

The Klondike Nugget

(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

Yearly, in advance, \$10.00
Six months, in advance, \$6.00
Three months, in advance, \$3.50
Per month, in advance, 50c
Single copies, 10c

When a new space is practical, THE KLONDIKE NUGGET, for its special, paid circulation, other paper and the News.

And Small Cakes by 6 days: Eve, Edorado, Gold from.

TUESDAY

\$500
We will form a new company and convey copies of the Nugget to the rate resident left by our

Fr

The Nugget with filled from ter. This is in accord

Nugget has We stated tion of th as a four-

per would of the he This pro-

letter will offers its from ever

parison dailies.

The am in the of a large

preciated with the stables

overcome present n

The pub by result perfectly

standard to take have at-

view point of plished.

The Ni pression, It starts

kon ter and the common

the imp to time get. Wi-

dict- the been re Dawson

We ho ex-press greater

munity perience greatest

the Yul grow in ve shal

have su to keep expon-

ism.

The on the mo that he

this no for cor fact-

late in two of many

ly-

Se

For

The Klondike Nugget

(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

From Saturday and Monday's Daily.

INCONSISTENCY.

The News wants the police to come down—horse, foot and dragoon—upon the men who find occasion to loiter upon the public sidewalks. In this connection our contemporary reads a very severe lecture, addressed to individuals who by standing on street corners, blockade traffic and thus interfere with public rights.

It is a remarkable fact that the News has never taken notice of the fact that the White Pass railroad company has for months past been blocking half a street. The acts of this arrogant corporation are passed over by the News in silence—silence which must have been purchased, for it can be explained in no other manner.

The corporation organ is ready enough to assail the miner from the creeks who happens to linger a few moments on the sidewalk. Anyone can attack an individual—especially one who is in no position to defend himself. But the White Pass company may fill up the leading thoroughfare of the town with machinery and even charge storage for so doing, and the News has nothing to say.

We suggest to the News to leave the subject of interference with public rights severely alone. The White Pass has abused its privileges in a manner so flagrant that it is impossible for it to escape notice—and the News is silent. But when the miner from the creeks wishes to speak for a moment with a friend on the streets the News calls on the police to tell him to move on. Such inconsistency can be explained only as we have explained it above.

NORTHERN AGRICULTURE.

The publication of a little bulletin by the census bureau, dealing with agriculture in Alaska, has led to an amazing amount of uninformed comment by the newspapers of the country. One would have supposed that even the most careless newspaper writer would know that census investigations deal with facts as they are, and not with facts that may or may exist hereafter. One would not expect the statistics of an undeveloped industry in an undeveloped country to be taken up and commented upon as a measure of that country's capabilities and a statement of its limitations in that special direction. Yet that is just what has happened. The sapient Eastern editor, not merely of the crossroads gazette, but of the great metropolitan daily, has made the meager development of agricultural interests in Alaska at the present time a text for dwelling upon the impossibility of agricultural pursuits for all time in our mighty new territory of the North.

The same dogmatism of ignorance that once condemned the central spaces of this continent, now the homes of millions of thriving people, to desolation, tells us that farming cannot be carried on in Alaska. Thus the Chicago Record-Herald, commenting on the bulletin question, says: "National optimism and local pride give a buoyant tone to most of our government reports, but the man who told the director of the census about the agricultural of Alaska had no use for the 'hewgag.' Circumstances were too much for him, and in the low temperature of the most depressing and uncompromising facts he made this confession: 'The tabulated returns indicate that the farming industry is insignificant, being a subsidiary pursuit.' All of which is about as sensible as the comment made on California before the discovery of gold, or as it would have been to show, in 1860, that the plate of Washington was practically unfit for human habitation and destined to remain practically a wilderness forever, because it had at that time less than 12,000 people. But we had supposed that the form of ignorance which consists in jumping at false conclusions from insufficient premises might have been a little modified by the passage of the years.

We have taken occasion several times to correct the ludicrous but in-

idious conception of Alaska's future thus set before the people by agencies to which they are accustomed to trust for their facts. We have, in particular, pointed out the conditions of climate along the already well known coast region of Alaska, the modifications produced by the warm Japan current, and the certainty of profitable returns on agricultural industry there wherever there are reaches of lowlands suitable for cultivation. But it will be novel to most of our readers to hear that the agricultural possibilities of interior Alaska, especially of the valley of the Yukon and its territories, are even greater than those of other sections. For here we have the splendid alluvial soil that characterizes the river bottoms of our own mountain regions, while the climate is such that almost all the products of the north temperate zone may be raised there with certainty and in abundance.

