

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 112
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY
GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.	
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Yearly, in advance	\$24.00
Six months	12.00
Three months	6.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	2.00
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NOTICE.
When a newspaper or other advertising space is advertised in this paper, it is a condition of the contract that the advertiser shall pay for the space in advance and in full. The Klondike Nugget does not guarantee to its advertisers a paid circulation, but it does guarantee to its advertisers a paid circulation for the time that any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS.
And Small Packages sent to the Coast by our carriers on the full wing days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Elmerado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Pioneer, Quartz and Canyon.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1907.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of anyone stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business homes or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD.

The Nugget is able to announce to its readers today that it has taken another long stride forward in its task of building up a great newspaper plant in Dawson.

As is told in detail on another page of this issue two Monoline composing machines have been installed in our mechanical department making in all three machines now in use in the production of this paper.

These machines are admittedly the most remarkable contrivances that have yet been brought forward in connection with the newspaper business. They combine a wonderful degree of speed with a simplicity of structure not attained by any other machine.

In effectiveness, each of these machines is capable of performing the work of six men, thus placing the Nugget on a footing with newspaper offices employing eighteen printers for straight composition.

In adding so extensively to its already complete mechanical department the Nugget has only responded to the demands which the natural growth of the paper has made. The Nugget has increased in size from time to time just as Dawson has grown and expanded as a commercial and industrial center.

For several months the mechanical department of the paper has been under a heavy strain, and to relieve this strain and for the purpose of further improving the paper the two Monoline composing machines have been installed.

The plant which the Nugget has now at its command would be considered a big affair in a large city. It has been the constant aim of this paper to keep at the head of the newspaper procession in Dawson, and for the accomplishment of this purpose no expense or labor has been spared.

We are able to say as a mere statement of fact that the facilities possessed by this paper surpass those of any other newspaper published this side of Vancouver.

To establish a plant so splendidly equipped has required the expenditure of time, energy and money, to an extent which would prove surprising if figures were given. The Nugget has unwaveringly held to the opinion that Dawson has still greater things ahead than it has yet seen, and today we furnish a further demonstration of our faith. We believe that this city will grow and increase for years to come, and in this connection it may not be out of place to say that no matter how large our city may become, the Nugget will be on hand to meet every demand that may be made by the community for clean, live journalism.

A NATURAL POLICY.
The suggestion made in this paper a few days ago in respect to the probable policy to be pursued by President Roosevelt was verified in our dispatches of Saturday. In brief there will be no material departure from the lines which have been pursued by the dead executive. In all probability there has been no administration which has come so nearly pleasing the whole people of the United States as has that of McKinley. He has been supported not only by the unanimous voice of his

own party but in many particulars, and noticeably with respect to his attitude toward the lately acquired territory of the United States, the President has been substantially upheld by leading Democratic newspapers.

It will be, therefore, the natural thing for President Roosevelt to continue in the lines laid down by his reverend predecessor. The country is prosperous. Its foreign relations are pleasant, and its trade is continually growing and spreading out. These conditions have been brought about under the McKinley regime and the new executive has only to follow in the footsteps of the late president to achieve success for his administration.

President Roosevelt is a young man, with comparatively little experience in national affairs. He has wise counsellors, however, and the announcements which he has thus far made augur well for the future.

SHOULD TAKE ACTION.
From the tenor of our telegraphic advices of Saturday very short shrift will be made of President McKinley's murderer. He will be put on his trial today, and probably another month will see him electrocuted.

Congress should now pass a law making an attempt on the president's life a capital offense, and the profession of anarchistic belief a crime punishable by long time imprisonment. That men who rejoice at the foul murder of the President are permitted to remain at large is a crying shame.

Any man who would be guilty of such action is a criminal at heart and a menace to the community which disgraces by his presence. Society has a right to protect itself against such miscreants and the most vigorous means should be taken for their suppression.

The News' attempt to defend its "congressional" blunder was really more ridiculous than the original offense. There was some slight reason to believe, in the first place, that our contemporary had been guilty of aspersion of the pen only. But now it comes out and actually claims that it referred intentionally and adversely to the parliament of Canada as "congress"—not using the word in a general way but as a specific term. We are reminded again of the strange conclusions drawn by the News' phrenological expert when he compared O'Brien's head with that of the News editor. O'Brien may have been crazy after all.

PRESS COMMENT.
How long is this devil's work of anarchy and murder to be carried on in America?—New York Sun.

It is inconceivable that anybody should wish to indulge in the deep damnation of taking off McKinley.—Hartford Post.

The mind can imagine no crime more wanton than the shooting of President McKinley.—Philadelphia North American.

Would to God this deed might be the last of its kind and every anarchist swept from the face of the earth!—Kennebec Journal.

