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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12.
[Dawson's Pioneer Paper]
Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.
GEORGE M. ALLEN.....Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily.	
Yearly, in advance	$24.00
Per month, by carrier in city, in advance	$2.00
Single copies	.25
Semi-Weekly.	
Yearly, in advance	$24.00
Six months	12.00
Three months	6.00
Per month, by carrier in city, in advance	2.00
Single copies	.25

NOTICE.

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS

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

$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of $50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one 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.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1903.

UNION LABEL

AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"A Black Sheep."

WOULD BE TRUST BUILDERS.

It is before the people of Dawson and of the adjacent mining communities to decide whether they desire the newspaper business of the city to be conducted by a trust or whether they wish to see competition.

As has been noted before in these columns the commotion that is behind the Sun and News set out long ago to throttle the Nugget, the sole purpose in view being the accomplishment of a newspaper corner. Once having achieved the destruction of this paper the trust makers would be in absolute control of the newspaper business and would stand in a position to dictate prices of job printing, advertising and subscriptions—and the public would be forced to take its medicine. Under such conditions one man would be able not only to fix the rates on all the foregoing but what is of greater concern to the public he would dictate the editorial policies of both the trust papers. One paper would be for the government and the other opposed to it and both sides of every political question would be expected to contribute to the support of the trust promoters.

The effortery of these schemers is without parallel. They have attempted to deceive the public in the most glaring manner. They have essayed every possible means of covering their traces and have stooped to measures most unprofessional in their efforts to undermine the Nugget. Their policy has been to rule or ruin and in pursuing this policy they have stopped at nothing.

The people of this community have had experience with "corners" on sugar and flour and other commodities and they know without being told exactly what they may anticipate from a newspaper corner.

The Nugget is the only stumbling block in the way of the trust. This paper has stood in season and out of season, through times good, bad and indifferent, as a staunch champion of public rights and a consistent and unfaltering opponent of just such schemes as the News-Sun combination is now endeavoring to promote.

That our course has been approved, events have demonstrated in a most satisfactory manner. The splendid record made by this paper in three straight political campaigns has furnished a test of the Nugget's strength with the people. On each occasion when the Nugget has emerged from the contest with a sweeping victory to its credit, the News has gone down to crushing and ignominious defeat. These are facts which tell unmistakably of a newspaper's position in the community. The combination of interests arrayed against the Nugget have seen and read the handwriting on the wall, and in the bitterness of rage and defeat they have sought by every means to compass the destruction of this paper. They have expended money with a lavish hand, they have cut and slashed in every direction all without avail.

The public will not be a party to their scheme and without the co-operation of the public the scheme will not work.

The organization of a newspaper trust is opposed to the public weal and as such should be condemned and resisted to the last.

With the press of Dawson under one control as is the desire and hope of the interests opposed to this paper, free and unbiased discussion of public questions would be at an end. The people would be compelled to take exactly what the trust makers desired to give them,—nothing more and nothing less.

Such a condition is incompatible with public policy. The press must be free and unhampered in dealing with matters which concern the people, and unless it is free and unhampered it fails of its mission. The Nugget submits to the public—not as a plea for sympathy—but as a matter of cold hard business—that the effort to build up a newspaper corner in Dawson should be discountenanced.

The Nugget stands purely upon merit. It deals with public questions independently and without fear or favor.

The trust makers desire to control the newspaper field and place the discussion of all such matters under the direction of one head.

We mistake the temper of the people if they will lend their aid to the scheme.

The semi-weekly Nugget is the best advertising medium in Dawson through which to reach the mining communities. There is scarcely a working claim between Dawson and Indian river which does not receive the Nugget's twice-a-week issue. The Nugget is also sent through the Fortymile district including Miller, Glacier and Chicken creeks, and is the only paper that has been circulated this winter on Boucher. Advertisements in the Nugget reach the people who buy.

There is trouble brewing in the old world which may result in changing the map of Europe to a considerable extent. The "sick man" is becoming an intolerable nuisance and it is only a question of time until he becomes a genuine corpse. What will happen thereafter lieth beyond the wisdom of man to foresee.

The complimentary remarks which appeared in these columns on Saturday in reference to February weather were somewhat premature.

Every steamer now arriving at Skagway brings its quota of returning Klondikers. Sooner or later they all come back.

MARY, QUEEN OF POTS.

BY J. H. L.

