

ABOUT SOME GREAT MEN

Characteristics of Merchant Princes, Trust Magnates and Railway Monopolists. All Have Their Little Weakness.

A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania, who is forcing a hole under the Hudson into New York for the use of his railroad, likes a horse better than anything else in the world, but his tastes are so catholic and his information so varied that he is able to make himself interesting on almost any topic.

He is one of the charter members of a certain swell dining club in Philadelphia—that town is famous for such organizations—whose methods, though vastly more interesting, resemble one of a progressive euche party. Every member must attend every dinner, or be fined, and each must invite one guest—no more or less. There are twenty-one members, and there is a fully attended dinner is always served for forty-two. Often the number is less, but the club's table is so cunningly devised that it can be made just large enough for whatever number draws round it.

When all are seated, each guest is placed between two members and each member between two guests. At a certain stage of the dinner, on signal, the members, who are charged only to entertain the guests, but also to bring out whatever is in them, all change places, so that nobody has a chance to bore anybody else. This maneuver is repeated two or three times during the evening.

There is no formal speaking, but the dinner is so interesting, quite apart from the menu, that it is well worth scheming for a long time ahead to win an invitation to attend one. As one of them, the members and guests present included the most famous name specialist in the United States, a general in the army, the governor of a state, an explorer fresh from strange lands, a great shipbuilder, a noted foreigner, a world-famous financier, etc., but Cassatt's was the most interesting personality about the table. He talked like an expert about hackneys, runners, trotters, and the antiquities, German operas, irrigation, nervous diseases, Thibetan goats, automobiles, pictures, statistics, ecclesiastical architecture and, in fact, every topic he was approached upon excepting railroading. Concerning this he did not seem anxious to expell his knowledge. And his demeanor was as unassuming as his information was encyclopedic.

DEFEW DEVOTED TO NEWS-PAPER CLIPPINGS.

The most curious thing about Seneca Chauncey Mitchell Dewey is his devotion to the newspaper clipping. Nearly every man in public life today subscribes to one or other of the many clipping bureaus, for that is with the easiest way to learn what the newspapers say about him, but Dewey keeps a goodly supply of his clippings constantly by him, so that he can consult them whenever he has a spare moment.

When he leaves his office in New York or his committee room in Washington, he sticks a handful of the latest cuttings he has received into the left-hand side pocket of his sack coat, and, as soon as he gets into a cab or car, he begins pulling them out, reading them one by one, and transferring them carefully to his right-hand side pocket as fast as they are read. In thus utilizing his spare time for the perusal of his clippings, he keeps much closer tab on the comments made on himself and his acts than almost any other man now in the public eye.

It might be added that he generally laughs long and heartily at the frequent gibes due to his story telling and jokes, but a serious criticism by a paper of his own faith sometimes causes him considerable discomfort.

FLOWERS ARE W. L. ELKINS' HOBBY.

Mr. Elkins experiences no discomfort in a trolley car, but he is miserable when his valet forgets to place a flaming red carnation or an orchid of the same color in his coat lapel every morning. It is said that such an untoward event has not happened since a certain day, several years ago when a new valet inadvertently forgot this most important duty, with disastrous results to himself.

By reason of his hobby, Mr. Elkins is a married man whenever he walks Philadelphia's streets, and many a promoter, unable to gain entrance into the financier's private office, has waited for him at the foot of the elevator, spotted him by the flower, and implored him in public to take up with this scheme or that.

Mr. Elkins' passion for these two flowers in particular, and all flowers in general, is so strong that at his beautiful country home in Elkins—a town near Philadelphia suburb which bears his name and has been developed by him—he has no less than a dozen of the greenhouses filled with all sorts of blooming plants. His favorite flower, for his dinner table is the American beauty rose, and costly vases filled with selected buds are always to be found in the great dining room.

SCHWAB NO MEAN MUSICIAN.

Charles M. Schwab, as a musician, is not very well known to the world at large, but among his intimate associates the president of the United States Steel Corporation is considered a singer and a pianist of no mean ability.

Mr. Schwab, as a boy in Loretto, the little Pennsylvania mountain town from which he went into the world to make his fortune, was taught music by the Sisters of Mercy, who have a convent at that place. For years he sang in the church choir and when he went down to Braddock to work in the steel mills, his voice aided him in forming new acquaintances readily.

The story is frequently told in Braddock that this accomplishment was, in a large measure, responsible for Schwab's gaining the good will of Andrew Carnegie. Be that as it may, that is what Braddock folks say.

It seems that while Schwab was still in a very minor position in the mill, his fellow workers, knowing his abilities as a singer, asked him to sing at a certain social gathering of the mill employees. Schwab consented, and, at the appointed hour, appeared clad in Highland costume, and sang a typical Scotch song. He was just in the midst of it, and the audience was giving him close attention when the door leading into the room opened and — lo and behold — who should the unexpected newcomer be but Andrew Carnegie himself. It is said that Mr. Carnegie enjoyed both the song and the singer's evident confusion, and it is further said that the iron master, who had already heard something of Schwab, was led to inquire further about his commercial activities, with the result that he was given wider and wider opportunities.

