

INSANE ASYLUM

Is Needed in Dawson Say Dr. Grant and Commissioner Ogilvie

BUT IT CANNOT BE BUILT NOW

Because No Funds Are Available For the Purpose.

REVENUE HAS FALLEN OFF.

For the Reason That Not Nearly so Many Fines Are Being Levied by the Courts as Formerly.

From Monday and Tuesday's Dally.
"We should have an insane asylum here," said Dr. Grant recently: "Dawson is large enough, and progressive enough that such an institution is needed."

"In the very beginning of the great rush into the country the nervous strain upon the great majority of the people was such that it is a wonder there were not more cases of diseased minds then, and it speaks volumes for the hardness of the race which furnished the pioneers that there were not. The strain was so great then, added to what it still is, though it is greatly lessened, that its effects are constantly being evidenced by deranged minds.

"There being no proper place for the care of insane patients they are sent to us, here at the Good Samaritan hospital, when not violent, which is neither fair to the insane, the hospital nor the other patients. We have absolutely no facilities or arrangements whatever for treating such cases, and consequently patients suffering from such disorders have an exceedingly slender chance of recovering.

When they are brought in violent, or become so, which they often do, they are taken to the barracks and put into cells, which, in the absence of a proper place and method of restraint, I suppose, it is the only thing that can be done, but that does not make it right or humane. These people are sick, not malefactors, and their treatment should be in accordance with that fact.

"Yes, I have agitated the question before, but it came to nothing.

"There is a building to the government at the barracks which would answer the purpose admirably, and I tried to have this fitted up for the purpose once, and went to see Capt. Starnes about it, and he said he would see what could be done about it, with the result as you see that we are just where we were to begin with in the matter. Nowhere at all."

The plan thus far pursued with regard to the treatment of insane patients has been to keep them here till a sufficient number accumulate, and an opportunity presents itself to ship them to the outside, when they are sent away to be cared for in the asylums or by their friends as the case may be, and this system may have been all well enough when no one knew whether Dawson was destined, a few years hence, to be a deserted and all but forgotten mining camp or a live and up to date city, but now that the future of Dawson is assured for many years to come, the system should be relegated to the lumber room with other mining camp and frontier make-shifts, and a proper asylum instituted.

Commissioner Ogilvie said, when seen about the matter this morning that he most heartily agreed with Dr. Grant in the idea that an asylum should be erected and fitted, "but," said he, "it is a question of funds with the council or it would have been done long ago."

"You see up to the present time the council has had to depend solely upon the fines levied by the courts and upon the revenue derived from liquor permits for the expenses of the government. That is, with the exception of the money paid out by the home government for road building, which money has been handled altogether by Mr. Charleson and Mr. Tache, and has not passed through the hands of the council or through this office, let alone saying

what disposition should be made of it or where it should be expended.

"We shall have, I expect, very shortly now \$26,000, the remainder of the \$100,000 to be returned to us for money we spent on road and trail building last year, but not a dollar of that money can be made available for the purpose of erecting an asylum.

"Of course you know that there has been a great falling off in the revenue derived from fines within the last few months, and the money derived from the liquor permits is nearly all gone.

"I, as commissioner, am as anxious as anyone, and as willing as anyone could be to do anything possible in this matter, but do not see, under the existing state of affairs financial, how anything can be done in the matter."

Romance of a Soldier.

Nashville, Ill., Nov. 15.—The marriage today of Philip Armstrong, a soldier just discharged, with honor, from duty in the Philippines, and Miss May Harder, a society belle, the daughter of a prominent business man, brings to a close a series of chapters in a true romance that rivals fiction. Two years ago, tired and travel-stained, having every appearance of a professional hobo, Philip Armstrong, knocked at the door of the Harder home, and asked for work, and he was set to beating carpets for a meal. Proving industrious, he was given similar work by many of Harder's neighbors. He lingered about the town, doing odd jobs, and was finally given a position in the mercantile firm of Harder & Sons. Harder took a strong liking for Armstrong, and in a year he rose to confidential clerk of the firm.

Armstrong made his home at the Harder residence, and soon it was whispered that Miss May, the pretty young daughter of Mr. Harder, and Armstrong, were in love. In his tailored clothing, Armstrong was a striking contrast to his former self. He maintained a silence as to his past life, home and education. A three month's stay at the Harder home, and Armstrong and Miss May Harder were engaged to be married, and then Armstrong disappeared. No one knew where he had gone, unless it was his affianced, but she was silent, and seemed heartbroken.

