

The Klondike Nugget

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

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

THE COMMUNITY OUTRAGED.

The Nugget has been asked to voice the indignation felt by every decent man and every respectable woman in Dawson at the gratuitous insult offered the women of this community in the columns of the Daily News on Saturday last. In the issue of that paper of the date mentioned appeared an article under the title "The Average Woman and her sister."

In that article was concentrated more false, malicious and unjust slander upon the women of this generation than has ever before been our misfortune to see placed in print.

To come immediately into the gist of the matter we republish herewith a few paragraphs taken from the article in question, in which the author essays to describe "the average woman."

"It," says the writer, "we take a clear and sober view of the average woman—not the ideal paragon—but the common, ordinary, every-day woman, as she appears to the impartial observer, what can we truthfully say of her?"

"We can say that she is an unknown and uncertain quantity; capricious, vacillating, and lawless; and that she is a bundle of contradictions, inconsistent with herself and with all the rest of the world. SHE IS GENERALLY SUPPOSED TO POSSESS WHAT IS CALLED PURITY OF CHARACTER, BUT IN SHE HAS THIS QUALITY AT ALL IT IS LARGELY A PASSIVE, INERT, AND UNCONSCIOUS ELEMENT, DEVOID OF ANY POSITIVE POWER OR INFLUENCE. ON THE OTHER HAND SHE IS THE ACTIVE ORGAN, THE WILFUL PROMOTER, THE IMMEDIATE AND CONSCIOUS CAUSE OF TWO-THIRDS OF THE QUARRELS AND CRIMES OF THE WORLD."

What a hideous arraignment! How utterly and absolutely false and malicious. What sort of atmosphere the writer of the words, herself a woman, has breathed we do not know—and neither do we care. Because she is a woman we refrain from using the language which the situation demands, but we do say most emphatically and with all the meaning it is possible to throw into the words, that the author of the above does not possess the most shadowy qualification, entitling her to sit in judgment upon others of her sex.

But, listen again. Not content with striking at that which by common consent of all ages and all nations has been held the most precious attribute of womankind, the writer continues her slanderous diatribe as follows:—

"Of the value of time or work or money—of order, method, or punctuality—OF SUCH A THING AS A BINDING AGREEMENT OR A SACRED PROMISE—SHE HAS NO CONCEPTION WHATSOEVER. In business affairs she is as easily held by her word as an eel is held by its tail. To change her firmest purpose, after her latest opinion, OR BREAK HER MOST SOLEMN CONTRACT SHE REQUIRES, NOT A GOOD REASON BUT A GOOD EXCUSE, AND A GOOD EXCUSE SHE CAN ALWAYS FIND IN HER OWN LITTLE WHIM OR CAPRICE."

And further on, and in the same strain of thought she continues: "As for her affections they are like the delicate tendrils of a graceful vine—they cling, with equal facility, and abandon to chance, to the capital of a marble column or the sign-post of a way-side tavern; if there is any difference, the least worthy object has the preference. Those men who cherish for woman the highest and truest respect are never popular with the sex. The man of sound heart, sober senses, and solid worth, free from this veneer and superficial glitter, she considers slow and stupid. SHE PREFERS THE COMPANY OF THE GAY LOTHARIO AND THE DASHING SWELL."

It is in such language extending through several columns that a supposedly reputable newspaper permits the respectable women of the community who may be its readers and subscribers, to be openly and wantonly insulted. But that is not all. As if it give weight to this monumental slander, and to add further insult to insult, the editor of the News proclaims himself sponsor for his contributor's diabolical indictment with the following words:

"Attention is directed to an article in another column on 'The Average Woman and Her Exceptional Sister.' The contribution possesses exceptional interest from the fact that it portrays woman as she is known and regarded by woman and the writer has had exceptional opportunities of knowing whereof she speaks. * * * To analyze the moods of woman and explain the vagaries which are part and parcel of her life is beyond our feeble powers. WE CONTENT OURSELVES WITH A SIMPLE ACKNOWLEDGEMENT THAT THE ARTICLE ON THE FAIR SEX APPEALS TO US AS BEING A REFLECTION OF WOMAN—AS WE KNOW HER; we enjoyed it exceedingly."

