and how he coughed up his fare in good money and how two days later the conductor found him self appointed division superintendent.

However— "Oh, very well, sir," said the conductor, bowing and scraping profusely as he turned the card over in his hand. "Don't mention it. Thanks. The pleasure is mine. Of course, you probably dropped the pass somewhere. But it's all right. Are you comfortable, sir? Is the porter taking prop-



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