This is not a time for easy compassion toward a man who at least knew where and when to point his weapon.—New York Tribune.

Except as anarchism may be in itself a sort of insanity, there is no evidence that the wretch is insane.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Whether the president shall die or recover, there is no adequate punishment for such a deed as that of which he is the victim.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

That this awful peril should have beset him, and through an agency so infamous, is enough to set the whole nation in a fury of grief and anger.—Washington Post.

The truth is that President McKinley has grown in the esteem and affection of the people to a wonderful degree since he first became president.

In no part of the world, not even in the United States itself, has this felicitous produced a greater shock or excited more profound sorrow than in the British empire, and no part of the empire more keenly sympathizes with the republic and President McKinley than does the Dominion of Canada.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

In the presence of the tragedy enacted at Buffalo yesterday the nation stands dazed and stupefied.—New York Mail and Express.

It is awful that any malignant fool who can get hold of a pistol should be able to affect the destinies and override the choice of 7,500,000 of people.—New York Times.

Eighty millions of Americans and countless millions of men and women in all lands where simplicity of life and purity of character are loved, mourn today.—New York Journal.

The man who shot McKinley deserves no better fate than Guitan, and it is much to be regretted that the law does not make some provision covering such crimes.—Iowa State Register.

No doubt the shooting was the act of an insane man. It is hardly to be thought that the country could harbor a monster capable of doing this cruel, savage deed if in his right mind.—Philadelphia Record.

The attempted assassination of President McKinley is one of those wanton crimes against humanity and civilization which even the pen of Shakespeare could not adequately characterize.—Chicago Post.

The occurrence of yesterday should give the American people pause. We find ourselves face to face with an element in the life of our country which must be crushed out.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The shooting down of President McKinley by an anarchist Judas who offered friendship with one hand and death with the other is the most shocking crime of the new century.—Kansas City Journal.

There is less of partisan feeling and sectional spirit in him than in any occupant of the Whitehouse since the war. No man has ever made a more earnest, honest effort to be president of the whole people.—Nashville American.

Of all men who have walked in high places none ever gave less invitation to violent aggression than President McKinley; none ever seemed more completely to have dispelled envy, hatred and uncharitableness.—Boston Globe.

It is a crime as inexplicable and as futile as the assassination of the president of the French republic, and more appalling in proportion as we have supposed ourselves removed from revolutionary violence.—Philadelphia Times.

Comingled with the most intense horror for the deed, the like of which has not been known since the day of the betrayal of the Savior by Judas, has been the most profound solicitude for the stricken president.—Denver Times.

Wholly barbarous and futile everywhere, assassination as a political agency is doubly brutal and useless in a republic. It changes no law, no custom, no institution, no judgment, for the people make and unmake all these.—Chicago Chronicle.

President McKinley has succeeded to a wonderful degree in securing the good will of Democrats as well as of Republicans. Most of the Southern Democrats, in particular, are wont to speak of him in terms of positive affection.—Hartford Times.

N. C. Co. Owns Gold Star.
The steamer Gold Star, which was sold Monday at sheriff's sale to J. R. McGovern was bid in by that gentleman for the N. C. Co. Her boiler is being taken out and will be added to the battery at the Yukon sawmill from which steam for heating purposes will be derived this winter. The hull of the Gold Star will be hauled out on the beach for the winter and a new boiler supplied before the opening of navigation next year. The 100 horse power boiler the N. C. management was expecting on the Louise has not come up to expectations, which has necessitated the addition of the one from the Gold Star.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

Fresh Lowrey's candies. Kelly & Co., druggists.

THERE ARE ALWAYS LAGGERS

Who Get Left When Ships Pull Out From Piers.

Men Swear and Storm and Women Weep, Storm and Make It Hot All Around.

"There he comes," growled the old watchman at the entrance to the steamship pier, wishing his stick as a hammer clattered circuitously through the jam of wagons and trucks.

The warm looking man in the cab was wriggling around in the seat and howling at the driver to make haste, and the jehu in turn was howling at the truckmen under the shed to turn out and give him room. The "All ashore!" and "All aboard!" words had already been passed on the steamer and on the pier, and the unshipping of the gangways was in progress.

"I was waiting for him," went on the old pier watchman. "I knew he'd be along. I wouldn't have felt comfortable if he hadn't showed up. I don't think a ship could have any luck on her passage if there wasn't at least one of 'em. Sometimes there are several of 'em."

"Several what?"

"Laggers, we call 'em," replied the old watchman—"folks that stop on their way to a steamer to play marbles or jacks or pegtop—the ones that come scrambling along when the chief engineer's standing by to get his first belts from the bridge. I've been standing watch along the fronts of these docks since the days when the side wheel packets had the passenger trade of the western ocean, and not once have I seen a boat all ready to slide out without one or more of these laggings banging up at the last minute."