Mr. Schwab particularly delights in indulging in his love of music when at his summer home in Loretto. He plays on the piano many times a day and those of his former playmates now remaining in the town of their boyhood believe that there is no pianist alive who can equal "Charlie" Schwab in playing "ragtime."

MR. CARNEGIE'S ADMIRATION OF TALL MEN.

Mr. Carnegie likes to talk to tall men. Pittsburgh friends say that they have known him to deliberately scrape up acquaintance with representatives of the six-foot-and-over class for no other reason in the world than to ask them how they managed to grow tall. Mr. Carnegie has never got over his boyhood-ambition to be a big man, physically. He once said to a friend apropos of this disappointment:

"People tell me that I'm a big man, but I'm not as big as I'd like to be. Look at me."

GEORGE GOULD'S CHARITY BASKET.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould coming out from Georgian court on a cold winter's day to distribute charity to needy residents of Lakewood and thereabouts, is a far from uncommon sight.

Mr. and Mrs. Gould believe in personally relieving any suffering that may be within the shadow of their magnificent country seat in the pines, and, as a result, any person in Lakewood who gets into difficulty is now accustomed to look for aid from the Goulds.

Residents of Lakewood say that this winter the Goulds have supplied many tons of fuel to poor families, Mr. Gould frequently superintending the delivery of the coal.

"If there is a single case of unrelieved destitution in this township," said a prominent citizen of the resort recently, "it is because the Goulds have not heard of it. And if any one will be good enough to tell them of it, in less than an hour's time we'll see them making for the place with a basket occupying the better part of their trip."

Mr. Gould has told me that nothing gives him so much pleasure as to help a deserving neighbor, and he is so modest and unostentatious and diplomatic about it that the person helped never feels as if he were a dependent.

EX-SPEAKER REED'S ELEPHANT.

Thomas Brackett Reed never read the things printed about him with very much attention. He was intensely interested, though, in cartoons which took up him or his schemes. He used to preserve caricatures of himself, and the first in which he figured had a place of honor in his library, framed, much to the distress of Mrs. Reed, who could not bear to look at it. It was printed early in the seventies.

Reed's queerest fad was a grotesque statuette of an elephant about six inches high. Whenever he was puzzled, or when he had the blues—and even he had them sometimes—it was his wont to stand and contemplate his little elephant in all its ugly, grotesque humorosity, and thus he wrought out many a problem, and more than once would back the sunshine that had temporarily disappeared.

WHY MAGEE LIVED IN A FRAME HOUSE.

The late C. L. Magee, the multi-millionaire of Pittsburg, would never live in any other than a frame house.

"A frame house was good enough for me to be born in," he always told his friends, when they asked him why he didn't build a modern residence, "and in a frame house I shall live until I die."

REMEMBERS TILICUMS

Chas. Macdonald Writes of the East

self took them all to a theatre party there one evening.

"Much as I am enjoying myself in renewing old acquaintances I will be glad to be back in Dawson again."

Mr. Macdonald's letter was written from Chatham, Ontario, under date of February 12. The following clipping is from the Chatham Daily News of recent date:

Mr. Charles Macdonald, of Dawson City, who, with Mrs. Macdonald, is at present the guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. H. D. Smith, Victoria avenue, is an enthusiast on the future of the Yukon. Mr. Macdonald, who practiced law at Ridgetown and then at Chatham, left here three years ago to fill the appointments of clerk of the territorial court and registrar of the exchequer court, with headquarters at Dawson.

He reaches Chatham at a very interesting stage of her history, just after the oil discovery in the vicinity and the incident excitement. With the rapid transformation of the town he is much pleased, three years having produced many improvements in paving, buildings and streets in general.

"When I went to the Yukon," said Mr. Macdonald, in a short talk about his adopted home, "Dawson was what is known as a wide-open town, in which gambling and all features that mark a mining place existed. Despite this, however, the best of order prevailed for the reason that justice was administered there with a firm hand, just as in any other town in Canada, while the mounted police as peace preservers were unexcelled in any part of the world. Since 1901 gambling has been stopped and today Dawson City with a population of about 8,000, eighty per cent of whom are male adults, is as orderly as any city in the Dominion. The creation of Dawson has been like that of a mushroom. Before the rush for gold in the autumn of 1897 and spring of 1898 it had no place on the map; now it is a thoroughly up-to-date city with all modern conveniences—electric light, telephone, telegraph, police and fire protection, well-paved and well-lighted streets, public schools and hospitals, and three daily newspapers, besides weeklies. These papers sell at twenty-five cents a copy, this being the smallest coin circulating in the territory.

"I am asked constantly as to the reported severity of the climate, but while at times the thermometer is low, no inconvenience is experienced by reason of the cold, as the air is dry and there is a complete absence of wind in severe weather. The summers are beautiful, the mercury ranging up to eighty for three months, while summer extends over a period of five months.

"Vegetation is prolific, garden truck of all kinds growing rapidly, also small fruits, but, excepting oats, no cereals are produced. There are great possibilities for agriculture in the valleys, but it is not followed as a business. Everybody is in the Yukon for

ORGAN GRINDERS BETTER OFF

Doing Missionary Work for the Yukon Through the Eastern Provinces.

