

## THE LEADER OF THE STRIKE

Theodore Shaffer, the Man Who Controls 50,000 Ironworkers—Was Formerly a Methodist Preacher and Knows How to Exhort His Men—Has Many Peculiarities.

Everybody in the iron and steel business and especially in the labor organizations connected therewith, calls him "Dorry" Shaffer. His name is Theodore J. Shaffer, and his title, President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, a rather imposing list of words to be tacked to the name of any one man.

Still very few call him Mr. Shaffer, and nobody calls him Theodore. He is half fellow, well met, with everybody, and, at that, is not too undignified. He used to be a minister, and his manner of greeting a stranger is the glad-to-see-you, come-and-join-us method of the campaigning exhorter. When he was a boy he worked in the iron mills. Then, in early manhood, he studied theology and preached in Methodist pulpits for eight years. After that his health broke and he kept a grocery store. He made some money, but the old liking for the iron mills came back and he went to work rolling again. He has always been a good union man, and his education and natural ability made him most valuable to the Amalgamated Association when the complicated question of scales came up each year. When President Garland retired Shaffer was made president of the association. He is 45 years old now.

Shaffer got his education under tremendous difficulties. He had to support a widowed mother and some younger brothers and sisters. When he became imbued with the idea that he had a call to preach the Gospel he was a roller's helper, aged 17. He went to see a Methodist minister of his acquaintance and was told just what he would have to do. He was getting good money—four or five dollars a day—in the mills. If he gave that up there would be no income for the family. So he took a night-shift job and went to the Wesleyan Theological College here in the daytime. When he went on at night he took his books with him and worked out his Latin conjugations with chalk on the houseings of his mill. There too he solved his problems in algebra and studied the art of sentence-making. He always had a book on rhetoric with him. He had a certain rude facility of speech and composition and he studied assiduously to perfect himself. At night, when the great rolls were slowly turning out the sheet steel, he declaimed amid the clamor of the mill and cultivated a power of throat and lung that enables him to be heard when a thousand noisy ironworkers are gathered in front of him.

Shaffer is a tall man, nearly six feet in his stockings. He is broad across the shoulders and has an oval chest and the slight stoop of the man who has done much heavy work with his hands. His hair was red when he was a boy. Manhood changed it to that indefinite, indeterminate color the Scotch call "sandy." His complexion is light, and the red stubble of his beard hides his cheeks the peculiar mottled appearance of the strong man whose hair is light. His hair is the most noticeable thing about him. It is thick and bushy and is swept back from his high forehead in a careless wave. His eyes are gray and far apart. His nose is long and sharp. His cheeks are hollow and there are deep depressions under his eyes. His arms are long and ungainly and his hands huge and knotted. He walks with quick stride, and at times almost runs, so great is his enthusiasm to get to the place for which he has started.

Shaffer speaks well. His eloquence is like that of Bryan. He has the same sort of a musical, well-modulated voice, and when he talks seems to get into a frenzy of inspiration and rolls out his words so fast it is often difficult to follow him. The ministerial teaching has left its impress on him. His talks to the ironworkers are interspersed with references to the Almighty and he makes frequent Biblical allusions. At times he seems almost to be preaching a sermon. Then suddenly he cuts loose in the familiar talk of the iron-men and exhorts them to stand by and organize, just as a roller would talk to a puddler or a heater.

Shaffer when he was in the iron mills worked all about Pittsburgh. He was in the mills at McKeesport and at Wellsville. In 1868 he worked as a riveter on the big Pittsburgh and Allegheny bridge. The men in this section all know him, and when he goes on the platform he is greeted with cries of: "Hello, Dorry, do you remember old times?" or "Hello, Dorry, you're getting thin, old man!"

He does odd things. Sometimes he rushes out of headquarters, trailed by

a dozen reporters, literally jumps down the two flights, gallops up the street into one of the alleys with which the older portion of Pittsburgh abounds comes to a dead wall and then turns and grins at his pursuers.

On Tuesdays when Shaffer was preparing his great strike order, he shut himself in his room and would see nobody. Word had leaked out that the order was being prepared, and the news which had been printed in the Evening World, was telegraphed back here. Two newspaper correspondents, after Shaffer had refused to see them a dozen times, rapped loudly at his door. Shaffer came himself and opened it just a crack. "I'm too busy!" he shouted half a dozen times. "I haven't time!"

