

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 impudently 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 whose name 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.

"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."

ORGAN GRINDERS BETTER OFF

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.

REMEMBERS TILICUMS

Chas. Macdonald Writes of the East

Doing Missionary Work for the Yukon Through the Eastern Provinces.

Upon the last mail was received a letter by a gentleman in the city from Mr. Charles Macdonald, clerk of the territorial court, he who has been so often referred to as the silver tongued orator of the Yukon, which will be found to contain many breezy items of interest. Following a somewhat jocular introduction, Mr. Macdonald has this to say:

"Much interest is manifested in the Yukon and I have endeavored to remove many erroneous impressions that prevail respecting it. The Alaska boundary comes in for much discussion and I try to interest eastern Canada as to its importance in relation to our territory."

"The winter in this locality (western Ontario) has been extremely mild and to me depressing. Business generally is active, however, and times good."

"I leave for Ottawa in a day or two and hope to be in Dawson early in April. I have seen many Klondikers this winter among them being Fred Wade, 'Foxy Grandpa' Walsh of Orangeville, the musical metropolis of Canada—Wm. White, F. T. Congdon, R. B. Young, R. A. Rumsey, Chief Willis and many others. Mr. White denies absolutely that his cheek ever was or ever could be frozen while on the trail, as does Mr. Walsh the story that he took passage on the wrong boat. Many inquiries at this point are made for Mr. Cameron of the Bank of Commerce, who was formerly stationed here. All are delighted at the rapid advancement he has made in the bank. Also many inquiries are made as to Messrs. Herbert Robertson and William Thornburn; not by business men, in fact not by men at all, but by the fair sex. Mr. Thornburn is much missed in musical and church circles. In the latter as a leader of psalmody his place was hard to fill. I spent a part of today with Rev. Dr. Battistone, minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, and told him of Mr. J. Newton Storry, a nephew whom he had never seen."

"I have also seen all the Dawson 'kiddies' who are attending school in Toronto and Mrs. Macdonald and myself 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."

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."

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.

On March 1st

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