

The Klondike Nugget

ESTABLISHED PIONEER IN
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

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LETTERS.
And Small Packages can be sent to the Carriers by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Dawson.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of anyone stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business-houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

A HARD FATE.

The conditions that now prevail in labor circles on the outside are bringing forth comments from thinkers and reasoners all over the country and various are the views expressed as to the dissatisfaction and discord that exists. Some writers assert ironically that the present disrupted conditions are due to "McKinley prosperity," and others say the same thing and back the statement with the further assertion that strikes only occur in good times; that when labor is prosperous it becomes dissatisfied and disruption follows. Regarding the present conditions Marjion B. Baxter, one of the leading female economists of the country, has the following to say which only tends to emphasize the real cause of the dissatisfaction which is only the old one after all: The antipathy which exists between capital and labor, brawn and brain:

"Whatever may be said about present economic conditions and all that they foreshadow, the fact remains that a very large number of men, some of them in the prime of life—are seeking employment and cannot find it; for, like the mirage of the desert, it is always just a little further on.

"It is all right to say that this is a land of opportunity; but it is equally true that when a bucket is full it can hold no more, and that while there are opportunities and opportunities, they vary in desirability—nor are there enough really desirable positions to go around. This, however, is the sure safeguard of a republic—that there should be a superabundance of competent men; sorry indeed would be the plight of any nation that, upon losing a trusted official, could not at once fill up the gap with another man equally as worthy. This is the kingship of our country; by this token we now say that the king shall never die for, on the broad bosom of a loyal-hearted people, these heirs are nourished against her need.

"We are not mourning over the great army of competent men, but rather that there should be such a tremendous gulf between the desirable and undesirable positions; and that such an army of good men, competent men, brainy men should be crowded to the wall; forced to do very menial service at a time of life when they should have leisure; or, if obliged to work should receive a compensation equal to lifting them out of the slough of want.

"A man who has been a wage earner for a quarter of a century, and, during that time, has reared a family and given them to the world as good citizens, finds it passing hard that as the days of the green and yellow leaf draw on he must not only work for a daily wage, but face the fact that work is difficult to secure, because corporations want younger men—men who are beginners—and will therefore accept a smaller wage than the middle aged man would be satisfied with.

"There are some positions where brain and experience are worth large sums of money but as the tendency toward consolidation increases, only a few men are required as directors or managers, the balance are estimated

from the standpoint of physical endurance only. "There are thousands of well informed middle aged men out of employment; men who were once in business in a small but independent way—but were finally absorbed by keener, shrewder men; men who know when to buy and when to sell; men careful to put the screws on their customers and heartless about fastening them down; men who absorb everything in reach, and finally grow rich and live at ease—but their fatness is the leanness of others."

The question of the day and hour is not as to who shall be the first mayor of Dawson, but if it is. For what purpose did a Daily News salesman take up a collection on the football grounds Saturday evening? This is a question which a number of Dawson lawyers and doctors would be pleased to have answered. It was doubtless for a legitimate purpose but they want to be shown. They desire to know for what purpose the money was needed and expended. An itemized account is what they want.

The fact that a collection was taken up on the football grounds Saturday evening may have kept a number of people away from church yesterday as some people are averse to having a hat shoved in front of them on two consecutive days. Some people are very sensitive.

Home grown potatoes are now one of the luxuries indulged in by residents of this portion of what is erroneously considered the benighted north. Sugar cane and "gubbers" are next on the list.

Down in Southern Missouri a strange lady alighted in a small town from a train one morning and a wag hurried to the only saloon in town and told the proprietor Mrs. Nation had arrived. The saloonkeeper hastily boarded up his windows, barricaded his doors and for two days and nights remained within his place of business in fear and trembling. Then he learned that the supposed Mrs. Nation was but a timid old maid from St. Louis who wished to spend a week in country quietude. Then it was that the villagers allayed their thirst. This proves that while Mrs. Nation is only a frail woman she has fame.

A Heartless Suggestion.