"They're about equally divided between men and women. And when they're left they always carry on 'in a lughouse manner. If the lagger is a man, he'll as likely as not dance around on the end of the pier, and shake his fist at the ship out in the stream, and bawl about the thing being a put up job, and threaten to sue the company or burn down the pier, and keep up a cussin' like Horrible Bill, and abuse the agent and all the rest of the company employees on the dock, and act in general like a loughshoreman with two quarts of the barrel house stuff under his belt strap."

"When the lagger that's left is a woman, she acts differently, of course, but she gives us a run for our money at that. She generally stands on the dock and after handing her bag and parasol and gear to her maid yanks out her handkerchief and weeps. Then when the first misery of it's over she gets mad and begins to say things. She always declares that the ship has got under way at least two hours ahead of its advertised schedule time, and the more she talks the hotter she gets. When she at length suddenly remembers that most of her clothes and jewelry are on the ship, that's about rounding Governor's island at that time she gets hysterical, and when a woman goes hysterical on a steamship dock you can bet that there's plenty doing for all hands and the cook."

"Punny thing about the woman laggers, who's left and whose clothes are aboard the steamer, that's gone off without her is that she wants to send about a dozen cable dispatches right from the dock before the ship's got as far as the battery about what's to be done with her trunks when the steamer reaches the other side. There is no use trying to tell her that she's got plenty of time for that and that she would do better to think it over during the five or six days that it takes the steamer to cross. She seems to have the idea firmly fixed in her mind that the company's going to try to rob her of her gear and that the ship's due in Europe some time before lunch and if she doesn't do a lot of cabling before she quits the dock she's to lose her wardrobe and gewgaws."

"Some of the women laggings that get left, though, don't get weepy a little bit, but the conversation that they work off when they see the ship belching black smoke out in the channel is some snarly and no mistake. One of these women that sing in grand opera,

Make a Guess

When the River Freezes.

To the one coming nearest the exact time when the river closes in front of Dawson we will give the following outfit:

- A Fine Coat, Value \$60.00
- A Beaver Cap, Value 20.00
- A Pair of Doige Shoes, Value 7.00
- A Pair of Fur Lined Gloves 3.00
- A Suit of Heavy Underwear 10.00

Total \$100.00

SEND IN YOUR GUESS.

A foreign woman of some kind she was, French or ginney or something like that, came racing down in an automobile about three months ago, only two minutes after the ship had set her nose down the bay. Well, say, I was glad then that I didn't know any foreign languages, for if I'd known what she was saying I'll bet a hat I'd have been shriveled up. She just stood on the end of the dock and talked at the state of New Jersey over the way.

"She was a fine, handsome, big woman, and they tell me that on the stage she sings like a bird on an apple limb, but there wasn't any sing in her voice that morning. You'd have thought she was tearing up the old man for coming home on a Saturday night with a bun on and breaking the crockery in the cupboard. I'm telling you straight that she swept up and down that pier for 30 minutes talking without a break, and I saw all the ginney truckmen on the dock crossing themselves and sticking their fingers in their ears, so that she must have been whooping it up a plenty.

"She tossed her head around so much that all of the combs and hair pins came out of her hair, and the fine, glossy black bunch tumbled down between her waist without her knowing anything about it. She certainly made a fine picture, but her maid didn't appear to be enjoying herself a little bit. The maid was dead careful to circle around the singing woman at an average distance of about 14 feet. I guess the maid was thinking about her own hair. There was enough excitement that morning on this dock to last for quite a bit."

Just then a sleepy looking messenger boy plodded up to the pier entrance, carrying a splendid basket of choice fruits.

"She gone yet?" inquired the sleepy looking messenger of the old watchman.

"Nope, son," said the watchman—the ship had departed about half an hour before. "Hand it over, and I'll get it aboard."

The messenger passed the ornate basket of fruit over to the old watchman and shuffled away.

"If there's any one thing that me and my old wife like," remarked the old watchman, holding up the basket and gazing admiringly at its contents, "it's fruit."—Ez.

Last Night's Benefit.
The farewell concert given the O'Briens at the Standard theater last night was an immense success. The theater was crowded to its very doors and large numbers were turned away after the house was filled to its utmost capacity.

The program was a lengthy one but was never tiresome and throughout commanded the closest attention. Each number was excellent and elicited the heartiest applause.

From a financial standpoint the entertainment was a huge success, there being a snug balance in favor of Mr. O'Brien and family after the expenses had all been paid.

The O'Brien family has become very popular in Dawson among theater goers and their departure for the outside will be sincerely regretted by their many friends.

They will leave in a few days.

