The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS. ..... Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY	
Yearly, in advance	$40 00
Six months	20 00
Three months	11 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	4 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

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LETTERS

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SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901.

MR. HAWKINS RESIGNATION.

It seemed to be generally known on the streets this morning that Mr. Hawkins had resigned his position as general manager of the railroad and that it had been accepted, otherwise no mention of the fact would now be made in these columns. The Nugget on beahlf of the people of Dawson, has had the affairs of the railroad under a direct surveilance and for some time and has known that the resignation of Mr. Hawkins had been handed in. In the endeavor to do justice even at the risk of being "scooped" by a contemporary, no mention has been made of his resignation, for the very simple reason that in common fairness such an announcement is Mr. Hawkins' private concern first of all and should be left to him to make in his own time and manner.

The circumtances which led up to this resignation have, however, been foreshadowed in our telegraphic dispatches. On another page in this issue will be found some suggestions of the obstacles placed in the path of Mr. Hawkins as general manager of the company. In that position his endeavor has been to educate men to fill the positions of trust in the executive department of the road, and to promote those of proven ability in grappling with the peculiar conditions of the territory. In this endeavor he was in every way forestalled, and the positions that he intended as a reward of merit were give, over his head, to men unfitted by natural gifts or "previous conditions of servitude" to fill. The appointment of Mr. Darling, and his retention, was a galling instance of this, and the selection of a vice president, when such position had been definitely promised to him, was the last straw to break the camel's back.

Mr. Hawkins has not left the company at the instance of President Graves. Very much to the contrary. The president has had to rely entirely upon Mr. Hawkins, having no railroad experience of his own to fall back upon, and, moreover, had an undoubted admiration of his general manager's skill, common honesty, reputation and popularity. In backing up the policy of Mr. Hawkins Mr. Graves himself has perhaps lost favor with the London directors whose constant cry has been for dividends. He has been for a long time working with a bare majority of the board, and is in that position at the present time. So that the people of Dawson may expect no aid from that quarter in the matter of lowering freight rates. With the departure of Mr. Hawkins, whose liberal broad-mindedness would have developed this country and eventually made his company one of the best paying and substantial enterprises of the continent, the people of this whole northland have lost a friend. He believed, not in grabbing everything in sight and getting out of the country, but in building up the country first, to reap fair but continuous profits in the years to come. He believed this country could support a million of workers, and that by liberal treatment, low transportation rates that number could be induced to settle here. Untrammelled, Mr. Hawkins might have made a fame here far more resounding and respected than that of an able railroad engineer.

The Nugget was the first paper in Dawson to turn loose its batteries against the W. P. & Y. R. and in behalf of the people in the demand for a reduction of freight rates. The Nugget's contention that the people of Dawson could bring the W. P. & Y. R. to time by concert of action has been rewarded. But the vigil must not be relaxed. The fight must be kept up in order that the freight schedules issued in the future may be along lines dictated by the people and not, as at present, a Chinese puzzle.

It was more than Mr. Hawkins could stand and with probably the largest cargo of disgust aboard he ever carried, he resigned his position. The railroad was his pet, he having nurtured it from its infancy. But like Simple Billy's pet sheep, it got with a —— bad crowd, and Hawkins' self-respect caused him to sever his connection with it.

Susie Vernon was interviewed by the News correspondent at Skagway. The man who would waste clean paper and good Faber No. 2 interviewing Susie Vernon would be an easy mark on which the W. P. & Y. R. could work off stories of "unprecedented storms sweeping the west coast."

Score one for the Nugget.

