

The Klondike Nugget

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From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
INCORPORATION NEXT.

With the formal opening of the campaign last night it may almost be said that the day of political freedom for the Yukon territory is at hand. Within another matter of three weeks the two members will be seated on the Yukon council, and representative government to that extent, at least, will be established. We must not, however, allow the good work of securing proper recognition of the claims of the Yukon cease when the two members have been chosen for the council.

When that has been accomplished the good work has only begun. The entire Yukon legislative assembly must be elected by popular ballot before it can be said in any degree to subserve the real purpose for which such bodies are designed. It is time, also, that the municipal functions which the council now performs should be vested in a properly constituted local council.

There is no rhyme or reason in the methods at present pursued in governing the town of Dawson. It is time, and high time, that the voters of this town should take a hand in conducting their own affairs. Territorial matters have now assumed such importance and extent that they should command the entire time and attention of the Yukon council. Matters of local concern are altogether outside the proper duties of the council. We want municipal government elected by the citizens of Dawson and responsible to them and them alone.

That Dawson, with its population and wealth, should be the only town in Canada incapable of self-government is something beyond comprehension.

When the election for the council is called incorporation is the next matter to which public attention should be given.

LAST NIGHT'S MEETING.

As might easily have been anticipated, there was a distinctly boisterous spirit present at the meeting which occurred in the Orpheum theater last night. The first genuine campaign meeting ever held in the Yukon territory was certainly entitled to make a little noise. The occasion was one which demanded a display of enthusiasm and it must be said that enthusiasm of the most vigorous kind was forthcoming in quantities to suit the most exacting.

But beneath all the noisy demonstrations which played a general accompaniment to the proceedings, there was undoubtedly a determination on the part of the assembled crowd to weigh carefully the issues at stake in the campaign and to sift thoroughly the merits of the men who are seeking the voters' suffrage. Evidently the voters are awake to the importance of the emergency and when election day comes will be able to cast their ballots with such intelligence and discrimination as to leave no doubt of the fact that they are well aware in what direction their interests lie.

ROADS AND CONCESSIONS.

The platform adopted by the citizens' convention is a broad document and one in which no fault or flaw can be found. Every interest of the territory is carefully looked after, particular consideration being given to the prospector and actual miner.

A strong position is taken upon the road question, and a clear and concise demand is made for the construction of such roads and bridges as are required to make communication between the different points of the territory easy and economical. It is not contemplated in the platform that this work shall be confined to the territory immediately adjacent to Dawson, but will include also the territory surrounding Whitehorse, Hootalingna and other points which are proving of sufficient importance to warrant attention from the government.

To our way of thinking the road

question is one of the most important issues now left before the people of the Yukon. The development of the country, to January 1st, Dawson has been handicapped and hindered to a very great extent owing to the difficulty and expense attendant upon transporting freight to the diggings.

As has been pointed out at various times in these columns it has in frequent cases cost more actual money to transport supplies and machinery from Dawson to the creeks than it has to bring the same to this city from Vancouver and Victoria. The lack of a bridge across the Klondike has cost the claim owners of the territory thousands and thousands of dollars, many times over in fact what would be the cost of constructing a bridge suitable to the requirements. The trails, so called, leading up the creeks have been a disgrace to the country and their neglect well entitles the government to the censure of every citizen.

Another strong plank in the platform is that which covers the matter of hydraulic concession. The specific demand is made that ground which is suitable for placer mining be thrown open for location, even though it may be covered by a concession. Such action commends itself to us as being right and just. The law never contemplated that rich placer diggings should be granted by the mile to concessionaires. Where this has been done it has come about through gross abuse of the regulations and it would be no more than an equitable adjustment of such cases that the concession privilege be rescinded and the ground given over to ordinary placer location.

Tonight the real opening gun of the campaign will be fired at the union meeting to be held at the Orpheum theater. All the candidates who have been nominated for seats on the Yukon council will be present in person or through their representatives and it is expected that full and complete explanations will be in order covering the position of each man who is a candidate for popular suffrage. This will be one of the most important events in the campaign and it behooves every voter to be present and take the measurement of the different men who will address the meeting. The platforms on which the various candidates are basing their appeals to the voters do not differ materially, so that the personal qualities of the men themselves are more to be considered than any differences in the measures which they espouse.