Art Criticism.
Impressionist Artist—I paint things as I see them.

Farmer Wayback (kindly)—Do ye know? Don't ye think that mebbe some liver medicine would do ye good?—Somerville Journal.

Kodaks \$2.50; trash films 50c. Goetzman.

OVERCOAT SALE

We are now offering to the buying public a particularly handsome line of overcoats. These garments are guaranteed for color, texture and form. They are all tailor made goods, handsomely and artistically constructed and are selling at prices within the reach of all. You can buy a fine overcoat at almost any price. Raglan's, Melton's or fur lined garments.

HERSHBERG

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Notice.
Take notice that an action has been commenced in the gold commissioner's court at Dawson, by Eugene C. Stahl against Carrie S. Hiltz, in which the interest which Carrie S. Hiltz now has in all and singular that certain placer mining claim in the Yukon territory described as the lower half of creek Boston creek, she, the said Carrie S. Hiltz, having allowed her free miner's certificate to expire.

And take notice that an appointment for the hearing of the said action has been fixed for Thursday the 17th day of October, A. D. 1907, at the office of the gold commissioner, Dawson, Y. T., at the hour of 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time and place you, the said Carrie S. Hiltz, are required to attend, otherwise the action will be tried in your absence.

Dated this 13th day of September, A. D. 1907.

E. C. SENKLER,
Gold Commissioner.

To Carrie S. Hiltz.

PATRONS OF THE Bay City Market
Are supplied with meats which for taste and nutrition are not equalled by any other market in this country. Try us and prove this assertion.

BOYSUET & CO., Props.

AMUSEMENTS
The Standard Theatre
Beginning on Monday, Sept. 23 and all week

"Lord Chumley"
LADIES' FAMILY NIGHT EVERY NIGHT.
New Scenery
New Specialties

STANDARD FREE READING, WRITING, SMOKING, CHESS AND CHECKER ROOMS.

LIBRARY WORKINGMAN'S LUNCH, DINNER AND REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

By Using Long Distance Telephone.
You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creek.

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Str. "Campbell"
IS THE LAST BOAT FOR THE LOWER RIVER,

Leaving Sunday, a. m.

For Information Relative to Passenger and Freight Rates Apply at Company's Office, A. C. Dock.

Northern Navigation Company

Cold Weather Goods

Flannelletto Wrappers, Elderdown Wrappers, Flannelletto Nightdresses, Wool Hose, Wool Mitts, Wool Gloves, Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN
233 FRONT STREET

...AMERICAN GOODS!...

A new and complete line just in—Fancy Shirts, New Collars, Neckties and Underwear. The Finest Line in Dawson.

CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES.

MEN'S OUTFITTERS
2nd Ave., Opp. S-Y. T. Co. **SARGENT & PINSKA**

Northern Navigation Company

Str. "Campbell"
IS THE LAST BOAT FOR THE LOWER RIVER,
Leaving Sunday, a. m.

For Information Relative to Passenger and Freight Rates Apply at Company's Office, A. C. Dock.

Northern Navigation Company

REGARDING
It Can Only Be Should

No Woman Can Fit to Eat Taste the Ge

The young Ne of the toothsome was found and am clam chowder. The old New Y tonic epicure friend with a pity "I suppose you clam chowder?" "I'll? I thought thing like that, you," impressive know what clam say that to hurt your misfortune you are lacking in of the subject. "You may thin for in old man about clam chow you don't realize good clam chow here we are in the country—I think the world in some you nor any ma can name three p can get a plate of "I suppose the doesn't hang up use and abuse, l who are so bless coast who have a trial from which "I would ma it not for the fac bette than a pl when it is propo nothing worse w igh. More tha thinks he or she der, whereas the notion as to wha to be. "Don't smile, for here is who not yearning for that mother need God bless her, about clam cho them. "For that ma sire to traduce trouble with make clam cho should I know? plain the insur dance. I can g have found it. "No, sir; the chowder can o and every good have ever seen dored. Oh, I laugh! We old children up kn they laugh and teasp. "A bit odd? have seen equal round shoulder ing contest—ne and the round wos. I would. "Now, in eve is town and in a specialty of clam chowder o whom you ord B-e-e-r! It think of it. a plateful of waterlogged ton of derelict clie is others you quality of vege for clams. Agg you with somet it, but which f be described p "In all of th which I speak quantity of sa me. Why? I chowder is, m and yet, wh I think, clam awful hold on ple in order to send of propo to much slowe "Why, do y New York r whiper, "I'v clam chowder ate and oler To Gods! "Now I au hpe to make open a chowd town and ma what is in th "The syste a man who some years ago to back him a came to make etc. He used more the ord most whistlin chowder, he tell you, fo which he chowd made i in the same