The Nugget refuses to accept the language of the editor of the News as stating his real convictions. When he says that the picture of the "Average Woman," as drawn by his contributor, is a "reflection of woman" as he has known her, we tell him flatly we do not believe that he believes his own words. A man who holds to such ideas is a reproach to the community, the atmosphere of which he contaminates by his presence.

Who is the "average woman?" Who indeed but the wife, the mother, the sweetheart or sister of the average man of the community. "The average woman" is the woman who has given the world its greatest and noblest characters. At the breasts of "average women" have been nurtured the millions of sturdy and robust men who have made the Anglo-Saxon race the all but dominant power of the earth. The average woman is the woman who has always thrown the weight of her counsel and influence on the side of right, truth and justice, and in the presence of whose purity and goodness the most abandoned criminal will stand in an attitude of involuntary respect. Why then, we demand, has the News hurled this malignant and uncalled for insult? We cry shame to the News that it should allow its columns to be debased for such a purpose, and that shame is intensified and emphasized by the fact that the News itself gives support and sanction to the slander.

The sense of decency and propriety of the community has been shocked and outraged in a manner that calls for an immediate and complete apology, and if the News is not entirely lost to every sense of shame, that apology will be straightway forthcoming.

THE INDIAN'S PLEA.

There is no little truth in the appeal of the Indians as voiced by Chief Isaac in our local columns today. Contact with civilization invariably results in demoralization to the native races. The gradual process by which the Moosheids are being wiped out of existence merely exemplifies the work of extinction which has been going on since the day Columbus first sighted land after his memorable trip across the Atlantic.

Upon that day the fate of the American Indian was settled and through the succeeding four centuries he has gradually been brought nearer and nearer to extermination.

The Moosheids will prove no exception to the rule. Sooner or later they will succumb to the inevitable, but as long as they are here it is incumbent upon the community to see that they do not suffer. If any of them are in actual want, an investigation of the matter by the proper authorities would seem to be quite in order. The Indians have been despoiled of their hunting grounds and it certainly would appear that they are entitled to some measure of compensation.

Stroller's Column.

Did anybody ever stop to think of the world would be if there were no reporters? It does not necessarily follow that without reporters there could be no papers published, for such is not the case. All reporters are supposed to do is gather news and lots of papers appear each succeeding issue without your d-d head off, so help me God, sah!

And then he was so taken off his feet that he answered every question that Peck sprung on him, and the old man and his side-partner on the Times had first-class interviews from Senator Vest the next morning—the first time he had spoken for publication for six months.

The senator some time afterward, in narrating his experiences to a select group in Washington, remarked: "I have always known that newspaper men had gall, but d—n me, sah, those fur-bearing specimens in Chicago lay over anything I had ever seen or heard of."

The following from the Inland Printer is fair poetry as well as being laden with truth: "When yer hear a feller cussin' 'Bout ther 'sneakin', lyin' press,' An' a-rostin' ther reporters— 'Say—ther's somethin' wrong, I guess: Now, I'll bet yer year's subscription To ther Weekly Bugle Call That ther feller's bin a-doin' * * * 2 Stroller."

Things he hadn't ought—ther's all yer remember, ole Bill Owens— Handled all ther county tin— Said: 'D-d-gast ther lyin' papers; Ther's altho' minkin' in— Shoopin' round an' axin' questions, 'Scratchin' down each word yer say; Printin' down ther bloomin' gossip In ther village ev'ry day."

But is sarvin' out his sentence— Breakin' stones ter help ther State; Helped himself jist onct too often; Longed fer riches—couldn't wait; But ther lettle danged reporter— He got onto Bill, yer know; Seemed ter smell er defalcation— 'Writ'er up an' let'er go."