Traveling in Russia.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York Tribune gives some particulars of the difficulties attendant upon entering, traveling through and leaving Russia, which seem strange in this country, where any foreigner other than a contract laborer or pauper can come and travel about at will, and no questions asked. It has always required many yards of red tape to get in or out of Russia, but lately, this correspondent says, this process is still more difficult. "The passport secured from the foreign consul costs $1. The tourist fondly imagines that all regulations have been complied with and that his passport can be used as a ticket of admittance, to be shown at the frontier, and then packed away in a trunk until his return. When he reaches the frontier his passport is demanded. That is the first requisite, and until it has been produced and inspected he cannot get his baggage examined. Should the passport not have the correct vise or should it present anything of a suspicious nature to the official who examines it, the traveler is detained, and perhaps sent back or arrested. If it is all right he is allowed to go on. When he reaches the hotel at his first stopping place he is followed to his room by a page, who asks for his passport. No sooner has the passport been disposed of than another boy appears with a paper, which must be filled out. It seems that the minute personal description in the passport and its certification of citizenship are not enough. The passport is handed back just before departure, with an added inscription, an official seal and some revenue stamps. On the bill is an item anywhere from 40 kopeks to a rouble to cover the expense of this additional vise. And this passport demon follows you all through Russia, you cannot escape from it, and your paper is covered with inscriptions and stamps and your pockets are emptied of kopeks and roubles."

So on leaving the empire there must be a final official permit, else the traveler is detained. Government is a very serious affair in Russia, and every foreigner is made to feel that it is so. It is not strange that people of other countries and especially Russia, feel that America is truly the "land of the free," with perhaps a keener appreciation of that fact than we have ourselves.

Narrow Escape.

Passengers who came up on the Canadian, which arrived in Whitehorse Friday afternoon, were on last night's train and report that the steamer was nearly wrecked while coming through Five Fingers.

Just as she was about half way through the rapids something happened to the cable and the steamer swung broadside against the rocks breaking in a portion of her side and rail.

The accident was reported to be due to the fault of the cable and the extreme high water.—Alaskan.

I have a consignment of choice, well assorted groceries which I am ordered to close out immediately, also two fire proof safes and two crates crockery. Parties desiring small or large outfits will do well to call at once.
J. E. BOOGE, Yukon Hotel.

STORIES OF THE OLD-TIMERS

Who Were in the Yukon Fifteen Years Ago.

They Know How to Eat Tomatoes and Conduct Themselves When They Reach the Outside.

Away back in the early days on the Yukon, although the numbers of the pioneers were few, they made the best of their surroundings and were happier, perhaps, than after the advent of "many chechakos from below," bringing with them chechako grub and the manners and ways of "effete" civilization. The Yukon was a veritable terra incognito fifteen years ago. It was out of the world, so to speak, and the few white men who penetrated its fastnesses in search of the yellow metal often had a hard time to "make both ends meet." They had gold, but no grub, and what's the use of gold when it cannot be used to administer to the wants and pleasures of mankind? Hank Summers, who fought mosquitos on the upper Yukon as far back as 1884, kept himself and partner in meat all one winter on the Hootalinqua with his gun. There was no large game to be found and that winter small game, such as squirrels and rabbits, were not plentiful. Hank and his partner had flour and beans, but that was all. One day Hank started out after some squirrels. The days were short and cold, and, after tramping all day and just as the shades of night were falling, he bagged a squirrel, the first they had had for a week; and one small squirrel would make no feast for two hungry men.

But when the old Yukoner reached "civilization" he made up for lost time. He usually went to San Francisco and enjoyed the pleasures of life for a season. A story that is typical is told of Hank Summers. He was stopping at a San Francisco hotel. The table was well supplied with fruit and vegetables. One day there were fresh tomatoes on the table. Hank soon cleared the dish—he had not tasted nice, ripe, fresh tomatoes for years—and, calling the waiter, he said, "Bring me a basketful of them things." As soon as the man of the napkin had recovered sufficiently, he did as he was told. The basket of tomatoes was brought and set on the floor by Hank's side, and, said Hank in telling the story, when he returned to the Yukon, "I eat every one of 'em."

The name of "Jack" McQuesten is known all over Alaska and the Yukon country. He is called "Jack" because the first letters of his name are "L. N," perhaps, but few know him as L. N. McQuesten. To sour dough and chechako, alike he is "Jack McQuesten," and he is beloved by all who know him. No miner ever wanted anything that Jack had. Jack McQuesten never asked a man the size of his poke. The "broke" miner got grub, as well as the opulent.