He was told politely that it wouldn't take half the time to say "yes" or "no" to the question he had been asked that he was consuming in protesting he was too busy to be seen. Suddenly Shaffer threw the door wide open, shouting, "Oh, well, come in if you want to," and literally ran into the inner room, slamming the door behind him. He wore a pink striped shirt without any coat, and his suspenders were hanging down his back. His hair looked like a mussed wig. Shaffer then opened the inner door cautiously and laughed. Ten minutes later he came on into the room set apart for the reporters, went solemnly to the water cooler and drank a glass of ice water, turning as he did so and saying: "Boys, I'll treat you. It's my turn. Have some ice water with me." That is one of his stock jokes, and it moves him to prodigious laughter every time he gets it off.

Shaffer has a brain that works as quick as lightning. He sees through a proposition in a minute and gives a direct answer, almost before the statement being made to him is finished. He is clumsy and almost uncouth at times in his dealings with men, for he has none of the finesse of other labor leaders. He jumps out right and left without regard to whom he may hurt. He has never before this been accustomed to seeing press men, except the labor men for the various Pittsburgh papers, all of whom he knows intimately and who meet with him as personal friends rather than as newsgatherers. Consequently when a lot of out-of-town correspondents begin to ask him rapid-fire questions he prances around and gets excited and at times vehement. He is so thoroughly impressed with the right of his cause that he cannot see how any newspaper can print either editorially or in its news columns, any criticism of the Amalgamated Association, and when he sees such criticism he takes it as a personal affront and gives the correspondent of the offending paper a rating every time he sees him.

A week or so ago Shaffer disguised himself and went to McKeesport. He put on an old suit of clothes and grimed his face. Then he added to the makeup the most remarkable set of false whiskers ever seen off the vaudeville stage. To this day nobody understands why he rigged himself up as he did. Everybody in McKeesport knew him as soon as he stepped off the train. When he is asked why he went to McKeesport looking like the hobo half of the variety team of McSwat and McSwulligan he laughs and doesn't answer.

He is the wildest sort of an enthusiast. He believes absolutely that everything connected with the Amalgamated Association is exactly right and that the Steel Trust in this present argument is absolutely wrong. No one can convince him that he has a chance to lose. So fervent is he that he said in a speech to the Clark Mills strikers on Friday night: "Rather than sign a scale that does not include every man on strike or going on strike I would give up my place as president of the Amalgamated Association." He meant it, too.

**Dissolution of Partnership.**  
Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Alfred Jarvis and Wm. Grant under the firm name of Jarvis & Grant, freighters and packers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

Wm. Grant will continue the freight business, all debts due the firm of Jarvis & Grant to be paid to Alfred Jarvis who will pay all bills owing by the firm.

ALFRED JARVIS,  
WM. GRANT.  
Dawson, Aug. 23, 1905.

Send a copy of Gutzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands.

Wanted—10,000 gummy sacks. Highest price paid. N. A. T. & T. Co.

## EAGLES ENTERTAIN

Fine Time Enjoyed by Local Aerle Sunday Evening.

The Dawson Eagles gave a smoker Sunday evening, after the business of the Aerle was concluded, and for original wit and substantial enjoyment it was one of the best that has been held. Eddie O'Brien came out strong in a new song touching the merits of the organization; also John Mulligan sang an original string of verses, and Fred Green, who is always original, improvised verses on everybody and everything.

All this originality did not come together, but was dotted at sustainable distances on a well-arranged program that embraced "turns" by Gus Saville of the Orpheum; Al Clarke of the fire department; Mr. Williams of the Cummings Co.; and Mr. Bohman of the Standard Stock Co., the latter of whom gave a scene from "The Bell of Corvillie." Mr. Clayton of the Cummings Company was compelled to respond to an encore after a masterly recitation. Mr. Tozier also recited and Harry Palmer, Mr. Charles Brown, Mr. Sedley, Mr. King and others were also on this excellent program. An orchestra of twelve pieces from the "different theaters furnished the music.

