

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 17 (DAWSON'S PIONEER PRESS) PUBLISHED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, Yearly, in advance...

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1901

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KLONDIKE NUGGET

From Tuesday's Daily. AN ILL-ADVISED ORDER.

The wisdom of the peremptory order respecting the closing of gambling is open to question. Every such action, no matter how justifiable it may appear upon its face, should be taken only after its probable effects have been well weighed and considered.

The Nugget's position on the gambling question is well known. When the order from Ottawa closing all gambling was received and announced made that it would be placed in effect on June 1st last, the Nugget heartily endorsed and applauded the plan.

We believed at that time, and we still hold to the same opinion, that open gambling is not a thing to be upheld or tolerated.

But we likewise believe that the gambling question as all other kindred evils, should be treated as a practical matter.

The situation briefly summed up amounts to this: By virtue of the fact consent of the authorities the order of last June was modified and a number of games have since been permitted to run without hindrance or molestation.

The reason for this time nor does it affect the merits of the present situation. The games were permitted to run and have continued to run under quasi official protection. Employed in one capacity or another about the games and directly or indirectly deriving a livelihood therefrom, are a large number of men variously estimated at from 250 to 300.

When the order closing all games goes into effect these men, with almost no warning of any kind, are thrown out of employment and will become a charge upon the community until they can be sent or driven out of the country.

The fact that the order comes at the close of navigation, when travel is practically impossible, only aggravates the situation. It has been stated that the recent blow up at the Dominion saloon is the immediate reason for closing all gambling at this time and it is assumed that as a result, the town will be rid of all undesirable characters.

In the opinion of this paper an opposite effect will be produced. Closing the gambling games merely signifies that the men who have been drawing their livelihood therefrom will be forced to turn to other means for support. It is a physical impossibility for them to leave the country, and many of them, undoubtedly, are leaving the means of so doing even though the law would admit of travel.

"What is a family tree?" asked the young person. "A family tree," answered Miss Cayenne, "is much like other trees—very sturdy near the roots, but becoming more and more frail and unsubstantial as it branches out."

Washington Star. We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store. Dress Suits. Latest Style - Best Quality. Special Sale price \$32.50.

J. P. McLENNAN, 218 FRONT STREET. Grand Forks has set an example to Dawson and availed itself of such

privileges in the way of self government as it is entitled to under the law. There being no members of the local government located at the Forks, our thriving little neighbor has naturally been more or less neglected. Hereafter, it will be able to look out for itself and without doubt the affairs of the town will be handled with much more satisfaction in the future than has been the case in the past.

Theatrical ventures in Dawson have not as a rule resulted profitably to their promoters—owing principally to the fact that as a usual thing there have been too many of them in the field. There is just about enough patronage in this city to support one good theatre. When two or three of them are competing for public favor, there is no money to be made by any.

The bakers of Dawson have formed a combination. If the new combine furnishes a guarantee that nothing but free materials will be allowed to enter into the manufacture of the various food stuffs offered for sale, there will be no particular complaint from the public.

The Senator is the latest steamer to strike a rock on the Seattle-Skagway run. As a matter of fact, there are very few of the boats plying the inside passage which have not a record in the same connection.

We are forced to admit that our idea of turning Dawson into a winter resort has certain drawbacks. Klondike weather is altogether too fickle.

The people of Dawson have looked so long and anxiously for mail that even the tax notices were welcome visitors.

Bad habits. I have a lot of habits bad. I'm ready to confess; To banish them I would be glad; They give me much distress. To some of these I mean to say In firmest accents "Seaf!" But, ah, to drive them all away, I couldn't promise that.

I like to smoke a mild cigar; I fear I smoke a lot. To claim my liking goes too far Would be a center shot. But though I very freely say A swear off might be pat Or just a cut to twelve a day, I couldn't promise that.

I like a seat within a car; I always hate to stand. I hate the swaying and the jar, I don't know where I'll land. To dames who stand I ought to yield The place where I have sat. But, ah, my heart is firmly steel'd; I couldn't promise that.

Sometimes I say a naughty word About the "busy" line. Such things, you know, are often heard. They come without design. Of course it is an awful bore Just when I want to chat; But, ah, to darn it nevermore, I couldn't promise that.

