

The Klondike Nugget

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From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
TIME FOR THE LAW.

As long as the world moves and human nature remains human nature, the strife between capital and labor will continue. Mankind both by instinct and as the result of ordinary training is essentially selfish. Whether represented in the person of the proverbial "bloated bondholder," or in the humblest wage earner it is human nature always to look for the best of the bargain.

Ordinarily the victory is to the man of money, for in a test of endurance he can usually survive the longest. It becomes necessary, therefore, in order that a measure of equity may be maintained, that the strong arm of law, which but expresses the will of the majority, shall step to the side of the weaker and at least assure him of a fair footing in the struggle.

We are led to these remarks by the terms of a labor contract which we are assured upon perfectly reliable authority is being forced upon laborers who are seeking employment for the coming winter.

The salient features of this contract are as follows:

It is understood and agreed between the parties, that the employers shall have the power to discharge the said laborer at any time and without cause; and in such event it shall be optional with the said employers to retain the wages of the said laborer until the spring of 1901.

It is further understood and agreed, that should the said laborer at any time quit the employ of his said employers, then and in any such case it shall be optional for the said employers to retain such wages as may be due to the said laborer so quitting as aforesaid, until the cleanup in the spring of 1901.

The said laborer hereby agrees to enter into the employ of the said employers upon the terms and conditions herein set forth, and that he will devote his whole time and labor to the work assigned him.

It is further agreed, that in case of any injury either partially or totally disabling said laborer while in the employ of said employers, in capacity of miner or otherwise, that said employers shall not be held liable for any damage whatever.

It is such outrages as are contained in this contract, which make anarchists out of men whose natural inclination is to be peaceable and law-abiding. We see nothing in such an agreement but what is worthy of condemnation.

It is based upon the hypothesis that the laborer is to take only what the employer sees fit to give him—a theory which is absolutely repugnant to every well-established idea of right. Such conditions imposed upon the laborer are a direct stroke at individual independence, the fundamental bulwark upon which the state is reared.

We submit that the time has arrived in the Yukon territory when the law should be brought forward for the protection of the laborer.

A VERY MEAN TURN.

Mr. Arthur Wilson, one of the two gentlemen who were recently elected to the Yukon council, was given a very considerable amount of unpleasant notoriety by the News last night. What motive could have actuated the News in thus dragging Mr. Wilson's name before the public it is impossible to say, unless as has been shrewdly suggested, a portion of the price which was to be paid for the support the News gave Mr. Wilson in the late campaign has not yet been forthcoming. If this theory be correct, and certainly it does have the appearance of being in every respect a reasonable one, we have only to say that the News has adopted a most underhanded and unmanly way of getting even.

We do not believe for our own part that Mr. Wilson was personally concerned in the deal for the purchase of the News, and it would seem that if our contemporary has got to attack someone it would come out against the Wilson managers, rather than covertly deliver a thrust at that gentleman himself. But the past record of the News is such that no surprise need be felt at any action it may take even though it goes to the extreme of compromising

the good name of one whom by every reason it is most bound to protect.

The only interest the Nugget has in the affair aside from a natural feeling of regret that the News should thus drag Mr. Wilson's name into such unnecessary prominence, lies in the fact that the News, with its usual spirit of malevolence, made use of an article which appeared in Saturday's issue of the Nugget to justify its sly way of abusing Mr. Wilson. The Nugget published on Saturday certain facts in the Mitchell-Slorah case which pointed to the connection of a fourth party in the mystery surrounding that tragedy. The facts at hand did not warrant the use of names, but the circumstances were such that the Nugget, as a newspaper, realizing its full obligation to the public, was morally bound to present the matter to its readers so far as it had developed. No hint or suggestion in line, word or syllable was made that Mr. Arthur Wilson was concerned in the affair and so far as we know the first intimation given the public that Mr. Wilson had any knowledge of the circumstances of the murder, or to quote from the News that "he knew Susie Vernon as a variety actress," came from the News itself.

The position in which the News has placed Mr. Wilson is very unfortunate. The grandiloquent defence which that paper has offered in his behalf from a charge which has never been laid against him, reflects no credit upon Mr. Wilson's good judgment in selecting his counsel. It certainly reflects discredit either upon the intelligence or the motives of his defenders and we are inclined to think it is both. We do not think that the injury which the News has inflicted upon Mr. Wilson is irreparable. In fact the power of the News to injure anybody or anything long ago disappeared. It is not a heinous offense to be "acquainted with a variety actress," and that we understand from the News is the extent of Mr. Wilson's connection with the Mitchell case.