Mary's eyes are small and green
With a temper-mark between,
And the freckles 'neath her eyes
Wander o'er a bridge of size.
Mary's heavenward tilted nose
Does not shadow lips of rose.
Hers are colorless though strong,
And her upper lip is long.
Did that square Hibernian chin
Ever have a dimple in—
Or her rough and ruddy hair
Ever know a touch of care?
She's not willowy nor small,
Rather pillowy than tall,
And her short and seamy throat
Volleys many a strident note;
But, O Mary, Mary dear,
If you'll only tarry here—

If you'll only stay and reign
In our cookery domain—
We will paint you virtues rare,
Make a nimbus of your hair,
Name you quite divinely tall
With a grace that passes all,
Call your voice a silvery chime,
And your eyes a blue sublime,
Swear you're beautiful and good—
Only stay, and cook our food!

Thieves Strung Up

Gadsden, Ala., Jan. 17.—Two negro thieves were strung up in the woods near Boaz, Marshall county, today, and life was nearly extinct when they were lowered. The negroes had stolen a quantity of meat from a leading Boaz merchant, but denied the theft. When they were cut down, however, they told where the meat could be found. After it had been recovered the negroes were driven from the country.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Fashion Sheets and **Standard Patterns** FOR FEBRUARY.

SEAMS ALLOWED FOR. — STANDARD PATTERNS WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE SUPERIORITY GUARANTEED — BEST FITTING STYLISH

POPULAR PRICES

J. P. McLENNAN

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CHARLES MICHAEL SCHWAB.

From the Wage of An Ordinary Workingman to the Biggest Salary in the Whole World.

To the great majority of his admiring countrymen, Mr. Charles M. Schwab is known chiefly by the unimportant circumstance that he draws the largest salary in the world. The public has a way of seizing upon trivialities like this and ignoring the solid merits that are a man's real title to fame.

Suppose Mr. Schwab does receive the largest salary in the world—what of it? The essential questions are, Does he earn it and if so, How? Mr. Schwab does earn it, and, moreover, he was earning it for a good many years before the public heard anything about him. When he became president of the Carnegie Steel Company, in February, 1897, his salary was fixed at fifty thousand dollars a year, with an interest in the business. When the company was absorbed by the United States Steel Corporation four years later, the value of that interest was estimated at over twenty-eight million dollars.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

That is equivalent to a salary of seven million dollars a year for the four years. Compared with that, the largest estimates of the figures opposite Mr. Schwab's name on the payroll of the steel trust seem modest.

But a few millions more or less are trifles in this age. What thoughtful people want to know is, not what a man is receiving, but what he has done. This amiable, smoothfaced young man, this locomotive on pneumatic tires, has done much and is likely to do more. He is forty years old now—just the age of President Butler of Columbia, and a little younger than President Roosevelt and the Emperor William. He had what he himself calls the indispensible inheritance of poverty. Educated by the Francisan brothers at Loretto, Pennsylvania, he began his business career as a grocer's boy for two dollars and fifty cents a week at seventeen was promoted to driving stakes in the engineering department of the Edgar Thompson Steel works two months later at a dollar a day, and in six months was a superintendent and took charge of the construction of eight of the nine blast-furnaces now in the plant. In 1887, at the age of twenty-five, he was appointed superintendent of the Homestead works, and reconstructed the entire establishment, making it the largest in the world of its class.

He created the vast and profitable armor-plate branch of the Carnegie industry. On the death of his friend and discoverer, Captain Jones, in 1899, he succeeded him as general superintendent of the Edgar Thompson works. Three years later, the Homestead works were added to his jurisdiction. In February, 1897, at thirty-five, he became head of all the enormous interests of the Carnegie company.

Mr. Schwab distinguished himself at every stage of his career in the Carnegie works. He was always devising some way of doing something more efficiently or more economically than it had ever been done before.

He represents the highest development of the salaried employee. Other men comparable with him as generals of industry have soon graduated from the pay-roll to work for themselves. Rockefeller, Hill, Spreckels, Mills, Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins and Carnegie all began poor but all turned their energies to putting themselves into a position in which everything amassed by their brains would go into their own bank deposits. Schwab alone has been content to remain a glorified wage-earner, cheerfully putting ten millions into the pockets of his employers for every million retained by himself.

It is as such a wage-earner that he is of such peculiar significance. Technologists may grow enthusiastic over his work in connection with Captain Jones in perfecting the mesta-hizer, by which melted iron instead of cold pig is used in steel-making, and the whole industry is transformed. They may admire the bold ingenuity of the devices by which a boy enabled his employers to undertake the manufacture of armor-plate in competition with rivals who had spent years and millions in constructing the gigantic special plant then considered necessary. But the real value of Mr. Schwab's career is in the light it throws upon the possibilities open to those vast wage-earning masses of which he has chosen to remain a member.

It is generally understood that Mr. Schway does not believe in trade-unions, as usually managed. Plenty of men who have worked their way from poverty to wealth hold similar views. Their standpoint is purely selfish. When they were making two dollars and fifty cents a week, they would be glad of a union to help them make more. When they are pocketing hundreds of thousands a year, they see no need for a union to help anybody else. They oppose the union for its merits. Just in so far as it helps the workers, they object to it.

