

MR. BELL'S RADICAL VIEWS.

He Has Rather Pronounced Ideas on Receiving Royalty.

Thinks the Grievances of the Miners Should Be Plainly Presented to Lord Minto.

Editor Nugget.

The "force of habit," or custom, is one of the great misfortunes of humanity. This is demonstrated every day by history repeating itself. "Oh! that we could see ourselves as others see us." How easy we can see the folly of the Chinese Boxers by the "force of habit" adhering to their custom and rebelling against what we deem Christian enlightenment and civilization. The same view is taken by the Boxers. Japan bows to the Mikado, Russia to the czar, and Turkey to the sultan, and his ladies deem it an honor to enter his majesty's harem. All this folly we see and denounce as an absurd "force of habit." How about ourselves? Poor blind mice! We claim to be enlightened Christians, yet too blind to see ourselves as others see us. Christians should know that all through their sacred book is found "God is not a respecter of persons." Yet from the force of habit will define it the other way, and try to make it appear that some shirker, who lives off the sweat of a worker, is not common clay of the same flesh and blood as their brother. They try to elevate him as a god, prefix lord to his name, pay him \$50,000 a year from their toil and bow down and worship him. Why is this? Will people ever outgrow bigoted superstition and the force of habit? People of such customs are now going to their wits end of extreme nonsense to give a public reception to one of God's plain men, whom He created without crown, feathers, or any title. Force of habit, not public choice, created the title. Why should 5,000,000 people pay this non-producer \$50,000 a year—the same salary as 80,000,000 pay their elected president. Every author on wealth and political economy claim that all the money of the world is produced only and directly by the hands of the grim toiler. If it were not so all nations would go on coining and printing billions of dollars every day. Taxes and tariff would be unknown.

Did Mr. Minto ever create a dollar on field, or farm, mill or mine, in woods or workshop, sea or shore? No. He never toiled in any calling, nor wrote a book, nor poem or cooked a meal, or invented a device, nor built a house for man or mule. The humblest man who has produced in any of these lines is far ahead of him. Then why this preparation for a grand reception, the cost of decorating all the city, tearing down signs, putting up arches, grand stands, declaring the arrival day a holiday, a grand parade and a cavalcade of bands, etc. Bah! Let us see ourselves from the Nazarine standpoint. If this man (God's plain man, Mr. Minto) was coming here to live off the sweat of his own toil and some unforeseen mishap had wrecked him, or stranded him in the ice devoid of the necessary food and his partner or member of the family sick on a death bed, or dead, and the survivor, Minto, in overalls, landed in Dawson without a dollar—homeless, penniless and friendless, out in the world alone, broken down in heart and spirit, seeking employment—and unable to find it—what one of these so-called Christian reception flunkies would give him (Minto) a crust of bread? Not one.

How can you account for this blind, bigoted force of habit? It was Christ who said, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto the Lord the things that are the Lord's," or in interpreted words, "give unto Caesar that which he has earned and owns, etc." He (Jesus) also said, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto these the least of my children you have done it unto me, etc." or in plainer words, you fed and helped these my needful children, or tone, Christianity and heaven is your reward. Or in plainer words, if Lord or Mr. Minto landed in Dawson destitute, a poor honest toiler, seeking a chance to earn an honest living to support himself, and pay the taxes, or his share of the \$2,500,000 annually to the royal family, yet idle today these reception flunkies, like the "priest and levite," would pass him by on the other side. They would let him freeze or starve. Now, that they pay him \$50,000 a year they are going almost mad to wine and dine him free with a great bum, bum, boo reception. Chinese glut their god, others their lord. Glut the glutted and starve the starv-

ing. How do you account for it? What fools these Chinese are! What do you mean? Well—be docile. I only want to show the folly of the force of habit of these blind Chinamen, that's all. Besides, it is well to try and have your brother see himself as others see him, and this is about the best illustration to open his eyes. I take it for granted that the earl of Minto, the governor general (whatever his true name may be) is a gentleman; one who can't help but laugh at what a rich thing he has—\$50,000 a year of his poor toiling dupes—and that without representation. Then to see his poor dupes bow down to him, too timid to ask their rights; the wrongs that should be righted, already too long endured and which they have been squealing over for three years. Yes, Mr. Minto, I don't see how you can suppress your good hearty laugh I expect to shake with you and when I see you smile, we will know if it is your rich reservoir which impels it. Judging from the timid action of the flunkies at Wednesday night's mass meeting it would seem that the world would be bankrupt if a civil and appropriate resolution had been adopted setting forth our grievances and civilly asking to have the wrong righted, etc.