At the circumstances, all the experience of men elsewhere as well as in the few spots of Alaska which the hunt for gold has permitted to be devoted to agricultural uses, all the well-known physical laws of the seasons and of the germination and development of plants, point unmistakably to the conclusion that Alaska will one day support a large population engaged in tilling the soil and in the care of herds. It may take long to develop, but the immigration induced by gold discoveries will hasten it wonderfully. Meanwhile it is important and it is just that a true idea of Alaska should be set before the people instead of that which ignorance and superficialism have caused to prevail even among intelligent men—P. I.

THE FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

The News has turned three or four back somersaults in attempting to explain away its reference to the parliament of Canada as "congress." The effort is entirely futile, neighbor. If you will look into an occasional number of the Montreal Star, the London Times or any leading British newspaper you will discover the fact that the term "congress" is used without qualification or modification to designate the two legislative departments of the United States government.

The constitution of the United States provided at the time of its adoption that all legislative authority shall be vested in a "congress," since which time the term has been used exclusively to designate the American senate and house of representatives, except when by special explanation it is applied to some other assembly.

It is never used by persons of intelligence or newspapers of standing in referring either to the English or Canadian parliament. Any ten-year-old child in the public schools of the Dominion or the British isles would make use of the word "congress" as it was used by the News, would be made the laughing stock of his companions.

It is not to be wondered at, however, that the News made the blunder in question. Anyone who but recently was engaged in editing a small Alaska weekly and especially if he were credited with long cherished "congressional" aspirations would naturally fall into the error, from which our contemporary, by such laborious and ludicrous efforts has vainly endeavored to extricate itself.

It is only a fool who stands by his own folly—a fact which was never better exemplified than in the case of the News.

It is simply a morning edition of the former. When whole pages of matter are lifted from one paper and published verbatim in another, it begins to look as though a closer relationship existed between the two than a mere feeling of mutual admiration.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The fact that Dawson's splendid public school building is completed and ready for occupancy, calls attention again to the remarkable progress which the town and the territory have made during the past two years. During the winter of 1898-99 the efforts which were made to provide school facilities in Dawson were confined to private individuals. There were few books to be had and the support which was given to the work was so small that the results accomplished were almost nil.

The following winter a slight improvement was noticed. A school was established by the sisters of St. Mary's hospital, and children irrespective of creed or nationality were invited to attend—a fact most creditable to that institution.

Last winter a school was established by the council in quarters rented for the purpose, and the work of organizing a system of public instruction may be fairly said to have begun.

The new building which, as told elsewhere in this paper, is opened to the children of Dawson today, would be a creditable structure in any portion of Canada, and its equipment and the staff of teachers provided furnishes a guarantee that Dawson need no longer to fear comparison of its public schools with those of older and more settled communities.

The knowledge that competent instruction is to be provided for children, hereafter, will certainly be the means of inducing many people to bring their families to Dawson.

The public school building which is opened today for the first time may be taken as another evidence that the government considers that Dawson is a town which will live for many years to come.

His Grievance.

Editor Nugget:—Another summer has gone and the residents on Fourth, Fifth and Sixth avenues and their intersecting streets in the northeastern portion of the city who paid big prices for their property and have since gone to great expense in putting down sidewalks are still compelled to wade through mud across several blocks of land still held by the company in order to reach their own improvements in traveling from the city. This condition of affairs is an outrage upon the enterprising people who have gone to the expense of improving their property for the benefit of the land company which, by the way, should be forced to construct sidewalks. Such an order from the Yukon council might have a tendency to cause the land company to put its prices down with in reach of those who would purchase and improve the tract which now lies in its virgin state.

EXODUS OF DEGRADATION.

Within the past week many of the women of Klondike City and West Dawson, as well as their male proteges, have left for the outside. It is said there now remains but about twenty-five women in Klondike City and but four or five in West Dawson. Eight men who were known to live from the earnings of these women left on one steamer a few days ago.

THE OLD BLUE GINGER JAR

That Clementine's Uncle Brought From China

Held the Happiness of Two People Many Months While They Pined and Blamed Each Other.

Before Clementine went down to Milltown for the summer she made up her mind that she would bend all her energies to wheedle Aunt Phoebe out of the old blue ginger jar that Uncle Julius had brought home from China, little thinking that the old slant eyed, fat sided mandarin would take such a jocular interest in her joys and sorrows.

The old blue jar had perched for many years on the corner of the high mantelpiece in the old fashioned country parlor, and Aunt Phoebe knew that if she gave it to Clementine she would have a dreadful homesick feeling every time she stood on a chair to dust the old clock, the shells, the peddle vases, the leather fans and other companions of its lofty abode. But Clementine was an accomplished wheedler, and the fond old aunt finally said she might have her wish.