Dawson, Aug. 11, 1901.
Editor Nugget:
Murderer Geo. O'Brien appears to be receiving more publicity just now than any one man in the Yukon, and as the crime of which he is convicted is the blackest in the annals of Yukon criminal history, and as the act of hanging him seems like insufficient retribution for taking the lives of three good men, it really seems that for the balance of his life he should daily be made to undergo something that would produce mental perturbation greater than that which can accompany thoughts of death on the gallows.

I have devoted some time to endeavoring to study up and devise some practically unbearable punishment and have at length decided to suggest that for two hours each day of his remaining life the prisoner be forced to search for a point in the first page cartoon of the Sunday Sun.

JUSTICIA.

Pastors New Manse.
Rev. Dr. Grant, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, is expected to arrive here on September 10th, and as he will this time bring with him his wife and family work will be begun at once upon the new manse, in order to have completed and ready for occupancy by that date. The manse is to be a two-story building, at the rear and west side of the church, and is to cost \$3000.

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J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT STREET

HIGH IDEA OF DUTY

Kept Army Officer From Bedside of His Dying Wife.

The old-fashioned hero of the melodrama, who was torn between love and duty, has appeared in real life in the person of an officer of the United States Army, while he went to the Philippines with his regiment.

The officer in the case, who, by the way is a well-known and much respected colonel, was taking his regiment through Denver on his way to the Pacific coast. His wife lay at the point of death in Colorado. She knew she was dying and begged her friends to bring her husband to her for her last good-bye. The colonel received the message—passed within a few miles of his wife's deathbed, and did not stop to see her.

There is no question of his deep devotion to his wife, every one who knows him knows that, and yet does it. This devotion to duty which breaks the hearts of those who love us? Is there not some duty in the obligations of love?

I may be an anarchist and a subverter of discipline, but I'd like to see any red tape army regulation or anything else that was human keep me from the bedside of the one I love and who loves me. I'd go if the scaffold loomed ahead of me—and furthermore, so illogical and so lost to all sense of duty am I that I wouldn't even struggle against my natural impulses. I'd pack my little grip if I had time, and if I didn't I'd go gripless, and the whole of Uncle Sam's army could chase me, and I wouldn't be afraid to wager that I'd keep ahead of them long enough to lay my heart to the heart that loved me before the grave yawned between us.

Then they could court-martial me all they wanted to—I wouldn't know who was trying me, with my heart under the green grass.

Duty—does a man owe no duty to the woman who has left all to follow him? The woman who goes down to an open grave to give a man the right to rest the mother of his children and finds a full reward for her anguish in the one look of pride and joy from him—has she no place in all this prating of duty?

What would you think of a mother who let "duty" keep her away from her dying child?

It is all very well, this talk of altruism, but I would step right over a dozen dead and desert a hundred dying to get to my own when they called me in anguish.

Selfish? Narrow? Perhaps—most love is.

It has to be—that is what it is for. What is it the marriage service says "For better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health; till death do us part. Forsaking all others, cleave thou only unto her."

Nothing very altruistic about that, is there?

It does not say cleave only unto her unless duty of some kind interferes. Does it?

"Forsaking all others," really that is too bad of the marriage service, getting a man to promise such a thing as that, at the steps of the altar, when the nice little affair of "duty" may be waiting at the church door to spoil and make a silly joke of it all.

resign from the army, may he not? There is no duty in the world which can take the place of a man's duty to a good wife, and there is no right on earth which can stand before the right of a good man to the entire devotion of his wife.

The man who thinks otherwise will do well not to take vows that he does not want to keep, and the woman who is not willing to give up every "duty" on earth for her husband had far better remain Miss to the end of the chapter. There is no law enforcing marriage in this country.

WINIFRED BLACK.

Oil in Washington.

The state of Washington stands on the threshold of great and permanent oil activity. The truth is, there is a wide, open field in the oil business in this state. There are those who think the field for oil business is a narrow one, and that only those should engage in it who are born especially for the business. It is strange, but true, that this class of people believe that humanity should engage only in commercial pursuits, manufacturing, stock raising and farming, or maybe laboring on the wage plan for a few who appropriate their energies, skill and capital. It seems to me that legitimate oil investments are full of promise, and are sure to bring larger returns than capital can produce in any other line of investment. Remember, you do not need half the capital required with which to safely start you in the oil business as you will require to embark in commercial, manufacturing, farming and stock raising. Remember, too, that the net profits in the oil business are 20 times greater than in any other line of business and more certain. Let me say to you, now is the time, as we are on the threshold of an unprecedented oil boom in Washington.

