

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 18
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALAN BROS., Publishers

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. ELECTION AND ITS LESSONS.

The first regular election ever called in the Yukon territory is a thing of the past. The people have been given an opportunity to speak their minds as to the men whom they desire to represent them on the Yukon council, and the lot has fallen to Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme, the nominees of the late citizens' convention.

In the selection of these gentlemen there is a lesson which even he who cannot read. Rightly or wrongly, the candidacy of Messrs. O'Brien and Noel, the opposition candidates, was generally regarded as having been brought about through the agency of the government or its representatives. Such was the position assigned them by all the advocates of Messrs. Prudhomme and Wilson and generally accepted by the people and voters at large. The defeat of O'Brien and Noel may, therefore, be considered as a distinct condemnation of the past methods of administration which have prevailed in this territory. The people of the Yukon having suffered from the effects of bad laws for a period of three years have seized the first opportunity to express themselves and they have done so in no uncertain voice.

At the same time there are features about the vote of yesterday which indicate very plainly that the judgment pronounced against the administration for its past acts and not by reason of its attitude at the present time. Had Mr. Thomas O'Brien stood as a candidate for the same office six months ago the Nugget is of the opinion that he would not have polled one half the votes which were cast for him yesterday.

In fact, had the election occurred that length of time ago, no serious whatsoever would have been attached to the candidacy of any man whose name, by any hook or crook, could have been connected with the government. In the last few months, however, a gradual change has been brought about. The government has begun to redeem its promises and with each change for the better in the laws there has been made manifest a little more widely spread feeling of confidence in the sincerity of the government's intentions. A good word may be spoken for the administration now without the imputation being cast upon its author that he is a recipient of governmental favors. It is a more pleasant task to speak good than evil at any time, and it is with satisfaction that the Nugget realizes the fact that laws are now being placed in effect in this territory which can conscientiously be approved.

The vote of yesterday indicates that the people of the Yukon condemn the government for the evils which in the past it has placed upon this territory, but that they are also willing to acknowledge every real benefit which is granted us and are prepared to meet the government half way. If the present attitude of the federal administration toward this territory is continued, a radical change in public sentiment will take place at no distant date.

INCORPORATION NEXT.

Representative government for the Yukon territory is now an assured fact. It is true the entering wedge only has thus far been placed. The two members elected by popular ballot to seats on the Yukon council will not exercise a great influence in that body, unless they are able to draw a portion of the old members to their support. Their chief function for some time to come will in all probability be to go on record. They will, however, be the pioneers who will pave the way for the ultimate election of a full representative council.

This election having been accomplished, the opportunity is presented for the consideration of other matters of equal if not greater importance. Chief among the questions which, in the judgment of this paper, should be

taken up by the council is the incorporation of Dawson as a self-governing municipality. The arguments which have been advanced in opposition to the idea of incorporation do not commend themselves to us as carrying much weight, provided of course, that a charter is granted upon sufficiently broad and liberal lines. Certainly, the town, if it assumes the duties and responsibilities of self-government, must have its fair proportion of revenues or the purposes of incorporation are frustrated in the beginning. We think there should be no difficulty in reaching an equitable agreement as to the apportionment of revenues between the town and the territorial authorities. So far as concerns the matter of local taxation, it has already been decided that postponement of incorporation will not serve to delay the arrival of the assessor. In fact he has already been around. Property holders in Dawson must expect to pay a certain amount of taxes whether they have any direct voice in the selection of taxing power or not. It seems to us, therefore, that this objection to a town government has lost entirely any weight it might once have possessed. The principal difficulty involved is to determine upon a charter which will meet the peculiar requirements of the situation. The opinion has been expressed before in these columns and we repeat it now, that a commission composed of representative citizens and members of the council would be able in the natural order of things to prepare a charter which should in every way be suited to circumstances. Such a commission would have the confidence of the people and would serve as a guarantee of protection to all interests concerned. Early action in this matter should be taken.