When Aunt Phoebe gave over to Clementine her right and title to the old blue jar, Randall was leaning in the window and idly sifting rose leaves from the old climbing vine through the meshes of his tennis racket. He sympathized with her lively admiration for the antique and loved in china and was glad that she had attained her heart's desire, but a more absorbing interest possessed his manly breast.

Clementine was going home in the morning, and he had been trying in vain for several days to get the feeble courage of his ardent convictions up to the declarative point. She was such a lively, fun loving girl, and love, you know, is such intensely serious business. Several times Randall fancied he had found her in a sober and properly receptive frame of mind, when with a trifling jest she would defeat his intentions and put the little god to flight.

Now, however, when the slant eyed mandarin on the blue jar winked at him through the vines, Randall said to himself enthusiastically: "Well, old boy, that's the very thing! Thank you for the bright idea! Are they all as clever as you over in China?"

That night, in his room under the eaves, he constructed an eloquent letter to Clementine and in the early morning sneaked into the parlor and deposited it in the robust bosom of the old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home, it is all right," said the timorous, adoring fellow, "and if she doesn't find it until afterward it will be all right too."

But the mandarin felt a little funny that day, so when Clementine packed that ginger jar full of her silken hose, that precious article might take no risks of breakage in its voyage. So when Randall parted from her at the station she made no sign of knowing anything in particular, and his hopeful heart decided that she would surely find the letter when she reached home, and he would hear from her.

Now, Clementine was a girl who always had a great many things on her mind, and when she had unpacked the treasured jar, and placed it on a dainty table in her pretty parlor with a self congratulatory thought that it was so respectable to have things that one's relative had brought from China—she wholly forgot the curious load that the mandarin had on his breast. She missed her silken hose, of course, and pestered Aunt Phoebe with messages about them. In Milltown, as you may imagine, Randall waited for the answer to his letter. While he waited patiently, then impatiently, and then drove into his law books with that "composure of settled distress" which lovers have know in every age and clime. He did not dream that the slant eyed mandarin would be guilty of the ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a love letter.

But the fun loving mandarin knew what he was about. He was not without experience in these matters, and he wanted to punish Clementine a trifle and bring her to the proper condition of seriousness.

And Clementine was feeling the situation with all the sobriety that was desirable. She had suspected all summer that Randall had a tender feeling for her which she felt qualified to reciprocate, but she was a proud girl and could not by a feather's weight influence the balance of his affections. Therefore behind her smiles she had been not a little wounded that he had allowed her to come home

without having given expression to his sentiments. So she, too, now took on a sober countenance and banished thought and regret by joining several new clubs and taking membership in two or three more charitable organizations.

Just before Christmas Randall one day experienced in his breast a sort of imperative intuition—perhaps direct from the slant eyed mandarin, who knows?—that he might hear of something to his advantage if he should go down to the city and call upon Clementine, so after some futile resistance to the message he betook himself thither.

He was graciously received by Clementine—that is, graciously enough for a young man who had played the trifter with her invisible affections—and he seated himself in a cozy chair near the pretty table which held his old friend—the blue jar.

As he talked with Clementine, a little constraint being apparent, on both sides, he toyed with the lid of the jar, and the slant eyed mandarin appeared to wink at him three times very knowingly.

Under some occult but imperative pressure Randall removed the lid and touched with his finger the silken texture of some mysterious contents.

Curiosity further constrained him, and he pulled from the bosom of the now jubilant mandarin a pale blue article of singular description for a parlor ornament, and, following it, he extricated a pale pink strip of similar shape and structure.

Turning to Clementine for explanation of these unforseen apparitions, he found her speechless with wild eyed astonishment, and without a word or gesture she seized the old blue jar and hurried from the room.

Randall smiled the first real, soul felt refreshing smile that he had indulged in for several months and vowed by the pigtails of the old slant eyed that he would stay rooted to the spot until Clementine returned.

What she said to the genius of the jar as she flew up stairs with it only the mandarin can reveal.

As Randall paced the parlor, pulling his mustache and wondering if Clementine's keen sense of humor would carry her safely through the trying hour, she came shamefacedly into the parlor, bearing in one hand the blinker, and in the other the old slant eyed mandarin he had borne so long hid in his clever old bosom.

Randall met the dear girl more than half way, and as she whimpered gently on his shoulder he promised never, never, never to tell.

And when they were married, if you believe me, that ridiculous old ginger jar accompanied them on their wedding trip, and Randall packed the bosom of the grotesque mandarin full over in China?"