Jack McQuesten, after many years spent in the Upper Yukon country, concluded to make a trip to San Francisco. Thither he went, and was amazed at the vast changes that had taken place since the time, as a young man, he had walked the streets of the city by the Golden Gate. He put up at a hotel which was supplied with all the modern equipments. He walked upstairs because he didn't like the elevator, and, on being shown to a gorgeously furnished room, he was curious and began to examine its contents. An eletric button near the door attracted his attention. He pressed it with his finger, not knowing what it was, and then completed his examination of the room. Presently a knock was heard on the door.

"Come in," said Jack. And a uniformed bellboy stepped in and looked inquiringly at the pioneer. Jack said nothing, in his blissful unconsciousness that he had summoned a servitor of the hotel.

"You rang sir!" said Buttons.

"Did I?" hesitatingly inquired Jack, "th-then bring me some hay for my mukluks." It was the first thought that came into Old Jack's head and he was not going to expose his ignorance of modern hotel improvements before a small bellboy.

J. F. Giese, the well known Nome hardware dealer, was the first man on the Yukon to set up a tinsmith shop. He started at Fortymile and subsequently at Circle City, when that place began to flourish, and he flourished with it. Pat Galvin was at Fortymile and tried to freeze Giese out, but Giese is not made of the stuff that freezes quickly.

Frank Bennett, who is now running a barbershop in the Eagle saloon building, was the first barber to follow his trade on the Yukon and Bennett is said to have made lots of dust trimming the boys' lambrequins and in shaving the faces of not a few Yukon Samsons, who had grown beards for the first time in the great interior country.—Nome News.

Successful Miner.

Speaking of his Alaskan trip to a reporter for the Times Patsy Clark, the Spokane millionaire mining man, said: "I have never visited the Prince of Wales property so, of course, know little or nothing about it. We have organized a development company composed of practically the same men who were associated together in my former ventures. We have secured options on several properties and bought some others and will begin development work. How much we will do depends on the showing that we are able to make in the matter of ore bodies. I will be in Alaska a few weeks looking into the property and upon my return may be able to give you some more reliable idea regarding it."

Mr. Clark is one of the most uniformly successful mining men in the State of Washington, and one of the ablest authorities on the values and possibilities of mining properties. Until a few years ago he was employed by Marcus Daly, the Montana millionaire mining man, and Mr. Daly has frequently referred to him as the ablest underground mining he had ever in his employ.

After severing his connection with Daly, Clark entered the Coeur d'Alenes, where he became interested in the Standard and other properties. He sold out his properties there, making quite a snug sum of money and immediately bought into the War Eagle, at Rossland, B. C. This property he and his associates sold out to English capitalists, and Mr. Clark's part of the deal is said on good authority to have netted him $150,000.

Immediately upon selling out his interests in the War Eagle, Mr. Clark organized a company and purchased the Republic mine at Republic, which has since become famous all over the world. This property was sold to English investors some two years ago and Mr. Clark's portion of the selling price was something over one million dollars.

Since selling out the Republic mine Mr Clark has made several deals in which he has increased his fortune quite materially, but has been in nothing large until his present venture, which, in its present stage, promises to eclipse either of his former properties. This will be Mr. Clark's first visit to the property or to Alaska.—Seattle Times.

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An Individual Opinion.

SO the mighty freight problem which now occupies the minds of the railroad officials, which has worried the merchants of Dawson sick, and raised such an uproar in the press, is still as far from a satisfactory solution as ever. When you stop to think about it, it seems strange that in all the discussion which the subject has engendered no one has spoken a single word for the one most vitally interested—the one through whom all the vast resources of the country must be brought to fruition, by whose efforts it is made possible to operate railroads and steamships, and who pays by coined sweat for all merchandise landed here. Why not take him, the workingman, the toiler, the miner, into consideration? Who but the Government can act for him? Step in, representatives of the people, and grapple with the question. The welfare of the country demands it.

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