So yer take Tom Jones, ther bully— Licks his wife and raises Cain; An' Hank Smith, ther barroom loafer— Drunken Pete an' Job McLain— Ev'ry God-forsaken bummer— Ther's a eyessore in ther town, Says: 'D-d-gast ther lyin' papers, 'Cause ther papers calls 'em down."

Everybody in Dawson knows Dr. Shoff the Pioneer druggist, and many people meet his counterpart or double almost daily and say "pleasant day, doctor," without knowing that they are addressing George Hutchinson. It is the same way with Hutchinson. Strangers meet him and say "Good morning, doctor, how is the general canine health?" and then Hutchinson thinks ungodly things and goes around to the drug store with blood in his eye, but when he gets there he finds Shoff so much madder than he is that he apologizes to him and they both laugh over it. The joke of the matter is that each thinks he is better looking than the other and cannot see how people can possibly mistake them. Both men are very much worked up over the matter, each fearing the other will compromise him by some indiscretion. One would cheerfully pay the other's way out of the country, but neither is ready to leave. As they both object to wearing tags of identification, there appears to be no way out of the difficulty. It happens that both wear spectacles and both go smooth shaven.

The Stroller suggests that they play a game of old maid to see which shall grow a beard or catch smallpox.

Brotherly love and affection is a great thing in a family, but frequently it is expressed in very few words. For example, a Dawson man received the following demonstration from San Francisco by the last mail: Dear Brother Ike: Having nothing else to do, I take this opportunity for writing you, and having nothing to say, I will close. Your affectionate brother, Moses.

The Dawsonite was over-joyed at hearing from his brother, so took the time to answer at once. The reply was as follows: Dear Brother Moses—Your welcome letter received. Thanks! Your loving brother, Ike.

"Toronto is rather a Puritan city, as not even a newspaper can be purchased on the Sabbath. The saloons close at 7:00 o'clock Saturday evening and remain closed until 6:00 Monday morning. The street cars have only of recent years been allowed to run on the Sabbath, and very few persons are now seen riding in them until late in the evening. The city has a population of 250,000 and is noted for its elegant churches, public buildings and extensive mercantile establishments."—Gainesville Florida Sun. The man who penned the above for

States and was on his way to Sitka school. And so it is everywhere. The man who smuts the reporter probably packed eggs to town at eight cents a dozen and ate his meals from a bare board or an oilcloth.

Speaking of interviewing United States senators, recalls the time he is to interview. This is a great mistake, as just in proportion to a father's was "doing" the hotels for the Chicago Inter Ocean. Peck and the Times man were working together. It is the cheap, self-important at-

Stache of the big man's office, an understrapper, who turns his socks in order to live on his salary that gets gay with reporters. The man who has sufficient sense to become great either in affairs of state or of business has sufficient sense to receive a reporter with courtesy and sufficient diplomacy to talk to him a few moments without imparting any information.

While engaged in his business at Skagway two years ago the past summer, the steamer Queen arrived one day from the Sound, and in its capacity as megaphone the Stroller went aboard her to see what he could gather of interest to his readers. Among the tourists chanced to be John D. Rockefeller, the richest man on the American continent. He is a pleasing talker but has a happy way of avoiding direct questions; but he has the faculty of putting a man with whom he talks on better terms with himself.

Another passenger on the same steamer was one of the owners of the line, Senator Perkins of California, a most agreeable gentleman who has been interviewed so often that he can impart just the information desired without being questioned.

A third man was approached, but

Advertisement for SARGENT & PINSKA shoes. Dolge Felt Shoes, First Quality, \$6.00. Second Quality, 4.00. Slater's Felt Shoes, 5.00. Moccasins, 1.50. Wool Socks, 4 Pairs for 1.00. SECOND AVENUE, Opposite S.-Y. T. Co.