LET US GROW.

The new era which the Nugget long ago predicted would set in for the Yukon immediately upon the enactment of needed legislative reforms by the federal government is at hand. The new laws have only been in effect a very short time, but their salutary influence upon the material welfare of the territory is already visible. The prospector who, until recently, was debarred from exploring new fields of possible wealth is now permitted to go when and where he pleases in search of fresh discoveries, and indications already point to the fact that large additions to the gold producing area of the territory will be made in a very short time.

Trails are being constructed to lighten the cost of transportation of freight up the creeks while the positive assurance announced by the government that the royalty is to be cut in two, materially increases the margin upon which the big claim operator may figure on opening up his ground.

In a word, the season of repining for the Yukon is in the past. We have fought a good, strong fight and have won the greatest victory in the shortest time that any new country ever achieved. We have forced from the government nearly every concession which we have asked, and it rests now with us as a people to place our shoulders to the wheel and take every advantage of the splendid opportunities which the new conditions afford.

There are some people so constituted that condemnation of everybody and everything appertaining to governmental authority comes from them as a matter of second nature. They are "kickers" and "calamity howlers" by nature and would prefer going blind rather than be forced to see something worthy of approval, emanating from legally constituted authority.

The great mass of people in the Yukon are not of this order. They are ready to fight for their rights to the very last ditch and have strikingly demonstrated this fact during the past three years. But they are practical men who, when a battle is won, prefer setting themselves to the work of improving the fruits of their victory rather than spending their time fashioning thunder bolts to hurl at a vanquished enemy.

School tablets 25c; Nugget office.

This is the spirit, which the Nugget believes animates the men of the Yukon today and with this spirit we declare ourselves in hearty sympathy and accord. The chronic grumbler we will always have with us. He is a necessary evil and, as in the case of other evils, good will sometimes come out of him. But he does not represent the true spirit of the times. What we want in the Yukon territory today is a long, strong and unanimous pull for the development of our magnificent resources. The opportunity is before us which we have made for ourselves. Let us take advantage of it to the utmost. Let us grow.

Faith in the Camp.

Shortly after the departure of Mr. C. D. Lane for San Francisco rumors were set afloat in Nome to the effect that he had been attacked with a severe spell of "cold feet" and also that he had gotten to the end of his financial rope, and that by reason of the failure of some of his mines to pay he would be forced to entirely suspend operations in Northwestern Alaska unless some capitalist could be induced to come to his rescue. It was said he intended to apply to his old time partner, Alvin Hayward, for the necessary assistance financially to prosecute operations in this district.

At the time these rumors were characterized as silly rot by those at all familiar with Mr. Lane's operations and resources. The temporary suspension of work on some of his mines was caused by vexatious litigation and in others through the lack of proper machinery for their development economically.

The arrival of the C. D. Lane with a full cargo of supplies and machinery for his mines disproves the story of "cold feet." This shipment of machinery is the largest ever brought to Alaska in one consignment. It occupied a cubic measurement of 1500 tons. Comprised in this is one of the most complete and largest modern pumping plants that could be purchased in the coast market. The renewed energy with which Mr. Lane is pushing operations and the vast outlay of capital in the work of developing mining properties demonstrates that he has not lost faith in the camp.—Nome Gold Digger.

Sleds in Demand.

The snow of yesterday and today has had the effect of laying up for the winter the wheeled vehicles of the city, sleds being used instead. The streets are in good condition and will be, in a short time, as smooth as a skating rink.

One thing, however, should be prohibited and that is the practice indulged in by some dog drivers of using the sidewalks instead of the streets. It is not only unpleasant, but also dangerous for pedestrians to be constantly jumping sideways to prevent being tripped up by dogs and sleds and the sooner the practice of utilizing the sidewalk for purposes of freight traffic, the safer it will be for limb and life. The habit of stopping a string of dogs on street crossings for several minutes at a time should also be summarily stopped.