The warning given some time ago in the columns of this paper respecting a possible shortage of wood in Dawson this winter has had the desired result. Extra efforts have been put forward by men in the wood business and the water front at the public landing place is well stocked with fuel for Dawson's use during the approaching season of cold weather. From this time on until the river closes, big rafts of fire wood will arrive daily which, with the quantity already in the market, should suffice to warrant Dawson against a shortage in fire wood for this winter.

A convention of hobos met recently in a small Iowa town. A platform was adopted, containing but one plank which called for the free and unlimited distribution of beer without waiting for the consent of any brewery on earth. Admiral Dewey was placed in nomination for the office of president by reason of the fact that he had never owned a home until one was given him and he gave that away as soon as he got hold of it.

Trolley Line in Mid-Air.

One of the most interesting and difficult feats in the history of railroading is to be carried out in Southern California by the interests owning the Los Angeles railway.

Since the owners of this corporation (the Huntington system) acquired the Mt. Lowe railroad, their engineers have been at work on plans and surveys for the improvement and extension of that picturesque and unique line.

The plans have now been completed for straightening the line from Altadena to the base of Echo mountain. The new line will cut across three curves that

now wind around the canyon's sides and the work will be done at a very large expense. It will shorten the distance; but that is not the only benefit. At present, on the crooked line along the cliffs, it is necessary to stick to small cars. With the road straightened out and new and heavy rails laid, it will be possible to run the heavy Pasadena cars from Los Angeles to the foot of the incline. Passengers will get aboard here and go to Rubio canyon without change.

But the most interesting part of the story is contained in the statement of General Manager C. W. Smith to a Times reporter, that "Ultimately the trolley road from the top of Echo mountain to Alpine Tavern will be extended across the ridge and up to Wilson's Peak. We have found it is perfectly feasible to carry this road to the crest by way of Martin's Camp, and it will surely be done."

A trolley ride along the tip-top of the Sierras will be an exhilarating excursion for tourists as well as for the rest of us. There will be nothing like it elsewhere in the world.

With its other plans, the company is not forgetting that new hotel on Echo mountain. It is only a question of time when it will be built.—S. F. Examiner.

The Editor Apologized.

Mr. L. D. Kinney, the promoter of railroads, and known to many Utah pioneers as one of the fathers of Salt Lake City, was for many years connected in one way and another with various newspapers in the south and west.

Mr. Kinney's newspaper experience dates many years back in journalistic history, to a time when summonses in libel actions were not heard so often in editorial rooms as the crack of revolvers. Such were the ways of our fathers in settling disputes and correcting typographical and editorial errors.

One of these little misunderstandings occurred once in the editorial room of a Virginia City, Nev., newspaper which the gentleman referred to was editing, and as a result of the affair his right arm was badly crippled for life.

The incident which Mr. Kinney regards as his star experience in newspaper life was one which occurred in the sunny south, where the temper of the citizens was wont to be as warm as the weather, and where they still, on occasions, have a way of acting with great celerity in somme things. As the editor of a small country paper, Mr. Kinney, had had occasion to refer to one of the citizens of the place in a way not particularly complimentary, and therefore not pleasing. He paid a visit to the moulder of public opinion, and took with him just as a precaution a short sickle. When he had dilated upon his wrongs more or less volubly, and the editor had replied with equally warm and picturesque language, the man who sought a retraction or gore, reached forward suddenly and placed the crook of the grass cutter around the back of the offending editor's neck and a ked him if he would apologize.

"Then," said Mr. Kinney, "was the only time I ever weakened. That sickle wasn't even sharp; it was as dull as a hoe, and rusty, and a good, strong pull on the handle would have made me a winning candidate for the front rows at the opera. I apologized."

Couldn't Square Himself.

A story that both is amusing and pathetic points is told on a well-known miner who, up to a short time ago, had been here since the spring of '98 and who returned to Dawson on a late steamer after having gone outside a month ago with the avowed purpose of spending the winter with his family. The man is back, but declines to state why he is back. A letter just received from his outside neighborhood, however, fully explains his unexpected return.