That night, in his room under the eaves, he constructed an eloquent letter to Clementine and in the early morning sneaked into the parlor and deposited it in the robust bosom of the old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home, it is all right," said the timorous, adoring fellow, "and if she doesn't find it until afterward it will be all right too."

But the mandarin felt a little funny that day, so when Clementine packed that ginger jar full of her silken hose, that precious article might take no risks of breakage in its voyage. So when Randall parted from her at the station she made no sign of knowing anything in particular, and his hopeful heart decided that she would surely find the letter when she reached home, and he would hear from her.

Now, Clementine was a girl who always had a great many things on her mind, and when she had unpacked the treasured jar, and placed it on a dainty table in her pretty parlor with a self congratulatory thought that it was so respectable to have things that one's relative had brought from China—she wholly forgot the curious load that the mandarin had on his breast. She missed her silken hose, of course, and pestered Aunt Phoebe with messages about them. In Milltown, as you may imagine, Randall waited for the answer to his letter. While he waited patiently, then impatiently, and then drove into his law books with that "composure of settled distress" which lovers have know in every age and clime. He did not dream that the slant eyed mandarin would be guilty of the ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a love letter.

But the fun loving mandarin knew what he was about. He was not without experience in these matters, and he wanted to punish Clementine a trifle and bring her to the proper condition of seriousness.

And Clementine was feeling the situation with all the sobriety that was desirable. She had suspected all summer that Randall had a tender feeling for her which she felt qualified to reciprocate, but she was a proud girl and could not by a feather's weight influence the balance of his affections. Therefore behind her smiles she had been not a little wounded that he had allowed her to come home

NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL OPENS

Five Rooms Contain an Enrollment of 156 Pupils.

Staff Will Consist of a Principal and Four Instructors—Another Teacher to Be Chosen.

From Monday's Daily.

The beautiful new school house which has recently been erected by the government was thrown open this morning and for the first time was occupied by a troop of noisy youngsters. The absence of suitable playgrounds and a proper place for recreation during the winter is something that is worrying Principal McKenzie.

Next summer the school house grounds adjacent to the school house will doubtless be cleared and made into an attractive little park, but just now they are a mass of rubbish and niggerheads and worthless for any such purpose. As there are three of the rooms upstairs vacant Mr. McKenzie will endeavor to have one or more of them used as a playground during the short recesses when the weather is too severe for the children to play with any degree of comfort out doors.

Since the convening of school this fall, September 16, the sessions have been held in Masonic hall and Salvation Army barracks adjoining. The quarters in both places were badly cramped and as there were few if any of the conveniences so necessary in an institution of learning it was with a great sense of relief that the old feature of the new building is the abundance of light in each room. The windows are tall and with four in every department there need be no undue strain of the eyes of the students.

The building throughout is lined with outside lumber oiled down and varnished so the walls glister as a polished mirror. Blackboards surround all four sides of the rooms. The halls are spacious, stairs leading to the upper story wide and of easy ascent and the exits are both large and numerous, precluding any possibility of a panic in case of a fire.

Heat is supplied by a hot air furnace and the rooms were quite comfortable today, though whether they will be equally so with the thermometer at 60 the future remains to be seen. All the school desks graduated in size according to the occupants.

The enrollment this season is very satisfactory, there being 156 present today. A comparison with the beginning of the school year last fall shows a very marked change. Last year at this time there was but one teacher employed, Miss McKee. This year in addition to Mr. G. P. McKenzie, the principal, there are three lady teachers and another will be secured at once. In the kindergarten, under charge of Miss Edwards, there were 12 little tots today, a number that it is expected will be greatly increased before the week is finished.

Miss Keys is the teacher of grades one and two and has 50 pupils, the largest number of any of the rooms. All the seats are full and it will be necessary to install more, grades three and four were registered today, 39 in number, but as they had no teacher the pupils were dismissed until one is selected. A great many applications for the position are on file and as the additional instructor has been allowed it only remains for the selection to be made. Miss McKee is in charge of grades five and six with 30 in attendance. In Principal McKenzie's department are grades seven, eight and nine with 25 pupils. The last named is the most advanced and from their studies might properly be considered in their first year of high school.

In addition to the four schoolrooms upstairs, but one of which is at present occupied, there is a library which will soon be well stocked with suitable books of reference. With the grounds adjacent in proper condition Dawson's public school building will be a credit to any city in the Dominion of twice its population.

BENEFIT LAST NIGHT

Robert Lawrence Given Grand Send-Off by His Friends.