Dogs Poisoned.

Some miscreant at large who should be on the woodpile, has been at work feeding strychnine to dogs with the result that several fine dogs have been killed within the past week. Speculation as to the probable motive for the crime fails to develop more than one reasonable theory. Some one has had his cabin or cache robbed by dogs and has resorted to this means out of revenge.

THE MEDIAEVAL MILITIAMAN

Barracks Life In The Past And Gone Period.

It Had Advantages and Disadvantages —"Junior Sub's" Spicy Letter In Canadian Military Gazette.

It has always seemed to me that our knowledge of how the soldier of the Middle ages lived during those periods when he was not engaged in breaking the Ten Commandments amidst the applause of the historians is as sketchy as a Beardsley poster. He could not have been always engaged in raising lumps upon the heads of his opponents. He must have put in some of his time in making barrack damages and traveling in and out of the guardroom. There must have been times when he mislaid his can-opener and could not get into his galvanized iron regimentals in time for parade. There must have been mornings when he came before the adjutant with a black eye in the green stage of recovery and a nose the size and color of a railway danger signal. Yet we never hear of them. Apparently, when the militiamen of the Middle ages was not biffing his enemies with a battle axe, he was leading the life of Marys' little lamb. For not one atom of his criminal record, not one page of his defaulter sheet, has ever come down to us.

Yet, we know that barrack life in the Middle ages was very much like what it is now—more especially in the married lines. We know that it was as much as the mediaeval warrior's life was worth to fall into the kitchen when his wife was doing the colonel's wife's washing. We know that the Moyer age consort could hurl a 7-pound flat-iron with a force that even a brass undershirt would fail to withstand. And we feel by intuition that, whether the soldier wore chain mail or relied upon a black jack studded with brass-headed nails like a cheap coffin, the moment he referred to the pies his mother made she landed him with the washboard.

For the mediaeval heroine was cyclonic in her moods. Apparently when she was not engaged in casting herself upon the bosom of the right individual and bursting into a passion of tears she was engaged in scorching the wrong one with epithets warm enough to keep the house plants from freezing. How the "garrison hack" of the Middle ages ever found time to fall in love at all, at a period when everybody was apparently hitting everybody else with anything that came handy, and all well regulated castles laid in their camphor liniment by the barrel, is a feminine mystery that no male writer has dared to penetrate. Yet, at the intervals of restoring her male acquaintances to consciousness she was quite able to "mash" any interesting stranger that came along. When not scraping lint she was scraping acquaintances. Arnica and affection swayed her alternately. When she was not defying her enemies she was pouring soft nothings to the latest joined officers and endeavoring to find out the size of their wads and whether they were really bachelors or had a wife and seven children in the next township. For woman has never changed since Eve first bit cautiously into the apple and set all Eden gossiping over the cut of her fig leaf polonaise. And the mediaeval damsel was just as skillful a handler of her hermetically sealed adorners as the damsel of today who works us for ice cream and matinee tickets. Sometimes she stuck closer to her hero than porous plaster to a fat man. Sometimes she witnessed his being driven into the ground with a mallet with perfect composure so long as his assassin did not wake up the baby. For times may change, but woman does not. Immutability is the sphynx she has persevered in her self-imposed task of the subjugation of man through the limitless ages of this wonderful world of ours. Whether he wore the rabbit skin of the primeval savage, the brass mounted armour plate of the Middle ages, or the scarlet jacket and blue baize trousers of our modern heroes, woman has dragged him at her chariot wheels just the same. It is as true today, as it was in the days when Pharaoh's daughter found Moses reading "Sapho" in the bulrushes that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. And when that hand grasps a rolling pin it becomes the satrap of the domestic circle also.