When the returned Klondiker reached the bosom of his family the fatted calf was killed and he was petted and honored by a loving wife and as happy a bevy of children as it was ever a father's fortune to possess.

The day after his arrival his wife, as became a good matron, unpacked her husband's trunk and then it was that her star of affection suddenly went down to rise no more for her miner husband; for in unpacking that trunk she came upon a certain embroidered garment of lingerie which her practical eye at once saw was not a part or parcel of her husband's wardrobe. When confronted with the tell-tale garment he tried to laugh it off as a mistake of his Dawson laundry, but it wouldn't work. His wife became as cold as a glacier and openly hinted that perhaps the article of wearing apparel she had found in his trunk would be needed in Dawson this winter and that he had better bring it in. He demurred and offered to leave the matter to a board of arbitration to which his wife

agreed; but when it came to choose the arbitrators another difference arose, as the husband was determined that the board should be composed of three married men while his wife stood pat for three married women. As no agreement could be reached, the unfortunate husband came back to Dawson, but whether or not he brought the offending garment is not known, neither is it safe to ask him unless the inquisitor is accompanied by a police escort.

All the Comforts of Home.

All the Comforts of Home, as seen at the Standard last evening is well worth seeing again, as like any high grade piece of dramatic art, it will be found to contain something new or hitherto unappreciated thing with each time it is seen.

When one has a fit of the blues, it may be the liver which is out of order and it may be only a passing mental depression, but in either case a splendid dose of medicine in such cases is to see a first-class comedy, well staged, and laugh all cares to death instead of drowning them. If any one could retain a depressed feeling last night after the curtain went up on All the Comforts of Home he must needs be both deaf and blind.

The comedy, like all most successful pieces of the kind has little of plot or apparent plan in its general makeup, depending for its success almost wholly upon the natural situations which arise most easily and therefore with the truest and most consummate art, from the portrayed characters of the actors.

Given the elements of wealth, beauty and jealousy, distributed around among a few people, as they are generally found off the stage, and the playwright has pretty much all the material necessary to make a successful comedy. These elements have been freely drawn from in the composition of the present comedy, and the author's keen sense and appreciation of the ludicrous have combined to make All the Comforts of Home take a rank with the best productions of the age.

The piece was well staged at the Standard, the cast being, as usual, the best in the city. The house was popular when it opened, and owing to the fact that the audience has never been deceived, that every piece staged has been as advertised, the popularity is increasing.

Last night was like every Monday night; the house was filled.

COMING AND GOING.

Capt. McNeil came down from Stewart river yesterday.

J. C. Morton, of Whitehorse, arrived from the terminal town yesterday.

Roy R. Reid and wife, of French Hill, are stopping at the Regina.

H. A. Munn, of Victoria, is registered at the Regina.

Mrs. H. D. Wright is down from No. 21 Upper Bonanza, and is registered at the Fairview.

Yesterday the health officer sent another case of smallpox to the island. This time it came from the Forks.

Billy Gorham has fitted up a new place in George Apple's location on Third street and has moved from the Orpheum building.

Miss Jennie Maclean, niece of Duncan McDonald, was one of the arrivals of yesterday. The young lady will spend the winter in Dawson.

Mrs. Wm. Perkinson arrived from Seattle yesterday, and it is understood will return at once after a brief visit to her husband who is a well known Eldorado miner.

T. J. Watson, one of the pioneer residents of Skagway, also of Atlin when that camp was in the halcyon period of youth, after a week's sojourn in Dawson, has decided to remain here and will probably embark in business.

J. S. Tenant was a passenger on the Bailey arriving this morning from Whitehorse. Mr. Tenant is well known both here and in Skagway, both as a member of the firm as Tenant & Hansen, and as a prince of good fellows.

Yesterday there was piled up against the side of the sheriff's office two cords of galvanized iron ballot boxes, each provided with a nice round hold in the top for poking ballots in, and a hasp and padlock. The sheriff evidently does not intend to pay any hundred dollar fines for failure to provide ballot boxes.