I really ought to make a list And set my follies down, Though some of them might never be missed. And some should make me frown. To pick them over would be no fun; The job would tumble flat; To really squelch a single one, I couldn't promise that.

Color. Pocahontas consulted freely with her fiancé touching the details of their approaching wedding. "Tell me, dearest," quoth she one day, "what is the most suitable color for a bride?" "Red!" replied Smith promptly. "For he was not only a man of pluck, but a facile liar as well."—Detroit Journal.

From Frank to Twig. "What is a family tree?" asked the young person. "A family tree," answered Miss Cayenne, "is much like other trees—very sturdy near the roots, but becoming more and more frail and unsubstantial as it branches out."

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Stroller's Column.

Shortly after dark last night the following notice etched by a trembling hand on scraps of wall paper was handed around town:

"To all ex-members of de one-time Boosters Union-an' to all guys in de boostin' perleth, greeting: 'Youse is hereby notified dat a meetin' is called for tonight at 2:30 o'clock on de bare place on de street betwixt de A. O. mess house an' de Rochester saloon where de scapin' team from de sub rosa pipe miter-gate-de severity of de wedder."

"Signed, 'Shirtless Kid, Convenor.' It was half an hour after the hour named in the call before over a hundred was present, but at 3:15 this morning 40 forms were counted on de bare place on the street, all answering to the name of Kid except Hypp Jimmie, Billie the Rat and Hot Cakes.

After a number of fights had taken place regarding the right to stand over a knot hole from which consid-

erably steam was escaping, the Shirtless Kid walked over to the sidewalk, returned with an empty cracker box, and it down close to the knot hole and said:

"De meetin' is now met, but owing to de abruptness of de weather, you is in keep on yer hats." It was probably due to absentmindedness, but at this stage of the proceedings the Blow Back Kid pulled out a package of tobacco and some cigarette papers and no further business was transacted until everybody was smoking. The chairman then said:

"No guy wanted can't show a blue sicker hand'ter him widin de past ree days is entitled ter participate in de meetin'. See?" Every man present produced a ticket and some of them as many as four each. It was decided to make the one who had the most orders to leave own secretary. This honor fell to Billie the Rat.

The chairman then addressed the meeting as follows: "We is here probably fer de last time. In 48 hours from now de sun will have set on us. De curtain will be rung down on us not only as a union, once strong an' powerful, but as individuals. See? Any member havin' any ting ter say kin now make his speel."

Nearly every member present spoke, and each one in unmistakable language condemned the hold-up of Friday morning as the cause of the recent order closing all games Wednesday night. The evorated Kid went so far as to say the perpetrators of the hold-up should be put on the rope pluck, but for mentioning that word he was laid down and used for a seat by as many as could occupy him.

After nearly every member present had presented his views the Skylight Kid made a motion to adjourn on the ground that, having no socks, his feet were getting cold, but the motion fell flat as it was apparent that all old time members of the union knew that the heavy part of the proceedings was yet to come. Every close the games in Dawson, the principle one of which for several months has been Black Jack, it is a peculiar coincidence that at midnight of the

Yukon. But since the weather turned cold the outer end of the hose freezes up and on two occasions I have just been able to get the mask off in time to save my pet from suffocation. We can not afford to keep a steam thawer working at the end of the hose, and if I lengthen it out to connect with the nearest thawer at work on the creek it will take an other half mile of hose.

Please try and have some encouragement for me when I call on you next week, as I am going to town for some felt and granulated potatoes. Yours in confidence, VIOLET. P. S.—For the past few nights I have made James snuff and garlic kerosene and that takes the rough edges off his snores.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50. Try the new drink. Will make you a boy again. Only to be found at the Pioneer.

We May Be Persistent. "I'll keep on talking. We claim to be in de line of de most unpardonable quality."

CIGARS. "I'll keep on talking. We claim to be in de line of de most unpardonable quality."

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO. Fine Cigars, Tobacco and Smokers' Articles. Wholesale and Retail. King Street, Bank Building, Opposite N. C. Co.

Good-night each old-time brother, Your boosting days are over—Henceforth you'll sigh but sigh in vain. For 'th' old bed on the floor."

