

The Nugget this year proposes to offer fifty dollars for a song.

This Yukon territory, in the growth and prosperity of which every inhabitant takes the very deepest interest, has been celebrated the world over by newspapers and magazines, and books even, have been devoted to descriptions of its wonderful richness.

But its praises have never yet been set to music.

It is for the purpose of remedying this oversight that the Nugget makes its present offer.

We desire to publish a song which will represent to Yukon what the "Maple Leaf" is to the Dominion, what "America" is to the United States, and what "God Save the King" or "Rule Britannia" are to Great Britain.

The prize of fifty dollars will be offered for the words only. The music will be cared for later on.

We therefore invite every poet in the territory in whom the divine spark has been planted to call upon the muse and compete for the prize.

Please note the following conditions:

- (1). The song is to contain five stanzas.
- (2). No limitation is to be placed as to the metre or length of the verses.
- (3). Manuscripts signed with nom de plume and accompanied by sealed envelope containing real name and nom de plume must be received at this office not later than December 20th.

A competent committee of judges will be selected to decide upon the merits of the verses submitted and the award will be made in accordance with their decision.

Everyone who desires may compete and we hope that a lively interest in the contest will be awakened.



CAREER STEEPED IN CRIME

Ralph E. Cummings, Local Actor Has Murdered Thousands.

During Six Years of His Life He Killed From 50 to 100 Persons Every Week—Strangled Babies.

Ralph E. Cummings, the popular actor of the Bitter stock company, is not yet 30 years old, but during six years of successful villainy—stage villainy—he has already stained his young life with a score of crimes at which the imagination shudders. It was only by the most strenuous effort and the sacrifice of a lucrative engagement that he was able to reform and become a virtuous hero.

"I look back at that period of my career with remorse," said Mr. Cummings yesterday to a Herald reporter, "but still I cannot help feeling a pride in my criminal record, which I believe, has been seldom equaled. During my six years of villainy I have killed no less than 240 men, women and children, and exactly \$17,398,235.92 in cash, in my nothing of bonds, wills, prizes, guns, gold mines and other things of that sort. For six years I continued my mad career of crime. The police were powerless to check it. Six nights in a week and at the two theatres I made strenuous and successful efforts to exhaust the penal code. Every conceivable crime from bank robbery up to bank robbery, from homicide down to child beating, and my nightly amusements. I did everything wicked but life people, not that my bloodthirsty nature revolted at that form of felony, but because playrights, for some reason, kept giving the stage villain opportunities for martyrdom.

"My lines consisted chiefly of 'Revenge,' with a roll 'A man will come,' etc., and I nearly ruined my teeth by constantly grinding them. I passed my life with sailing ships with all hands on board, robbing defenseless widows of their estates and stealing valuable papers with large red seals on them. I spoiled old gentlemen, sending addresses to the laudic as they poisoned innocent babes, turning brown-eyed heroes to the rage of distraction; setting fire to the home of the beautiful factory girl who refused to marry me; chopping railroad bridges and stabbing people who were looking the other way at the time; but train-wrecking with the master of a faithful old switchman was perhaps my favorite and most habitual crime. So faithful was I in this branch of my vocation that the stage locomotive would always have to go to the round house for repairs, while I had to fall back on child beating in order to retain popular favor. The worst of it was that the faithful old switchman and I were room mates, yet during a period of three weeks I butchered him four times, eighteen evenings, six matinees. You see we ran the railroad dramas in succession. In the first the railroad employee was murdered; then I maliciously and repeatedly threw two trainloads of people into a rocky gorge 2000 feet deep. The hero got left at the last stop and the slaughter went to work. He arrived with some policemen in time to capture me. The next week the switchman was sandwiched and placed under a trestle, his hands were ground to atoms except the hero; he was not on board. In other ways I swam through the 'sea of gore.'"

"I delighted in exercising an evil influence over dissolute characters whose habits had been weakened by me. Urged on by me these poor wretches would steal valuable papers, strangle new-born babes, but whenever these dissolute characters returned to murder a certain person and would not later, to his great grief, that the intended victim was his own father. Robbing a bank, laying

TO DEVELOP ELECTRICITY

A Great Scheme Formulated by Captain Powers.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 5.—The invention of Captain Powers of this territory to utilize the speed of a vessel through the water to generate electric power, seems to be going abegging. A lay mind is convinced when talking to Capt. Powers that he has something to show the world that will make them stare. On the other hand, although many engineers have spoken approvingly of the invention, others have turned it down. Capt. Powers, however, is quite fair in the matter. He challenges any one in America to prove that his invention is not right.