"Mrs. et Madame Adriene Barrett" is the name which appears on the register of the Fairview hotel this morning, and the place of former residence is given opposite the name as Barthelemy. As there is nothing to indicate where Barthelemy is, and the lady cannot speak a word of English, her identity and where she hails from is shrouded in mystery.

Mortgage Sale.

A part of the Acklin farm, covered by a mortgage, given Mr. Heron of the A. C. Co. by S. M. Graf and later transferred to Wm. Bradley, will be sold Saturday noon by the sheriff to satisfy the mortgage. The amount named in the mortgage is \$2625.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

School tablets 25c; Nugget office.

The Height of Generosity.



"Little boy, it's jest lubly of yer ter let me smack yer dis way w'en I don't belong ter yer set!"—New York Journal.

How It Happened.

"How did Mr. Holdover get the reputation of being such a deep, intellectual person?"

"Well," answered Farmer Cornstossel, "we all listened to his speeches, an we judged by his actions that he understood every word he was sayin. We concluded from that that he must be a most extraordinary smart man, so we didn't have no more words about it, but sent him right along to congress."—Washington Star.

No Armless Courtship.

"But," said the soldier lover as he kissed her goodbye, "suppose I should return maimed—minus both arms, for instance—wouldn't you hesitate to marry me?"

"I'd marry you at once," she replied. "It would be useless to prolong our courtship."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Mystery Solved.

"I think I have solved the mystery of the Shakespearean plays," remarked Browner.

"Well?" asked Keen. "Bacon probably wrote them, but he stole a whole mass of quotations from Shakespeare."—Philadelphia North American.

Quick at Repartee.

The Collector—Here it is Tuesday and you haven't paid a cent on that watch. You promised to have the money for me Saturday.

The Young Man—Well, it is only Friday by the watch. It is that much slow.—Indianapolis Press.

A Wasted Exertion.

"You must excuse me for leaving you so abruptly the other day when I suddenly crossed the street."

"What was the trouble?"

"I thought I saw my wife coming, but it was only a creditor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

'Twas a Foreign Sun.

"That is the sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know."

Friend—Ah, that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country.—Tit-Bits.

All Architects Should Adopt This.

Snarley—What a strange shaped bedroom! All slopes toward the center.

Yow—Just a little scheme of mine. When I drop a collar button, I know just where it'll roll.—Syracuse Herald.

Of Course; How Could She?

He—How could you lend me on when you knew all the time I was in love with you?

She—Why, if you hadn't been, how could I have done it?—Life.

Saying a Great Deal.

"What do you think of my war poem, Billy?"

"Well, I think it is fully as bad as any other war poetry I ever read."—Indianapolis Journal.

And Patience.

"It takes courage and ability to succeed in literature, doesn't it?"

"I don't know about courage and ability, but it takes postage stamps."—Chicago Record.

After the Convention.

I ain't the man who led the way
A-ridin' round an' statin'.

I walked for miles in the display;
The same fatigued me greatly.

I want' of the chosen few,
Silk hatted an' high collared;

I did fer' what they told me to;
I am the man who hollowed.

They told me I was needed there;
Such doin's always has 'em.

The folks who forward the affair
With their enthusiasm.

I never tried to make a speech,
Not bein' any scholar.

I merely j'ined the general cheer;
I am the man who hollowed.

I've had to meet with some expense;
That couldn't be neglected.

My achin' head, it feels immense;
I'm weary an' dejected.

Not one of 'em could tell my name—
Those leaders whom I followed.

A patriot all unknown to fame,
I am the man who hollowed.

—Washington Star.

Coming! Coming!

Oh, the good times air comin',
Like a regiment a-drummin'—
The good times air comin' ever' day;
A row for ever' thakin',
While we whistle, whistle, whistle,
To the good times a-comin' long the way!

Oh, the good times air comin'
Don't you hear 'em hummin', hummin'
The storm has still a stir with steady rai'
An' trouble will not bind us,
An' sorrow'll never find us,
When the good times air comin' long the way!
—Atlanta Constitution.

School tablets 25c; Nugget office.