It must be said, however, that the News in exploiting this fact through the length and breadth of the land, has done Mr. Wilson a very mean turn, although if, as noted at the beginning of this article, there is still a deficit in that purchase price, nothing else could have been expected from the News.

A COSTLY POLICY.

An employer of labor who seeks to tie his men down to such contracts as the one published in the Nugget of yesterday, not only commits a wrong against society but injures his own interests at the same time. To suppose for a moment that men who are treated as convicts will give cheerful service to their employer is idle.

The fact that a man is compelled to seek employment does not furnish any reason whereby he should be made to forfeit all his manhood and self-respect, and that in a nutshell is what a labor contract such as the one referred to involves. A laborer employed under such terms is apt to prove a costly investment. He will never make his employer's interests his own and the service he gives will be of the most perfunctory sort. He works for the mere reason that he is compelled to by necessity, and naturally he gives the very least possible in return for the compensation he receives.

An employer who ceases to treat his men as men simply because he finds it within his power to do so will discover sooner or later that he has adopted an unwise and costly policy.

An Indian chief was wanted in Arizona on a charge of murder a short time ago. He escaped to the mountains and sent word to the officers that he would not give himself up to be thrown in jail pending his trial, but assured them that when they got ready for the "big pow-wow" he would be on hand. The day was set for the trial and sure enough at the appointed time the chief walked into the courtroom and announced himself as being ready. The case proceeded immediately and he was acquitted. The question now arises was

the Indian insane, or was he in reality acting up to a superior standard of honor.

The Sun and the News have again come together, and as usual the meeting has resulted in a deadlock. The News intimates that the Sun wishes to play in its (the News') backyard, and the Sun not only denies any desire for such little amenities but leaves the impression that in its (the Sun's) opinion, it (the News) has no backyard good enough for it (the Sun) to play in. This discussion is without doubt of great interest to the public and the outcome will be awaited with breathless anxiety. If the News had a cellar door the chances are we should hear about the Sun wishing to slide down it.

The announcement that second-class mail matter will not be brought over the ice is certainly disappointing. It would seem that the completion of the railroad to Whitehorse and the various cutoff trails which have been constructed should enable the mail contractors to handle much larger quantities of mail than ever before in winter. Pressure should be brought to bear upon the postal department to secure a reversal of the present ruling and the continuous transmission of second-class matter through twelve months.

It appears quite likely that the Mitchell murder case will be attended with more or less sensational developments before its conclusion. Certainly there is an air of mystery surrounding the case which is a decidedly new feature in such affairs in the Klondike. Ordinarily the jealousies of the lower strata of humanity, whether they result merely in police court cases or in trials where life is at stake, provoke but a passing amount of interest. The present instance bids fair to prove the exception.

If the Yukon river had any regard at all for the feelings of its most ardent admirers it would have closed up long ago. It appears, however, that our noble stream has set itself to the task of overturning all precedents, and it appears as though its efforts in that direction will be attended by unqualified success. Meanwhile the sour doughs who have backed their faith with their coin are wondering if navigation is going to last until spring.

Never Noticed It.

A traveler in Corsica says that, although Porto Vecchio is so filthy that one would like to dip it in the Mediterranean for a thorough wash, it is wonderfully lovely at a distance. Its white granite houses with red tiled roofs and fragments of old walls, with the blue sky above and the green knoll beneath and about, make up an alluring southern picture as ever haunted a northerner's memory. But do the southerners themselves appreciate it? If one may judge by comparison, apparently not. Says a writer in Travel:

"They do not seem a deeply intelligent folk on this east coast. I stopped in a very hot part of the road to ask a man the name of a certain noble mountain peak inland, with veins of snow upon it."

"I do not know," said he heavily.

"Ah, then you do not live here?"

"Yes, I am of these parts."

"But you were not brought up here?"

"Yes, I was born here."

"And you do not know the name of that very high mountain?"

"I know nothing about it."