**Gold Run Society Event.**

A grand opening ball was given by Messrs. Chute and Willis in their new hotel, 27 Gold Run, last Friday evening, and the elegantly equipped parlors and hall were thronged, many of the guests coming from Sulphur, Dominion, Roy and Quartz creeks as well as from Caribon City and Dawson. After the building had been inspected and complimented the ball was opened and a most enjoyable evening was spent. A supper was served at midnight and dancing continued until the next day. The guests were so numerous it was impossible to secure the names of the gentlemen, but the ladies present were: Mesdames Jerome, Chute, Linsey, Lowmy, Coole, Thomas, Dr. Lambert, Douglass, Colwell, Taylor, Mosier, Jamison, Paquet, Sybil, Robinson, Kelly, McGinnity, Rutledge and Rydberg, Sullivan, Sloogy, Keeny, Cotwell, Robinson, Ness, Bryanson, Crane and Forkleison.

**A Sewell Road House.**

Tardell Bros. have completed their new roadhouse on 61 below Bonanza and it stands today the finest roadhouse on any creek in the territory. The place is fitted up like a modern hotel with finely furnished rooms and restaurant and bar attached. Mr. Tardell has inaugurated a new feature in the roadhouse business and this is no less than introducing bath tubs for the use of his guests. This addition to the usual accommodations of a roadhouse will be hailed with delight by fastidious travelers. Mr. Tardell will be remembered by his many old time friends as the builder and proprietor in '97 of the Eldorado hotel at Grand Forks.

**Laymen Wanted.**

Will give lay on my Eldorado, Bonanza and Gold Run creek mining claims to good miners possessing machinery or in position to procure machinery to work same.

C. E. CARBONNEAU.

Apply to 41 above Bonanza, or 12 Gold Run.

**Music Lessons.**

I. W. Nordstrom, teacher of mandolin, guitar and cornet; terms reasonable. Call at residence, cor. Fourth and Fourth st.

Send a copy of Gutzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands.

Kodak tripods; \$3.50 Gutzman's.

**WANTED.**

WANTED—By bright Japanese boy position as cook in private family. Address R. E. Nugget Office.

**LOST AND FOUND.**

LOST—A lady's hat best brooch on Second avenue between Third and Harper streets. Finder return to Exchange Saloons and receive reward.

**FOR RENT.**

FOR RENT—Completely furnished four room house, three blocks from the Nugget office. Will lease for term of months. Excellent location. Inquire this office.

**FOR RENT.**

FOR RENT—Corner store room in Watson's block. Best location in north Dawson for saloon or any other business.

**PRIVATE BOARD.**

PRIVATE board by the day, week or month. Rooms if desired. Terms reasonable. Apply Mrs. Mary C. Noble, east side 2nd ave, bet. 11th and 12th st.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**LAWYERS.**  
BURRITT & MEYER—Attorneys, Solicitors and Notaries, 2nd Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., First Avenue, Dawson. Telephone 172.  
N. F. HAGEL, G. C. Burdette, Notary, who over McManen, McFarley & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

**WADE & ALKMAN—Attorneys, Notaries, etc.**  
Office, A. C. Office Building.

**PATULLO & RIDLEY—Attorneys, Notaries, etc.**  
Conveyancers, etc. Office, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

**MINING ENGINEERS.**  
J. B. TYRELL—Mining Engineer—Mineral land out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St. next door to public school, and at below discovery, Hunter Creek.

**SOCIETIES.**  
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge (U. D. A. F. & A. M.) will be held at Masonic hall, Hunter Creek, monthly. Thursday or before full moon at 8:30 p. m.  
C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

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COAL MINE  
Is through the Frost Line

We Can Now Offer Our Consumers

**FROSTLESS COAL**

Free Burning, Clean and Economical. You Can Put in a Coal Stove and Save the Price in a Month's Time. No Wood Sawyer's Bills to Pay. Cheaper Than Ever.

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**\$30 - First Class**  
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P. S.—Second class passengers are treated like white men.

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God's daylight is better than Candle, Coal Oil or Electricity. PUT A WINDOW IN THE DARK PLACE! An immense stock of windows, plate glass, doors and sashes.

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Store, Second Ave. Warehouse, 3rd Ave. & 2nd St.

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ELEGANTLY FURNISHED  
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