If theatrical managers, and particularly those who have in charge benefits, only knew what an everlasting bore it is to an audience to be hemmed in and penned down in a seat for three or four mortal hours during a performance, they certainly would

curtail their programs and let people go home before midnight and not keep them until after 1 o'clock, as was the case at the Lawrence testimonial at the old Savoy last night. Then, too, it will perhaps always be a mystery why every hamfatter and every amateur is accorded a place, when by taking only the cream, the best of those who volunteer their services, a program of reasonable length would be had and the audience would go home satisfied instead of being overfed. If it is necessary to have a program of interminable length a long suffering public will call him blessed who shall be the first to have the temerity to cut out needless encores, restricting the artists appearing to one turn or one song only.

An excellent house greeted Mr. Lawrence last night, a fact which must have been gratifying to him in more ways than one. All the boxes and the entire lower floor was comfortably filled, and—stranger still, nearly all remained through the wearisome program to the last. One of the best, if not the best, features of the evening was the work of the orchestra. There have been larger ones together on several occasions, but never have they played so well, there always being a weakness on certain instruments, notably the strings, which destroyed the effect of ensemble work. In last night's orchestra there were but eleven men, but every man played his part and Mr. Friemuth had them well under control. Supper's overture "Pique Dame," and also "William Tell," both standards, were excellently handled, the oboe and flute duet in the latter, played by Messrs. Miller and Stewart, clarinet being used in the absence of an oboe, being a joy to listen to. Other orchestral numbers were—"Mikado," played very indifferently, and a medley conglomeration of clatter in which red fire, anvils and pistol shots were, predominating features. The personnel of the orchestra was: Messrs. Friemuth and Davis, violins; Ernest Miller and Alex. Brown, clarinets; Sidney Stewart, flute; E. P. Loper and Chas. Remick, cornets; Martin Hobbs, trombone; Thos. Reine, bass; C. F. Quigley, piano; and H. J. Wilkerson, tympani.

Ralph Cummings acted as master of ceremonies, introducing each turn. The first number was Noel, the female impersonator, followed by Harry Seely in what was announced as a monologue. Mr. Seely gave a dialect story in rhyme, "The Controversy of Nations," as an encore. Next came a very blue young man with a Bowers walk who was announced as Master Robert Harris. After taking a fall or two out of the orchestra he warbled something about "Mid the green fields of Virginia." The Dulce Sisters followed in "L'etudiantia," arranged as a duet. Jack Williams appeared in a monologue, his "Thank you" at every bit of applause making quite a hit. Rooney & Forester in black face specialties, Billy Mullen in Irish parts, and Paula Cordero, a pretty Spanish dancer, followed.

Quick succession. Carrie Winschell sang a couple of ballads and Kira Rockwell introduced a new song. Roy Volante, you're not one of the Regs. Volante, Roy Southard was heard in "lars." Several comic songs and Dolly Mitchell a song about "dances. Katharine Krig and "Maritana," the former also rendering later by request "Good-bye Ave. Marie." Bessie (phonetic), and the long show case of an end by Mason and Evans is exercises on the horizontal bars.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Tom Chisholm Dined and Wined by Friends.

A supper was given at Andie McKee's cabin yesterday evening in honor of Thos. Chisholm, the occasion being the anniversary of his birth, which the 33rd or 36th Thomas with not. Ed. Hook, late chief of one of the big river steamers, and charge of the supper, the menu of which embraced everything from turkey to canary tips, and from lettuce and radish to Pomroy pie and Munn's Extra Dry, the whole comprising an elegant and elaborate repast as has ever been served in Dawson.

The guests, having taken their sitting, spent the entire evening with the host, when the latest croquet designs were intelligently discussed. Mr. Chisholm was so touched by the courtesies extended him that he had and there promised to have another birthday in the near future and before the turkey stock is exhausted.

Those present were: Andie McKee, Joe Drumblin, Geo. Seidel, G. Gustafson, M. Conley, Ed. Hook, Colin McDonald and Thos. Chisholm.

Send a copy of Goetzman's "Soviet Union to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

WANTED—Good steady boy to set up pins at Monte Carlo Bowling Alley.

J. P. McLENNAN
233 FRONT STREET

07 Front Street, Dawson

The Strover has on several previous occasions referred in his writing to the colored man Zion, who for a long time was in his employ as general handy man in his Florida printing office. Zion was a character and talk 'bout the weather at the manufactured it outen baking powder or some other of their new-fangled but pishious articles. "Talkin' of late falls on the 14th of October gives me lumbago in the

ends over and over again. Klondike Telephone Supply Co. GENERAL OFFICE: YUKON CITY, Y. T.