The following is a description of the invention in his own words: "Give a vessel passing through the water at ten knots an hour or seventeen feet per second, or 1013 feet per minute. She has a certain pressure on her bow and a small suction at cut two holes in her at either end and place therein tubes as far in the sides as possible and on doors so they could be utilized for wing keelons and make ends flush with outer plating and allow the water to pass freely through the open tubes, aided as it would be by the suction of a propeller; it would pass at about the rate of speed of the vessel itself. The friction in the tubes would be overcome by the suction.

"Then stop the tubes in the middle. The tubes being filled by a solid body of water which would form a cushion at the bow, while the water on the outside being unable to enter would follow the outline of the vessel and would therefore offer little resistance to the onward motion. Now open the tubes and allow the water to surge through on a turbine or other wheel in the tubes at the full velocity that could be produced by the passage of the vessel through the water. (The pressure of the bow plates thrown on the turbine.) The wheel must rotate with great velocity and being connected with a generator would produce electricity. The electricity thus produced would not be applied directly, but would be stored and taken from here to any machine required.

"According to books—on turbines, water at a speed of ten knots or seventeen feet per second would pass 706 cubic feet of water through a 19-inch tube in a minute, and a turbine of the same diameter would pass 792 cubic feet of water, giving 822 revolutions, 17 horse power and a pressure equal to 60 feet head. It simply becomes a question of increased size of pipes and speed to produce the power of a Niagara. The above data is given for one tube and as two are required, one on each side of the ship, the power would be doubled. The momentum of a vessel under full steam must be considered and the vessel's weight. It must be also remembered that it is not the motion of the water in the tubes that generates the power, but the speed or onward rush of the vessel that carries the tubes through the water.

"Water issuing from a nozzle one and one-half inches in diameter at the rate of 1000 feet per minute would give force enough to kill a man at 100 feet. As ten knots represents a speed or flow of water of 1013 feet per minute, such an amount of water thrown into a turbine must produce a large amount of power. The claim is that the power is taken alone from the weight and momentum of the vessel.

Capt. Powers has taken out a patent for his invention in the United States but not in Canada. Several engineers of prominence here have pronounced Capt. Powers' scheme feasible but no money has been forthcoming for the purpose of making a thorough practical test.

Toys of all descriptions at Gardner's.

GREAT WEALTH OF THE EARTH

Many Who Have Floated to Fortune on Oil.

Rockefeller Stands at the Head of List But There Are Many Others Who Have Made Fortunes.

"There are more millions in oil than have ever been got out of all the world's gold mines," is the startling assertion of Mr. John Rockefeller, who certainly knows more about the financial possibilities of oil than any other man living, and who owes probably \$40,000,000 of his colossal fortune to this source.

At a time when hundreds of men are floating to fortunes on oil it may be interesting to recall some of the early romances of this million-making industry.

Half a century ago a firm of New York druggists had discovered the medicinal virtues of certain mineral oil they found floating on the surface of a spring in Pennsylvania, which they used in the manufacture of a wonderful preparation known as "Mustang Liniment," but it was not until 1858, when the drug company had sold the property on which the spring was, that the world awoke suddenly to discover the fabulous riches that lay hidden in the oil-fields of Pennsylvania.

It was Colonel Drake who first tapped this inexhaustible reservoir of wealth when, in July, 1859, he reached the first drill, and after reaching a depth of 70 feet was astounded and delighted to see the oil gushing forth at the rate of hundreds of barrels a day, every barrel of which represented \$24.

The news of his good fortune spread all over the country with the rapidity of lightning, and the oil fever began to run riot in the veins of thousands. Men who had secured a penny in the world found themselves potential millionaires in a day; and land which one day could scarcely find a purchaser at a pound an acre could scarcely be bought the next for as much gold as would pave it.

One of the pioneer millionaires of Oil Creek was Jim Sherman, who had a lease of a few barren acres known as Foster's Farm. In return for an eighth share of the profits he purchased an engine and began to sink a well for the oil which he was convinced was to be found under his land; but his small capital was exhausted before any trace of the oil was seen.

In vain he offered a sixteenth interest in his well for \$40. The best offer he received was \$12 and a shotgun, which he accepted, selling the gun for \$3. When this money was exhausted he sold another sixteenth share in exchange for a horse, which he sold for \$20, and had just reached the end of his tether again when, to his delight, the well began spouting at the rate of 1,500 barrels a day.

For two years the well continued flowing, yielding more than 3,000,000 barrels of oil, which sold at an average price of \$4 a barrel. Thus, during two years alone, the lucky Sherman and his partners realized \$1,600,000, the owner of the horse receiving \$100,000 for his bargain and the owner of the gun getting back more than 33,000 times its value.