If this were Mr. Schwab's position, it would not be worth notice. But his idea is something very different. His objection to the union policy is that is discourages ability. He wishes to leave the way open for every worker to win, if he can, a success like his own. He sees that possibility in the new organization of industry.

To his mind, the trade-union of the future is the trust. He sees in that the solution of the whole problem of capital and labor, and of the problem of national prosperity as well. His theory was explained by himself some time ago in these words:—

"The larger the output, the smaller, relatively, is the cost of production. This is a trade axiom. It holds good whether the output consists of pins or of locomotives. It is much more economical, proportionately, to run three machines under one roof than it is to run one. It is cheaper to run a dozen than it is to run three, and cheaper still to run a hundred. Therefore, the large plant has an undoubted superiority over the small plant, and this advantage increases almost indefinitely as the process of enlargement continues. The well-managed combination is a direct gain to the state. Any one who doubts this need only consult the foreign newspapers. Everywhere he will find a cry of industrial alarm leveled, not at the individual American manufacturer, but at the American nation. This is because the combination has done for the American state what the individual was never able to do—put it in industrial control of the world. The capitalist and the laborer are equal sharers in the advantages the new scheme offers. Capital finds itself more amply protected; and labor finds an easier route to a partnership with capital. To the workingman, the combination offers the most feasible scheme of industrial co-operation ever presented."

Mr. Schwab is a socialist in disguise. He recalls the difficulty a worker found under the old individualistic system in securing a foothold in business for himself. His savings would not buy a factory, or a partnership in one. The exceptional man could save enough to start a little workshop and he could add to his business from day to day until with good luck he had built up a great industry, but the average wage-earner could never hope to be his own employer. Now, a man with any thrift at all can buy a share of stock. A little later he can buy another share. Before he knows it, he is perceptibly a partner in the business that employs him. This Mr. Schwab believes to be the direction in which evolution is going to carry our industrial system. He has given his views a dazzling illustration in his own person.

Of course, in a pupil of Andrew Carnegie, personal generosity goes without saying. A polytechnic school at Homestead, a one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar church at Loretto, and a philanthropic summer resort on a tract of land just bought on Staten Island, are only the more conspicuous of Mr. Schwab's benefactions. He has not kept count of the thousand-dollar bills, and checks for two or three times a thousand dollars, of which he has allowed himself to be relieved for charities.

Charles M. Schwab is a living refutation of the theory that a driver of workmen must be a hard, unfeeling tyrant. He is bubbling over with sympathy and good humor, but he keeps a huge industrial army on edge by the force of infectious energy and of perfect organization. A hard overseer may make his men afraid to shirk—Mr. Schwab has learned the nobler and more profitable art of encouraging every man to do his best.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Joe Chamberlain Writes to the Premier of His Voyage to Capetown.

My Dear Arthur,—Here we are in mid-ocean. You have been at sea too often yourself to need any description of what it is like, but a short account of the perfect rest cure I am enjoying, far from lobbies and deputations, Lloyd George and Dr. Clifford, will, I know, give you pleasure to peruse, and, perhaps, serve to recreate your mind amid the stress of the third reading.

My dear fellow, there's nothing like the sea—even on a man-of-war. I don't say that a liner would not have suited me better—there's such a confounded flavor of Arnold-Foster about all these guns and blue-jackets—but the sea's the same, and whenever I feel homesick I have but to listen to the crew, and there I am at dear old Birmingham once more.

Have you ever seen blue-jackets drilling? That's my idea of how one's party should behave. One movement animating several hundred men, taking their orders from the officer in command—yourself, of course!—who else could it be? Any individual conscience dictating independent lines of action, and the man's in irons. That's discipline. I wish we could get some of it in the house. We must see. I have great plans in my head. Wait till I come back.

But the sea, Arthur, the sea! We had a gale in the bay—a regular opposition night—but I never turned a hair. When I get tired of politics, I must take up the navy as a hobby. Charley Beresford will require looking after one of these days. Besides, there is always room for a good admiral and I believe one could grow orchids near the engine-room, where there's a steady heat.

Off Gibraltar I made a rather neat joke. We had exchanged fatuities by wireless telegraph, and the captain was telling me of the monkeys that are sometimes seen through a glass. I looked, but could distinguish nothing. "No," I said, "I see no monkeys only one Marconi of the Rock." You might try that on Devonshire and let me know his comment.

Yesterday, wandering about the hinder parts of the vessel, which they call, I believe, the stern, I came upon a petty officer who knows Birmingham. I foresee that I shall be once less bored than I was beginning to fear I should be. He explained to me the difference between a Scotch and a Belleville boiler. By the way, how is Walter Long getting on with his water bill? I am rather afraid that, in spite of his efforts in stamping out rabies, he is likely to infect the Radicals with hydrophobia. You might tell that to Harcourt, with my love.