If the governor general was elected by the people out of their rank and having experiences in different callings in life, then it would be appropriate to receive him without a holiday display. Great presidents have asked their people to avoid display and preferred them, if at all, to gather only in plain masses. Dawson flunkies, don't drop on your tours to your lord as Chinese do to their god, lest your ridiculous aspect shame the Lord and people. If you grovelers can't stand on your feet, like a man, get out of the way you pettifogging lawyers and doctors of caster oil and parasites of the government pap bottles and let the great army of toilers, mining all over the Klondike and Indian river districts, the only producers and sovereign people of the empire, speak to the governor general. That is what he comes for. All right. They shake hands, and after the greeting the governor says: "You, gentlemen, the horny-handed sons of toil, are just the very people I want to see. You see I am not to blame for this rich \$50,000 job, God did not give it to me; monarchy did, and flunkies, from the force of habit, tolerate it, I know I ride heavy on your back and I want to see your wrongs and will try and right them. I know there is no difference between chattel slavery and slavery with exorbitant tax without representation."

"Right you are governor, and it is right glad I am to see you," says the miner, "and now that you are fair and came so far to know our needs, we will be pleased to tell you our needs. You see this arctic spot is God's creation. The gold he placed in the ground unknown ages ago. It never done any one any good until we blazed the way and hauled our grub over the crags and frost and snow and suffered countless hardships and began digging it out. Then just as soon as we began to grow fairly rich, along came a man in stripes and says, 'See here, you can't dig here until you pay me a \$10 license annually and \$15 for recording and 10 per cent royalty, and 20 per cent on a rich claim and 50 cents stumpage and every other claim reserved for the crown, etc.'" This kind of extortion left us very little after that officer in stripes left us. Sometimes a highwayman leaves us a little money and this kind of an officer is about the same. All the difference is, one takes it for himself illegally, and the other takes it for the crown, so-called, legally. But it's just the same thing to us, they take our money and give us no equivalent in return, therefore it is no difference which man robs us. This, you see, is an outrageous shame and we civilly ask for this highway robbery, called taxes, licenses, fees and royalties, etc., to stop. We want the proceeds of our production, we don't want to live off another man. Now, why didn't these officials come here 10, 20 or 50 years ago and dig out their own living? It is a case of history repeating itself. The grim toiler clears the way, blazes the roads, fells the forest, clears the soil, tills the ground, gathers and grinds the harvest, builds the houses, constructs and invents all improvements; this worker takes the wool of the sheep's back and fits on the sharpers back, in fact, does all the work and feeds and clothes the world's people, and supports all governments. That is even so," says the governor. And that is not all, nor half; now that you admit we are the people, and the direct producers, too, we ask for representation from our own ranks; you see the pettifogging, gabbling lawyer, the doctor of caster oil or the doctor of divinity, or the office seeking official, all live off us, and will continue to do so at home or abroad, they would seek to better their own case, not the people. Only those who are

of us and work with us, know our needs, they are the men who should be elected by the people to represent us. They know our suffering and have felt it. We want 90 per cent of the money paid to the government from here invested in building up government roads, bridges, and a standard shipping business and store which will not rob the public. We want a standard scale fixed for gold or a mint, so that we will not lose from one to three dollars an ounce on gold. We want a law arranged between the claim owner and layman so that the wage-worker will not be beat out of his wages. Make legal all contracts between employer and employe; as it is now no miner can collect his wages in winter by suit; he has to wait to the spring cleanup, where in many cases the gold is secluded away and the miner beat out of one-half or three-quarters of his pay, and in some cases loses all by the layman skipping off with the gold. Let all this be righted; and also we are ashamed of our government to live off the wages of sin. The liquor saloon, gambling rooms, dance halls with vile green rooms, and houses of shame, follow up the miners industry to the miners cabin door and while officials claim this evil cancer is illegal, yet they tolerate it by collecting monthly \$50 fines of the practitioners of the so-called illegal calling, which has been cultivated for three years. Give us a law that will make it a state's prison offense for any man to dance one night with a woman of the town and the next night with respectable ladies, and an equal crime to the person who will cause the arrest and cash bail of \$500 of another only to April fool the victim and court. So now you see, governor, we have been a long suffering patient people. Put yourself in our position. Go put in ten hours a day at hard work shoveling in mine or sluice box. Disguise yourself in overalls, and flannels, so you will be unknown, experience the humiliation of getting a job, then have your co-worker try to rush you, probably abuse and freeze you out; see how ladies will ignore you and admire a dude in collars and cuffs and curly hair on the brainless head of a debauched, gambling thief and criminal; yes, see yourself abused, or ignored by the very groveling flunkies who would tread others down to bow down to you in another position when living off their toil. Wouldn't this custom of habit kill you. Yes, and while in overalls see the Pharisee in his 'I am holier than thou' pomp, in store and office ignore you. That would kill you twice. Isn't it strange we have endured all this without representation. If these deluded people could only see themselves as the other half see them, they would have long ago declared a declaration of independence. They would have realized that 'God is not a respecter of persons.' That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure his rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.' In our case it's the other way, we have been governed without our consent. Ogilvie and all the officials know it, but they insist on this extortion and seek to ride further on the public back. 'Well, I must say that this information from the people,' said the governor general, 'has enlightened and rewarded me for this long trip, and I can assure you that I will do all in my power for the immediate needs of the sovereign people of the Yukon territory.' The right to vote yes or no on all laws by which we are governed is the people's wants, and we alone are responsible for this view."

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