He spoke conclusively. The most conspicuous object in his daily landscape had, in his eyes, no significance whatever.

Chloroformed Out of Business.

A singular experience is related by Mrs. Chisholm, who for some time past has had a thriving little bakery in the rear of Front street, beside the Cafe de Paris. Her business was carried on under a tent, in the corner of which she had a bunk. As she had many customers she was popularly supposed to have amassed a little money, but she never had any fear of living alone till a few nights ago, when she averts that she was twice tried to chloroform and rob her.

"I was lying awake in the corner of my tent," said Mrs. Chisholm, "when I heard a soft whistle outside and a sound of footsteps that stopped within half a yard of me. I listened, wondering what anyone could want at that time of night. After a moment there was a rustling against the tent and I began to feel sick and giddy with the smell of chloroform or ether in my nostrils. If my head had been close against the canvas I guess it would have been the easiest thing in the world

to dope me, but as it was the fumes were too far away to do more than make me feel sick. I got up in a hurry and sat till morning in the middle of the tent."

Mrs. Chisholm says that when daylight came she tried to make light of her experience but the next night it was repeated, a strong dose of chloroform or ether being used. She decided that an organized attempt was being made to drug and rob her and hurried to end her solitary life by packing up her things and taking up her abode with a family on the tundra in a boarded house where "dope fiends" can find no sphere for their operations. In the spring, Mrs. Chisholm says she will reopen her popular home bakery, but for the present she has been chloroformed out of business.—Nome Gold Digger, Sept. 21.

Death and Snuff.

A certain Margaret Wilson, of Westminster, who was an inveterate snuff taker, enjoined that a quantity of Scotch snuff should be placed in her coffin. She also ordered that the arrangements connected with her funeral should be as follows: "Six men to be my bearers who are known to be the greatest snuff takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster. Instead of mourning, each to wear a snuff colored beaver hat, which I desire may be bought for the purpose and given to them. Six maidens of my old acquaintance to bear my pall, each to carry a box filled with the best Scotch snuff, to take for their refreshment as they go along." Snuff was also to be thrown on the threshold of deceased's dwelling before the cortege passed out, snuff was to be strewn on the ground at every 20 yards in advance of the coffin, and the officiating clergyman's fee was to be proportionate to the quantity of snuff he consumed during the ceremony.—Household Words.

One-Fingered Gloves.

Gloves have long been made in very great variety, but a novel thing in this line is a one-fingered glove, or, perhaps, it might be called a one-fingered mitten, in which the thumb and first finger are provided for precisely as they would be in any glove, with a covering for each, while the other three fingers are enclosed in a mitten-like part. Mittens are warmer, but a driver must wear gloves or have at least one finger free to enable him to handle the reins. The one-fingered glove is made for his especial convenience; with the thumb and forefinger free he can handle the lines all right, while his hands are, for the rest of them, protected as they would be by mittens.

One-fingered gloves are bought also by shipping clerks and bookkeepers and others around markets and other places. Where more or less of the business must be attended to outdoors, a man can't very well handle a pencil with mittens on his hands, but he can swing one all right in one-fingered gloves. Gloves of this sort are made of calfskin or of sheepskin, and wool lined, like any other glove.—Ex.

More Light and Truth.

Editor Daily Nugget:

A few final words to the American voter may not be amiss at this stage of the game. The real issue of the election has grown out of the industrial condition of the country. If similar

issues up to 1880 were connected with the war of 1861-65, references were by mutual consent of the parties buried long ago, and waving of the bloody shirt was discontinued. We are all painfully conscious of the fact that some bleeding was done some 37 years ago, and also of the fact that some cruel phlebotomizing has been going on since, but the boot is on the other

foot this trip. From 1880 up to this day the issues were raised on economic questions and concerned above all else the productive industries of the country. In regard to this matter the views entertained by the Republican party prevailed; but instead of keeping within bounds of political and economic prudence and wise statesmanship, a movement was inaugurated, of which the most conspicuous champion was Wm. McKinley. The object of this movement was to deliver to the prime movers of the scheme the whole country, body and soul; the right of the people to engage in manufacturing was so seriously encroached upon as to practically hand it over to the big corporations and trust companies, and the consequences were disaster, bankruptcy, financial panics, poverty, crime, yea and even starvation, of which the present serious strike in the coal mines of the east is symptomatic. If the Republican party was the friend of the government, which in a republic rests with the people, then it ought to be on the other side of the fence, and fight for the abolition of bondage and serfdom in which freedom and manhood, the pride of the American, has been

submerged and all but smothered. He ought to break away from a party that has been led in the wrong direction by its leaders, who lend their support to the suppression of popular rights and the abolition of republican institutions. He ought to be on the side of justice and equal rights for all, and accordingly vote for its champion, W. J. Bryan. FOR LIGHT AND TRUTH.