Four months ago, Mr. Harder received a letter from a New York detective agency, seeking information concerning Armstrong. It went on to explain that Armstrong was an orphan, that through the death of an uncle, the only relative, he had inherited a modest fortune, and his whereabouts was being sought. A week ago Mr. Armstrong arrived in the city. His shoulder straps and commission told his story. With his unknown past he thought himself unworthy of his affianced love, and Harder's kindness. He had made a reputation. The young couple left today for New York.

Thriving Commercial Center.

Washington, Oct. 24.—An interesting report upon the conditions in Dawson city and the Yukon district of Alaska has been furnished to the state department by U. S. Consul McCook.

"Dawson today," he says, "presents a marked contrast to the Dawson of 1898. Then no one, except possibly the judges on the bench, wore a white shirt. The town was thronged with miners, pack on back, prospecting for gold. The streets were veritable mud-holes. Now people dress much as they do in the cities of the United States, and a man with a pack on his back is an unusual sight, and one can walk the town over with polished shoes and not have them soiled."

Dawson city does not appear like a mining town, states Consul McCook, but rather a thriving commercial center. It is crowded just now, for more come in than go out. Electric railways are promised by 1901 and public schools have been opened and are well attended.

The output of gold has been increasing, says the consul, in spite of the fact that the average values of the gravels worked have been steadily declining, the richest mines having been worked first. But meantime the cost of working has decreased and enabled properties to be profitably worked now that would not have yielded gains two years ago. There should be a continued output of from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 worth of gold annually for many years to come, according to Consul McCook, if the expenses of working are further reduced.

Valuable placer gold claims are reported to have been located in the Stewart river mining district, about 100 miles from Dawson, and a stampede has followed to the scene of the finds.

Religions in China.

The most intelligent classes in China are the followers of Confucius; the rest of the people are Buddhists and Taoists. Confucius taught that all good and truth is from heaven. Taoists taught that heaven is not a lawgiver or ruler, but a

pattern, a way, a quiet, passionless discharge of all which our nature prompts and requires us to do, without crying or striving, and the methods of preserving life. This is the old Chinese religion, older than Confucianism. Buddhism was introduced into China about the first century of the Christian era. Buddhism is today the religion of more people than any other religion. The name is derived from the root-Budh, meaning to awake, to know, to be eliminated from existence by a knowledge of the truth. Buddhism rests on the same principles as Brahminism, but is more thoroughly organized by an aggressive and proselyting priesthood. It accepts the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and teaches that when a man dies he is immediately born again to appear in a new shape. It teaches nothing of God. In the Chinese language there is no word expressing the idea of a supreme God. They have no idea of a being higher than a man may attain to by virtue, austerity and science.

It cannot be said that in our sense of the word Confucians have churches and are a religious sect, but to know what Confucius said and to be imbued with his philosophy is absolutely essential in China to high position in the state. The Buddhists are more aggressive; their doctrine addresses itself, as Max Muller says, to cast and outcasts; it promises salvation to all and commands its disciples to preach the doctrine in all places and to all men, a sense of duty extending from the narrow limits of the house, the village and the country to the widest circle of mankind; a feeling of sympathy interpreted toward all men. The idea, in fact, of humanity, was first pronounced by Buddha. It was this spirit of proselyting the world and spreading the gospel of Buddha that brought the religion from India to China and made it acceptable to the millions of people there.

As has been summed up by another, "Confucianism represents the intelligence of China. Taoism is superstition, and Buddhism is ritualism and idolatry, while yet it acknowledges no God."

Confucius claimed that every man was born good and endowed with qualities which would enable him to acquire godlike wisdom and become the equal of heaven. He divided mankind into four classes—those born with knowledge, those who readily learn, those who are dull and yet by diligence succeed in learning, and lastly those who are stupid and do not learn. He claimed that it was only necessary for a man to watch and listen, to understand and obey the moral sense in himself implanted by heaven and the highest perfection is within his reach. Confucius claimed that heaven implants a pure nature at birth and, having done this, there is no further supernatural interference with the thoughts and deeds of men. It is within the power of each one to perfect his nature, and man has his destiny in his own hands. While Confucius does not deny the existence of a God, he claimed that his own mission was with man as a member of society and that the object of his teaching was to lead him into paths of rectitude which would best contribute to his own happiness.—Ex.

Dr. Shoff on Deck.

When Galileo sat in his pew at church and, calling a suspended lamp swing to and fro, conceived the idea of making that movement mark time, it was a great day for humanity.

When Dr. Shoff, of the Pioneer Drug Store, busy in his laboratory, created the greatest pile remedy the world has ever known, it was another great day for humanity. This great discovery of Dr. Shoff ranks in the same class with gold, as it and gold are the only two articles ever shipped out of the Klondike.