Another pioneer of the early sixties was Jim Farr, a teamster, who owned a few acres in the oil-district. He offered to sell his farm to his employers for a sum of \$500, and when for oil himself, and within a few days the well was producing at the rate of 2,000 barrels a day, each day's revenue being at least four times the sum which Farr had been willing to sell his farm for.

Another team driver, called Farrell, was equally fortunate. With his savings of \$40 he purchased an eighth interest in the Foster Farm, before the Sherman well made it the most valuable piece of land almost in the world. Within a short time Farrell was making an income of over \$140,000 a year from royalties from wells put down on his land; but the money which came so easily was squandered recklessly, and, like many of his fellows, he died a pauper.

Perhaps the most romantic story in connection with oil fortunes is that of the "Coquette" Well. The brother of the superintendent of the Hyde and Egbert property was on the point of seeking his fortune in the oil-country when he dreamed a strange dream. He was pursued by an Indian, armed with a tomahawk, and was on the point of being overtaken and killed when a beautiful girl appeared mysteriously and as mysteriously vanished, after handing him a rifle, with which he promptly shot the Indian; while at his very feet a fountain of oil gushed forth and flooded the land.

When he reached the Hyde and Egbert Farm and was being conducted over it by his brother, the superintendent, he suddenly exclaimed, "It is the very spot, the very spot!" He told his brother of his strange dream and pointed out the exact spot from which the oil gushed. At his urgent request a well was sunk at this spot, and within a few hours the "Coquette" Well, as it was christened, was yielding 3,000 barrels a day. So rich, in fact, was the well that after its proprietors had divided a million dollars they sold a twelfth

DEEDS LEFT WITH HIM

curiously enough, among the papers were the receipts for rent for a great many years past. During the night the old miser suddenly died.

The executors made some inquiries respecting this particular house, but were told they were in error in supposing it belonged to the estate of the deceased. If they thought they were not mistaken, would they produce some proof of their claim? Nothing could be found and the matter dropped, and the lucky owner "acquired" a valuable piece of property.—Ex.

People Who Steal Houses.

In December of 1898 an enterprising gentleman received a sentence of 12 months' imprisonment for stealing two houses in the north of London! Finding there was no one in charge, he calmly erected a boarding house and then razed them to the ground. The law had never anticipated such and he could not be indicted. Stealing the bricks, however, came "within the Act," and it was for doing this he retired at Her Majesty's expense.

One Way of Stopping the Question.

"Hot day," said a stout man to a fellow passenger in a crowded omnibus.

"Hot day," said the first, something louder.

"Excuse me, I'm somewhat deaf and hardly caught your meaning. What did you say?"

"I say it's a hot day!" shouted the fat man, getting red in the face as everyone in the omnibus looked up.

"Ah, yes, how much must you pay? Three pence is the fare."

Whereupon the corpulent individual said some strong words under his breath and got out of the vehicle.

"Yes," said the stout man, gently, addressing the other passengers, "that's the tenth man within an hour that's told me it was a hot day."

"I found out the cost of those roses," said the girl with the real blond hair, "but I can't say that the information has done me any good."

"No?" said the other girl.

"No, not a bit. If at that price they were more than he could afford, there is no use to think of marrying him, and if they were not more than he could afford he does not love me."

The Difference—Pater: "You are very forward, sirs. In my day the young man waited until he was asked to call."

Young Man: "Yes, and now he waits until he's asked not to call."

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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GET ONE Before They Are All Gone. **Only \$3.00 Each!**

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Steam Pipe 1/4 to 8 inch. Steam-Hose 1/4 to 2 inch. Giant Powder Caps and Fuse.

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Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901—Week Days Only.

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FOR GRAND FORKS 9 a. m. every other day, Sundays included.

FOR QUARTZ CREEK 9 a. m. every other day, Sundays included.

Sunday Service—Leave for soon and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.

ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 6.

Watches set by departure and arrival of our stages.

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WARM AND COLD STORAGE

PATRONS OF THE Bay City Market

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TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

Regina Hotel...

J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.

Dawson's Leading Hotel

American and European Plan, Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.

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Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering

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All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers

...Rochester Bar...

During the Holiday season, in addition to the usual good 25c drinks I will sell

...AT \$2.50 Per Bottle.

THE CELEBRATED

Hoig & Hoig Scotch Whisky

—ALSO—

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...At \$2.50 Per Bottle.

Having a large stock of liquors on hand I propose to give the public a cheap buy.

BILLIE BAIRD, Prop.

HICKS & THOMPSON, Props.

Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE HUNTER AND DOMINION

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Arrives Caribou 4:00 p. m.

Leaves Caribou Hotel 8:30 a. m.

Arrives Dawson 3:00 p. m.

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High-Class, Honest Goods.

Mitts, Caps, Moccasins and Furnishing Goods.

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