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 Dolge Shoes, Value 7.90
A Pair of Fur Lined Gloves 3.00
A Suit of Heavy Underwear 10.00
Total \$100.00

SEND IN YOUR GUESS.

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NOT PUTTING IT STRONG EITHER!

1000 Stylish Suits for Winter, 1000 Overcoats for Winter, 1000 Heavy Suits of Underwear for Winter, 1000 Fur Caps for Winter, 500 Pairs Mitts.

And a \$100,000 Stock of Every Conceivable Necessity in Our Line of Business. Wait a minute. There is one necessity we are lay on—the coin. To get the same we tempt you this week with prices which will make you part from that smilingly. See for yourself.

HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

AMUSEMENTS

The Standard Theatre. Beginning on Monday, Oct. 22 at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Potter of Texas. The Greatest Cast Ever Put in Dawson. 50 PEOPLE ON THE STAGE. GREAT SCENIC EFFECTS.

If You Pay In Gold Dust. AT \$15 You Will Come Out Ahead. At Shaw's Meat Market Extra Values in Fine Meats. Near Bank B.N.A.

Iowa Creamery Butter. Better Than Any. L. A. MASON, Agent, Second Ave., Rear of Fairview.

STANDARD FREE READING, WRITING, SMOKING, CHESS AND CHECKER ROOMS. LIBRARY WORKINGMAN'S LUNCH, DINNER AND REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

Subscription Reduced

Beginning October 16th the subscription of the Daily Nugget will be reduced to three dollars per month, delivered by carrier to any address within the limits of Dawson. This reduction is made by reason of the facilities which we now enjoy for turning out a modern up-to-date journal at a minimum cost, the Nugget now possessing a plant which cannot be excelled in any city of the world of a similar size.

Our readers will notice that while we have reduced the price of the paper we have increased its size, and are now publishing an eight column metropolitan journal, equal in text, matter and typographical appearance to the up-to-date dailies on the outside.

The Nugget will be delivered to your door for \$3.00 per month in the future.

The White Pass & Yukon Route

Operating the following Fine Passenger Steamers between Dawson and White Horse: "Utebian", "Columbian", "Canadian", "Whitchever", "Saskatchewan", "Dawson", "Yukon", "Belle", "Zelandian", "Sylvia" and Five Freight Steamers. A daily steamer each way, commencing with passenger and mail at White Horse. Through tickets to all Puget Sound Ports. Baggage checked and bonded through.

C. G. Wilson, Importer. FEED, PROVISIONS, FOOD PRODUCTS. All Stored in the New Two Story Brick. Call and Get Prices in Quantities.

STAGE LINES FREIGHTERS THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. TO GRAND FORKS—Daily each way, Sundays included. 9:30 a. m. and 5:00 p. m. TO DOMINION AND GOLD BURN—Via. Bonanza and McCormack's Forks. 8:00 a. m. TO HUNKER—Daily (Sundays included). 2:00 p. m.

Advertisement for Yukon Telephone. By Using Long Distance Telephone. You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Burn or Sulphur Creek. By Subscribing for a Telephone in Town. You can have at your home over 200 speaking instruments. Yukon Telephone Sys. Co. GENERAL OFFICE THIRD ST. NEAR R. Y. ST.

Warning. This is to notify the public that undivided one half No. 1, creek claim, Henry gulch; all No. 2, creek claim, Henry gulch; all No. 3, creek claim, Henry gulch; stand in my name alone as shown by records of the gold commissioner's office in Dawson. CLINTON J. JONES, Owner.

Price Bowling Contest. From Oct. 21st to Oct. 26th at Monte Carlo bowling alley. Team contest, two men to team. Highest average score for five consecutive games. Prize one box imported cigars. Frank Lenbery's Papers. Papers of value to Frank Lenbery have been found and are waiting to be claimed by the owner at the Nugget office. Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.