By the last mail Dr. Shoff received the following letter from a former Dawsonite who is spending the winter at his old home in the state of Oregon: "Please send me a box of your celebrated, never-failing pile remedy. I will pay you for it when I reach Dawson next year, as any money I would send now might become lost in transit." The doctor at once "compiled" a package of his great remedy and forwarded it to his old patron in Oregon. Thus is Dawson's dog doctor a modern Galileo in that humanity is better by his being on earth.

Not Apparent at the Juneau.

Notwithstanding the fact that in some houses complaints of dull times are heard, no such murmur ever emanates from Sam Bonfield's Juneau house on First avenue, where all is rush and bustle from Monday morning until Saturday night. The winter season opened auspiciously with Sam by his winning \$1000 on the presidential election since which time his house has been locked upon by the sports as a lucky resort and a good one to patronize. The bar trade at the Juneau is very steady for the reason that only the choicest brands are sold.

Cudihoe's Majority.

By letters received from the outside, no past-election Seattle papers having yet arrived, it is learned that Ed Cudihoe, Democrat, defeated A. T. Van Deventer, Republican, for the office of sheriff of King county by 268 votes. Both are old time Seattle politicians and both have hundreds of friends in Dawson. John Cudihoe, Ed's brother, who is now here, secured some valuable property in the lower Yukon country last season.

BLAKEY THE HOUSEKEEPER

He Tried to Introduce a System Into Domestic Economy.

But Running a Business and Conducting Household Affairs are two Different Matters.

Blakey is a born housekeeper. What he doesn't know about the care of the kitchen sink isn't written in the books, and a person who tries to teach him how to make good coffee is simply conveying anthracite to a well filled bin. It's a grief to Blakey that he can't get a proper substitute in his office, so that he can stay at home all day and see to things.

And yet, in spite of all these interests in common with them, Blakey isn't popular with women. There are days when he isn't even popular with his wife, and she is one of the most devoted spouses that ever made an effort to keep up with the procession. Some good friend ought to tell Blakey how women feel about these things. He ought to be informed that the man who is a winner tells his wife how it fills him with admiration to behold her as if by magic creating a feast from the materials in the pantry. That's the talk that sends a woman into the kitchen to fashion the puff paste with her own hands in order to have it just as "he" likes it. Blakey doesn't know this, though, and there are more things that he ought to know—and doesn't. Perhaps life will teach him some of them in time. It has looked just a little that way of late.

They had been dining out, and on the way home Blakey commented on the serving of the dinner.

"Did you notice that Mrs. Gillespie didn't issue one order to her maid?" he asked. "She had her stationed behind that screen, where she could command a view of the table in the sideboard mirror, and there was such a perfect understanding between them that Mrs. Gillespie only had to raise her eyes to that mirror and the thing she wanted was done. That's the way I'd like to see you have it, my dear. This ringing a bell and telling what you want rather than a dinner. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Blakey murmured a weary word to the effect that much depended on having an expert waitress and thought the matter dropped. But next morning she was roused by her husband's voice.

"I have it all planned out," he said. "I've been lying awake for two hours getting up a code of signals for you to use in calling Nora to serve the table. I'll write it down for you. This is the idea: One pressure of your foot on the electric button in the floor will mean 'clear the table for next course,' two pressures might call for repassing of the bread, three would indicate that the glasses needed refilling, and so forth. I think I can make it cover the whole ground."

"But, David, it is Nora's duty to watch the glasses and keep them filled without any telling her at all."

"I know, but does she do it? She gets busy with something else and very naturally forgets that. Now, by this plan she won't have to tax her memory at all, and you can remind her without anybody's knowing you've done a thing."

"But she'd have to remember what the signal stood for."

"Leave that to me," he answered. "I shall make it very plain and easy, and I'll take it down to the office and have two typewritten copies made—one for you and one for Nora."

"I hope Nora will like it," ventured Mrs. Blakey anxiously. "She's a little particular, you know."

"She's sure to like it! You women never seem to understand what a sense of satisfaction it is to the employee when he feels a systematic hand on the helm. Why, the people who work for you would rather have things run pretty strict than not to feel system in the management. They want to know there's a head planning things for them. I've found that out in business. I tell you, all that housekeeping needs to make it run easy is the application of masculine brains and business methods! Nora will like it, all right enough."

But Nora didn't. Loyal Mrs. Blakey presented the plan as joyfully as if it were her own pet project, but her effort to catch and impart her husband's enthusiasm about it was a dead failure. Nora looked very glum as she planned the typewritten code of signals up by the kitchen clock, and Mrs. Blakey felt glummer still as she fastened her own copy on the edge of her mirror and stood mumbling over its words.