In these days of flats and tall tenements with families living on floor above floor towering in the air, the money for the hand-organ man is thrown down to him wrapped up in paper.

"I should think," said a benevolent appearing old gentleman who was walking along an uptown street the other day, to an Italian organ grinder who could speak English enough to be understood; "I should think that the money coming down that way, all done up so, would add greatly to the interest of the business. You never know just what you are going to get until you actually open the papers. You might find a cent in one, or you might find five dollars. There's a mystery in every package."

"Notta much mystery," said the organ grinder, smilingly.

He was willing to admit that there was a certain enjoyment in opening the package—it might contain large money, but he had never come across any gold there yet; people give the organ grinder now just what they used to give, namely, cents.

"Well then," said the benevolent old gentleman, who appeared to be a man who had time to stand around and talk, "if they don't give any more than they used to, how can you afford to double up on your plant like this? A big expensive organ, and two men to run it, instead of one."

"More people," was the substance of the organ man's answer; and, without undertaking to reproduce his dialect, what he told the old gentleman was that in no end of blocks where there used to be houses with one family apiece there would now be found, in flats and apartments, five or ten families; and that while people might not give individually more than they did years ago, there were ten times as many of them to give. So that even on small profits the greater volume of business nowadays made it possible to do even the hand organ business on the grander modern scale.

"Ye-es," said the benevolent old gentleman, turning as he spoke and wrapping up a coin in a piece of paper, which, turning again, he handed to the suave organist, who smiled again as he opened it.

It was not a great mystery what this package contained, but it was greater than a cent.

The A. B.'s are sparing no pains to make the sheet and pillow case dance a complete success.

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gold and that territory now takes its place as the greatest placer mining camp in the history of the world.

"The facilities for getting into Dawson are much improved. In summer it is reached by rail and steamer; in winter the distance of three or four hundred miles from the railway terminus to Dawson is traversed by stage.

"At one time the entire trade of the Yukon was in the hands of Americans, but now much of it is controlled by Canadians and seventy-five per cent of imports are Canadian. In the early days the population was almost purely American, with no knowledge of Canadian markets. Now not only is the duty saved, but often the goods are superior to those of American make.

"Yukon will always be a non-producing country—always a consuming market, for which everything has to be carried in. I was pleased to see Chatham-made wagons on the streets of Dawson, and I would like to impress on Canadians the vital importance of sending the very best of their products there. At least sixty-five per cent of the population are alien and, therefore, not predisposed to buy Canadian products unless they commend themselves by their superiority.

"The cost of living is still high in the Yukon—from five to seven times as much as in Ontario. Rents for ordinary houses range from \$50 to \$125 a month in Dawson, and domestic servants get from \$60 to \$100 a month. Water costs from \$5 to \$7 a month. In summer the water is supplied by waterworks, but in winter, of course, the mains are closed, and the precious fluid is delivered in wagons. This winter I have paid \$8 a month for my supply, and all other necessities cost in proportion.

"Dawson has four churches, Presbyterian, Methodist, Anglican and Catholic. The Presbyterian place of worship—sprung from a log building—cost \$23,000, and the organ alone \$6,000. All churches are well attended. The city has no high schools but has a public as well as circulating libraries, and will soon erect a \$25,000 building with a Carnegie grant.

"Social life in Dawson is very pleasant and we have our outdoor sports—in summer baseball, cricket and football, and in winter curling, skating and hockey.

"In the constitution of the population of the Yukon Ontario is not as well represented as other provinces—Nova Scotia, Quebec and British Columbia furnish most of the Canadian population. Chatham has contributed a few of the Dawson residents, among whom are Frank Powell, once of the office of Drs. Holmes and McKeough; and Herbert Robertson, son of the late Chief Justice Robertson, of British Columbia and grandson of the late Wm. Eberts, of Chatham. Herbert is the senior partner in the legal firm of Robertson & Robertson, the other member of the firm, his brother, being in Victoria, where Mrs. Robert-

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son also resides. Another successful lawyer up there is Will Thornburn, who studied with Wilson & Co. of this city. Other Kent men are Capt. Jas. McLean, of Wallaceburg, commanding a steamer on the Yukon, and two Crows from Chatham township.

"The people of the Yukon are taking a deep interest in the settlement of the Alaska boundary question, being highly desirous of having access to the seaboard without the necessity of crossing a strip of territory claimed by the United States. As the Yukon is an integral part of Canada the people up there expect the sympathy and support of the east in this dispute. They are pleased to know that Hon. David Mills has been named, a member of the Boundary commission, a man in whose probity, ability and firmness they have the utmost confidence.

"I predict a great future for the Yukon," said Mr. Macdonald in conclusion. "It is now regarded much as we looked at Manitoba and the Northwest twenty-five years ago, but I believe it to be almost as great a heritage as the Northwest."

Mr. Macdonald and family, who have much enjoyed their visit east, will soon return to resume their residence in the Yukon.

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

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