No doubt, the mediaeval soldier was a hard man to manage. To an individual accustomed to chain mail underclothing, and a mess vest of boiler iron, the hurling of the carving knife across the dinner table when his comments upon the cookery had reached the point where her feminine endurance gives way must have seemed a mere plesantry. Even a 7-pound flat-iron would hardly have ranked higher than a gentle hint. And it is hardly likely that even a mediaeval heroine could have sufficed her household with a steam-hammer. How, then, could she convey her misapprobation to a man who dined in a cast-iron tuxedo, with nickel collar and cuffs, and who could walk down afterwards to the club with a peaceful smile under a shower of household utensils that would have made Cronje suffer? This is a point on which the historians do not enlighten us. Yet, she must have got square with him some way. And when he came-home sideways at 2 o'clock in the morning and tried to open the postern of the castle with the handle of his battle-axe, what did she do then? He could not take off his knees as we can. He must have made as much noise as the riveting shop in a boiler factory before he could even shed his tin overcoat. So, she evidently had ample warning of his approach. Yet, we are without one single word as to what tactics she adopted for his discomfiture. That she did discomfort him, that she made him feel as small as a homoeopathic globule and as mean as a plugged nickel we can readily believe. For there never was a man yet in the history of this world, from the time when Noah first predicted a wet spell, and Mrs. Lot gave us a dreadful example of the reward of "rubber-necking," that was able to cope with the wife of his bosom under such circumstances. But whatever his punishment was, it did not compare with that we encounter in these days of rapid transit. The mediaeval militiaman had many points in his favor. His uniform was an advantage that must have compensated for many shortcomings in the domestic circle, even if he was occasionally mistaken for the hall stove by some of the country visitors.—The Junior Sub in Canadian Military Gazette.

Send it to McKinley.

Editor Nugget:
I read in your yesterday's issue a plea from "Oregon Democrat" in behalf of Bryan, but I think if he had signed himself "Oregon Populist," he would have told the truth, for his article read to me very much as though it had been written by a man who in times past, had boosted for Penoyer. The cry of autocracy and imperialism is a Populist howl, and a writer who once analysed the Populist party pronounced it to be led and dominated by preachers without pulpits, lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, newspaper editors without readers, broken-down politicians who want jobs and the class of men who never think for themselves and who are led around by the nose by such fellows as are mentioned above.

I do not say that all supporters of Bryan belong to one of the above mentioned classes, but I do say that all the above mentioned classes are supporters of Bryan. The statement that the four years of McKinley's administration have not formed a period of unprecedented prosperity is not borne out by facts. On the contrary, the United States has at no time since the war of the rebellion made such rapid strides in the way of advancement and prosperity as during the past four years, notwithstanding the fact that she stepped out of her path sufficiently long to give Spain such a drubbing as that nation will never forget.

But to come down to the question locally! Why should the Nugget arrange for sending a Klondike souvenir to Bryan in case he proves to be the winner in its contest? Bryan has no use for gold; a silver, aluminum or even leather medal would suit him just as well or better, for he says the government stamp is all that is needed to make any old thing as valuable as gold. This being the case I appeal to my fellow Republicans to rally to the support of McKinley, as by him a golden souvenir from the Klondike will be duly appreciated. M'KINLEYITE.

Latest Election Returns.

The latest returns from various polling places are as follows:
Upper Lebarge—O'Brien 4, Noel 3, Wilson 1, Prudhomme 1.
Quartz creek—O'Brien 4, Noel 2, Wilson 9, Prudhomme 7.
Bear creek—O'Brien 5, Noel 3, Wilson 12, Prudhomme 11.
Lambard gulch—O'Brien 4, Noel 3, Wilson 21, Prudhomme 20.
Gold Bottom—O'Brien 38, Noel 20, Wilson 46, Prudhomme 30.
Thirty Eldorado—O'Brien 20, Noel 17, Wilson 36, Prudhomme 31.
Stewart—O'Brien 6, Noel 1, Wilson 6, Prudhomme 1.
Minto—O'Brien 4, Noel 0, Wilson 3, Prudhomme 2.
The vote of Hutchiku is expressed eloquently by an 0.