"One long ring and two short-finger bowls," she repeated. "One short and two long—repassing article last served." "Two long rings—clear table for next course." "Three short rings—refill water glasses." "Oh dear!" she broke off suddenly. "I sometimes wish David wouldn't take so much in-

terest in making my work easy."

But David's interest kept right up. He urged the use of the code with untiring zeal, and one day when pretty, black-eyed Nora actually came and filled the water glasses in answer to "three short rings," he glowed with unspeakable pride and declared that they must really give a dinner.

"Eight is the proper number for our table," he told his wife. And then he began to plan the menu.

Mrs. Blakey was a cheerful, gay little body at the time of her marriage, and the sparkle isn't entirely gone. She looked very pretty on the night of the dinner. The table was perfect; the cut glass blazed with rainbow hues, the silver dazzled and the floral centerpiece was a credit to Mr. Blakey's taste. The feast was to be rather more pretentious than anything Mr. Blakey had heretofore planned, but he had no fears about the service. He relied on the code. Mrs. Blakey, on her part, was determined to please David by appearing quite unconscious whenever she signaled Nora. The consequence was that her smiles and attention to the man on her left during the soup course half turned his head.

"How delightfully clever; do tell me another!" Mrs. Blakey was saying to him, brightly, as her small foot pressed the button and telegraphed Nora to "clear table for next course."

Nora appeared—a dream of delight in a black dress, an exquisite apron and a brand new butterfly cap that Mr. Blakey himself had selected and brought home for the occasion. She waited for the cue. She never so much as glanced at Mrs. Blakey, who in her turn kept her eyes determinedly away from the maid as she chatted on with the man at her left. Nora flitted about, deftly removing soup plates.

Suddenly Mrs. Blakey felt herself pierced by her husband's gaze. Great heavens! What was the girl doing? Finger bowls after the soup! Had she given her the wrong signal? The guests were looking puzzled and watching their hostess. Mrs. Blakey rose to the occasion and desperately dipped her fingers, while she peremptorily gave the signal for next course. Away went the finger bowls, and Nora, with a wild look in her pretty eyes, began to bring in black coffee.

"Horrible!" ejaculated Mrs. Blakey to the man on her left, who had just finished quoting her a little quatrain of his own. Then she apologized, with one eye on him and another on Nora, who was floating past her, all unconscious of appealing glances and furtive clutches at her sleeve. The code of signals was eddying like a whirlpool in Mrs. Blakey's mind. The coffee was finished and something must be done. She gave one long, continuous ring, and watched breathlessly to see what would turn up. A cold perspiration started upon her forehead. Another round of finger bowls! And while they were using them, Nora, with a face like a lobster, passed the bread.

It was a long dinner—the largest and most indigestible that either he or Mrs. Blakey had ever eaten—but it came to an end at last. The guests had departed, and Mr. Blakey stood with his hands in his pockets looking reproachfully at his wife as she sobbed it out on a sofa pillow.

Suddenly she sat up and gave a shriek of laughter. Then another and another.

"Eleanor! Eleanor!" cried Mr. Blakey, in alarm. "What's the matter? Is it hysterics?"

"Hysterics—no!" she echoed, with another burst of laughter. "It's—It's masculine brains and business methods!"

And that was one time when Mr. Blakey, spelled out a new page in his primer of life.—Chicago Record.

A Narrow Escape.

Robertson's four-horse team created considerable excitement this morning by dashing up Second street at full speed in a frantic endeavor to escape from the stage which they were dragging. The team is to be dispatched to the outside and was disporting around town advertising their departure when, upon going up Second street a protruding log from an immense pile of cordwood in front of the Bank of B. N. A. entangled the team and started them on a dead jump.

The driver, immediately realizing the danger threw the leaders in towards the sidewalk, they jumping across the water trough, where they were cleverly caught by Peter Steil, who fortunately was present. The tongue of the sleigh was snapped off and a general mixup of horses, sleigh and driver followed. Fortunately no further damage ensued and the team was quieted. The pile of firewood which caused the accident almost blocks the street from travel.

The Weather.

During the 24 hours previous to 9 o'clock this morning the minimum temperature was 23, the maximum 4 degrees below zero. It has grown steadily warmer all day. Two years ago this month it is said that there came a warm spell of weather during which considerable rain fell and nearly all the cabin roofs in town leaked. A few old timers predict that rain will yet fall during the present month, but none of them go so far as to offer money that the ice will go out before spring.

BLACKHILLS

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