A Conundrum Answered.

There was a hot time in the old town last night, might be the burden of the song warbled by several theatrical people today, if they were in a mood to warble, but they are not. They are saying nothing about it, neither are any of them sawing wood.

The conundrum referred to as being answered runs like this: When is it improper to tell an actress that she is a lobster. The answer is, when her friends object seriously to the term. This was worked out and practically demonstrated last evening at one of the theaters, when a well-known actor told one of the actresses of the house that she was a macrourous crustacea of the genus astacus.

Thereupon there was rage in the heart of the actress and she complained to a friend of much weight and muscle, and he also became filled with wrath and a desire to correct the assertion lest it become known that it had been allowed to pass unchallenged. Straightaway he sought the actor who had made the monstrous charge which was unblushingly reiterated, whereupon he smote him sorely upon that part of his physiognomy known technically as the kisser, and it thereupon became evident to all the assembled multitude that the actress was not a lobster.

At any early hour this morning a lady billed at one of the theaters accused a man about town of wrongfully and with felonious intent taking and withholding a part of her raiment. This of course was wrong—contrary to the law which says thou shalt not—and the man, who said he was not a wrongdoer, was taken into custody. Later, the raiment having been found, the lady who acts, said she was mistaken, and the charge was withdrawn.

Free Library Entertainment.

The first concert of the series which the board of directors of the public library have scheduled to be given during the winter, occurred last evening and proved to be an immense success.

The hall was crowded long before time for the program to commence and numbers of people had to be turned away. Dr. A. G. McDonald, president of the board of control, occupied the chair and opened the meeting with a few appropriate words of welcome on behalf of the directors and then spoke of the growth of the institution during the past year. How they had shifted from one place to another, until now they could point with pride to their large and commodious reading room, well lighted, heated and ventilated, and stocked with all the latest magazines, periodicals and newspapers, and their fifteen hundred new books, including works of fiction, art, literature and science, which will be made into a circulating library, as soon as the work of numbering and placing them is finished, and asked for the continued support and co-operation of the people of Dawson in making it what it is designed to be, a place of amusement and instruction for the benefit of the people and thereby filling a long-felt want in the needs of the people. He then introduced the following program, each number of which was well rendered and heartily applauded, and elicited frequent encores. Miss Emma Allen fairly captivated the audience by the power and sweetness of her voice and was compelled to respond several times to the continued applause:

Piano forte, "Jessie's Dream," Miss Tottie Williams; song, "Love's Old Sweet Song," Mrs. Hines; recitation, "John's Poetry Spell," Mrs. John W. Moore; song, "Sons of the Empire," Mrs. A. D. Williams; song, "The Yeoman's Wedding," Mr. F. Harmon McConnell; recitation, "The High Tide," Mrs. George Craig; either solo, "Concert Fantasia," Mr. Harding; song, "Out on the Deep," Mr. George Craig; song, "Serenade," (Berney) Miss Emma Allen; recitation, selected, Mrs. D. B. Olson; song, "Happy Days," Miss Jennie Larson; song, "Absent, Vet Present," Mr. H. Cobb; duet, selected, the Misses Larson; song, "Coon Song," Mr. Wm. Ash.

The entertainments will be continued throughout the winter on alternate Monday nights and promise to be one of Dawson's leading social features.

Oh, Inconstant Man!

"Talk about woman's fickleness and capriciousness!" she exclaimed scornfully. "I'd like to know how she can beat man when it comes to being vacillating and mentally unreliable."

"What's the matter now?" asked her dearest friend.

"Why, if it were not for man's inconstancy I'd be engaged to be married."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, he asked me to marry him, and I refused. I didn't think I wanted to, you know, but afterward I made up my mind that I did, and the fickle thing never asked me again."

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