Possible Senators

Before the meeting of parliament a number of vacancies in the senate will be filled. Mr. Thomas Cilee of London will probably be called to the senate in succession to the late Senator O'Donohoe. The choice of a successor to the late Senator Clemens lies between Mr. F. T. Frost of Smith's Falls and Mr. W. C. Edwards, K.P. Mr. Legris, M.P., is almost certain to get the seat rendered vacant by Senator Armand's death while Mr. Jules Tessier, M.P.P. for Portneuf, will be called to replace the late Senator Dechene.

Trapper and Miner

G. Germain, a sourdough who came in here from Wisconsin in '97, and has worked some at mining on Indian river but has principally put in his time at trapping, left this morning with a team of four good dogs for the Tanana. He says that if the diggings are not all they say they are he will be in a good country for trapping and that is good enough for him.

The finest of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices.

VERY BAD HOCKEY

Poor Work at the Game Saturday Night

Played Like a Lot of Farmers—City Eagles Win Easily From the Athletics.

That was a pretty rockey game of hockey that was played at the rink Saturday night. The crowd in attendance was small, the players on each team played like farmers and not one was there an effort sufficiently brilliant to be worthy of a good, healthy yell. One of the strongest forwards on the City Eagles, and, too, for that matter one of the best in the entire league, said of himself, "I played a putrid game and the others did no better." Time and again Kennedy and Hagel would start for goal with a clean field, but before it would be reached they would be pocketed or have to pass to the other wing, for there would be no one there to receive the puck and the ground gained would be lost. The players on both teams worked hard enough individually, but the combinations were frosts of the most pronounced character. The game reminded one of a game between young school-boys rather than old stagers who know the sport from A to Izzard. Jack Patterson was off, being out of town, and in his place the Eagles lost one of their fastest and best shots. In his stead Frank Delfel was played. He is a good little rooster who has in him the making of a good man with the puck, takes everything in the way of hard checks that comes his way without a murmur, but in the fine points of the game, the head work, he is little more babe simply because he has not had the experience.

The Athletics never played worse since the beginning of the season, though they were presumed to have been strengthened by the amalgamation with and the addition of several members of the old Police team. The mins played goal, Wright, point, and Rines was on the forward line, good men all of them, but the team as a whole failed to make good most lamentably. As in the case of their opponents their combinations went woefully to the bad. It was a game of scramble for the puck, every man for himself and to perdition with the other fellow. Practice is what they all need; practice and training and lots of it if they expect to put up good hockey.

In just 45 seconds after the start Tom Watt put the puck in play for and scored a goal for the Eagles. During the greater part of the first ten minutes the play was in the Athletic territory. Early in the game Hagel broke one of his skates and had to retire until another pair could be secured.

Paul Forrest made the hit of the evening by taking a funny fall. A high lift from Wright came sailing through the air and he went up after it, pulling it down with his right hand like a first baseman on a throw. When he struck the ice, however, he lost his balance, his feet pointed skyward and he hit the ice face bard enough to make him see stars. Disgusted at his slip he threw the puck toward goal as far as he could send it, and then the crowd laughed.

Merritt shot the second goal in twelve minutes, Andy Smith the third in nine, and Ernest Hadden the last in six. No goals were made in the second half and the Athletics failed to score at all. Since the amalgamation of the Police with the Athletics it has not been decided whether a new schedule shall be begun or to continue on the old. The Civil Service will protest most vigorously against the starting of a new series and it would be manifestly unfair to them to lose the six games and a percentage of 1000 they have already acquired.

The lineup of the teams Saturday evening was as follows:

City Eagles—Goal, Edwards; point, Merritt; coverpoint, Keenan; forwards, Andy Smith, Hagel, Kennedy, Haddock and Delfel.

D.A.A.A.—Goal, Timmins; point, Wright; coverpoint, Strickland; forwards, Albert Forrest, Paul Forrest, Rines and Martin.

Score—4 to 0 in favor of the City Eagles.

Referee—Tom Atto.

Goal umpires—Jack Ellbeck and Corporal Stewart.

Timekeeper—W. H. B. Lyons.

The following is the standing of the clubs to date:

	Played	Won	Lost	P
Civil Service	6	6	0	[illegible]
City Eagles	5	4	1	[illegible]
D.A.A.A.	6	1	5	[illegible]

Try Blue Ribbon "Frankfurter and Kraut," 3-lb. cans. Finest in the land. 3 cans for $1.00. N. A. T. & T. Co.

Will care for one or two good dogs for their use during the balance of the winter. Apply Nugget office.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.