In connection with the order to close the games in Dawson, the principle one of which for several months has been Black Jack, it is a peculiar coincidence that at midnight of the

20th is the time selected for such closing. In 9 in every 10 times, 20 will win in Black Jack. Only one number beats it and that is 21. And yet November 21 will be a loser. In fact, at 12 o'clock tomorrow the government will turn a Black Jack, and take the deal, and the chances are that by the time it loses the deal all the other players will have dropped out of the game.

It was a hard blow to the man who has been impatiently waiting for nearly two weeks for the mail to arrive to go to the postoffice after it did arrive yesterday and get nothing but a notice from Tax Collector War-Smith to the effect that his taxes are now due.

Dominion Creek, Nov. 16. Dear Stroller: You will probably remember that I wrote you some time ago relative to my husband snoring, and you suggested fitting a mask to his face with a hose attachment leading out to an adjoining claim. I tried the scheme and it worked like a charm and our cup of happiness was complete, for, barring his snoring, which is not equated by a malamaté chorus, he is the greatest dove of a man in

New Westminster, Oct. 25.—That the wild scenes and daring deeds from the life of the western cowboy are not past history yet had picturesque demonstration up-country.

Only the other day an illustration of the free life of this fast disappearing type of manhood in the wild and woolly west, and which is so often pictured in comic papers, was enacted with all its startling and exciting touches of the early days, not many miles from New Westminster.

Joseph Williams, a Nicola cowboy, was the star of the tragic drama, and Corrigan's hotel in the town of Hope which was famous in the mining days of 1858, was the scene of the enactment.

Williams has been living at Hope with his wife for some time past. On Tuesday morning Larry Yates, an old chum who had been away for over a year, arrived in Hope, and went at once to find his bosom friend, whom he had not seen for many months.

Each was jubilant to meet the other, and the result was that the new arrival suggested that they go and have a drink. This they did. Then they purchased several flasks of fire-water they mounted their bronchos, started on a ride around town on a grand celebration.

Finally the stock of fire-water was exhausted. By this time it was well on in the evening, and Williams and Yates thought they would go to the saloon, which, by the way, is the only one in the town, and procure a fresh supply. By this time both of the riders were in a hilarious mood. They agreed that Williams should go in after the fresh supply.

So he spurred up his cayuse and started on a wild ride for the saloon with his revolver in hand. Arriving there he never pulled a rein, but drove the horse into the bar-room, firearm in hand. He entered the door with a "Whip-lor-say."

Hang, bang, bang, went the shots, and in a moment mirrors and glasses fell shattered to the floor. The intruder explained he was just showing the several westerners in the saloon how near he could shoot to their ears and through their hats, without hitting them, and not for fear there was no danger.

However, they did not appreciate the situation and dashed for safety behind doors, under the bar, or any other handy place of refuge. In so doing several of them narrowly escaped being shot dead.

Williams, when he had finished his target practice in true cowboy style, drove up to the bar and coolly asked for a flask of whisky.

James Corrigan, a son of the Emerald isle, is the proprietor of the saloon, and although true to the instincts of his country, and with a deep sense of humor, he was unable to see the harmless side of the joke and refused to appear and wait on his customer.

The hero of the wild escapade threatened help himself and while doing so he told the proprietor what he thought of him in rather emphatic tones.

He then rode out of the doorway un molested, and as he started off in search of his friend, he fired a bullet through the window of the saloon as a parting salute.

He was still letting any one within range know that he was having a royal good time as he disappeared in the darkness, his feet steed traveling at a racing speed.

Slowly the several persons who were in the saloon at the time, crept from their places of cover, and when they realized there was no further danger they began to discuss what had happened.

Corrigan, the proprietor, has a natural dislike to pistols and revolvers especially when they are loaded, and in the hands of a person who has little or no respect for the cost of the cartridges.

The result was that a plan was hatched to have Williams arrested as early a date as possible. Nothing could be found of him that night, and in fact no one was partic-



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HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

OWNED TOWN TEMPORARILY

New Westminster Visited by Old Fashioned Cowboy

Who Rode His Horse Into Saloons, Shot Out Lights and Otherwise Took Entire Possession.

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