"Of the making of millions there will be no end" is the way people will soon put it here.

It is safe to predict that Washington will soon lead the world in the production of high grade oil. There is much reason for this prediction, too. Students of geology will bear me out in making this prophecy. There is ample evidence that nature has provided petroleum in vast quantities in the formation of oil starts; Trenton sandstone, shale and fossiliferous conglomerates found in Clallam, Pacific, Sakag, Chehalis counties and other portions of Western Washington. Beneath the anticlines and valleys of the territory mentioned. The writer knows of one oil belt which appears to stretch at least 75 miles in Washington. The dark sediment of Cretaceous petroleum exists here in the grayish, crystalline states, having a striking resemblance to the cretaceous stratum or middle period of the Mesozoic age, the oldest rocks and sandstone, largely in line with the above, from east to west, occur the soft yellowish and brownish soapstone like rock, croppings occurring in various places. From all these existing conditions my deliberate judgment is that gas and oil prospects in Washington are sufficiently strong and promising to warrant the safe investment of capital in demonstrating these facts beyond any reasonable doubt whatever. The quality is far superior to any oils produced in California and the facilities for transportation unsurpassed. It means more for Washington than all other industries combined.

—Albert A. Haug in Northwest Miner.

Japs in British Columbia.

The note from Mr. Chamberlain in regard to Japanese immigration may be taken as an intimation that the clouds still hang low over Asia. Japan is too valuable an ally to be lost to the British over trifles at the present time; and after all the grievances of a few thousand people in British Columbia weigh but little when placed in the scale in opposition to the political schemes of an Empire. Besides, the Japanese are a self-respecting race and not likely to force themselves upon people who do not desire their company. Once they land in this country of plenty, however, they are not likely to go back home again. When they are here they must have employment; hence the gathering on the fishing "grounds." On the attitude of the people of British Columbia being drawn to the attention of the Japanese government, it stemmed the tide of immigration and there has since been no cause of complaint. The number of the diminutive chaps at present arriving is not at all alarming. What the

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Dominion government thinks about the communications of the colonial secretary remains to be seen. The government of the Mikado objects to his imperial majesty's subjects being classed as inferior to any people. Governments may remove the ban but they cannot control feelings.—Victoria Times

Fought a Lion.

On board a ship returning from Africa a few weeks ago was Lieut. Carpanx, just out of the hospital at Dominion, to which he had been taken after an interview a lion. The lieutenant thus describes the meeting, which seems to have been an unusually lively one:

"One morning I started off to see what I could do in the way of lion hunting. We had not gone far when I espied a superb beast with a glorious mane. I fired and he ran further into the scrub. I felt sure that he was wounded and went to look for him.

"After beating about in the jungle for some time I came to a small clearing and saw, some 50 yards off, the lion facing me and lashing his side with his tail. I dropped on one knee, aimed at the head and fired. The bird, roaring awfully, bounded forward toward us and my comrade ran off into the scrub.

"I fired again and hit the lion, but without killing him, and in a moment we were face to face. I was knocked over and felt my left leg crinkle as it squeezed in a vice. I tried to seize the brute by the throat, but was too firmly held down. The feeling that I was lost came home to me with terrible force.

"Suddenly I felt the lion's grip relax, and what seemed to me miraculously, he moved off a few feet and stood looking in the direction in which my man had fled. 'If he thinks me dead,' I thought, 'perhaps I may be saved.' While he stood I was able to get hold of my rifle and rapidly aimed and fired just as he was turning to finish me. He fell dead.

"My leg was in a fearful state, and so were my chest and shoulder, but no bone was broken and no main artery cut. For 20 days after the accident I was in the hospital."—Youth's Companion.

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