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Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.
GEORGE M. ALLEN.....Publisher

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1903.

UNION LABEL

AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—Why Smith Left Home

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

Another rebellion in China is threatened of more serious import than the one which so seriously stirred up the civilized world some two years ago. The Boxer movement is still as strong as ever and the hatred of the Chinese toward foreigners has not abated one jot or tittle. When it is said that 10,000 rebels are under arms in one province, an idea of the scope of the rebellion now in progress may be obtained.

It seems not unlikely that the powers will again be dragged into the quarrel as the movement is undoubtedly inspired by a desire to re-kindle the anti-foreign fire.

Missionaries stationed in the rebelious districts are already fleeing for safety and it is not improbable that outrages similar to those which occurred in the last outbreak may be reported at any time.

China is going forward to what seems inevitable doom. Hatred of western civilization has become so deeply implanted in the minds of the Chinese that no means will be left untried to stem the inroads now being made. The situation possesses certain ethical features which, however, are not likely to interfere with its practical phases.

If representatives of the powers are mistreated and abused in China, reprisals will be instituted and the long desired excuse for dismemberment may be furnished.

The fact that an army of 40,000 rebels is able to march through the country slaughtering defenceless people and destroying property is strong evidence of incapacity or criminal negligence on the part of the Peain government. If China cannot govern herself there are others who are prepared to essay the task, as past events have already given unmistakable demonstration.

China undoubtedly needs a regenerating influence and as western missionaries have failed of results it seems not unlikely that the efficacy of western muskets may be given a trial.

According to history and precedent handed down for a thousand years this day should witness the breaking of the back of winter. The ground hog issued from his lair this morning and has spent the day vainly seeking his shadow. He will therefore remain with us instead of returning to his cave, and gentle spring may be scheduled to arrive at almost any moment. Had old Sol beamed forth with friendly light during the day, winter would still linger with us for another six weeks. Vive l' ground hog.

Private advices from Valdez furnish the information that a stampede to that town will prove disastrous to the stampeders. There s nothing as yet at Valdez to maintain a population and in spite of the fact that railroad construction will shortly begin, there is no ground for a rush. If the railroad when completed opens up a productive territory Valdez will become an important point but in the meantime excepting in the case of men of means, it is a good place to give a wide berth.

Congress will come forward during the present session with appropriations for Alaska aggregating in the neighborhood of $1,000,000. Next year more money will be given and the following year still more. As the result of persistent and untiring effort, Alaska has finally secured a hearing and it may be taken for granted that federal interest having once been aroused will not be permitted to slacken.

The city treasury, as was predicted by the Nugget prior to the late election, is in a decidedly depleated condition. The town is fortunate in having a thorough business administration—otherwise there would be no telling where it would end financially.

Every man who imports a bride has the satisfaction of knowing that for once he has escaped the clutches of the customs house.

FROM EAGLE TO VALDES

Proposition to Change Judicial Seat

Two Murder Trials on the Docket for the Present Term at Valdes.

Seattle, Jan. 13.—George G. Perry, United States marshal for the Third Division of Alaska, arrived at the Rainier Grand yesterday on his way to Valdez to attend the opening of the winter term of the United States court, on February 2. Mr. Perry has been spending the last two months at his home in Dubuque, Ia., and his return to Alaska comes a month sooner than he had expected, owing to the fact that Judge Wickersham will open court this year in February instead of March, as has heretofore been the custom. Judge Wickersham, A. R. Heilig, clerk of the court, and Nathan Harlan, United States district attorney, are already in Valdez.

"I came out on the last of October," said Mr. Perry yesterday morning, "and since then have heard very little from Valdez. There are two murder trials on the docket and a number of civil suits, but, so far as I know, nothing of great importance.

"At the time that Alaska was divided into districts Eagle City was made the headquarters of the third division, but for the last year there has been a great demand that it be transferred to Valdez. The term of court that is about to be held in Valdez will be the first time in a good while that the officers of the court have all been together, and in all probability the question of making a recommendation to Washington as to the change from Eagle City to Valdez will be discussed. Of course I cannot say, and do not know, what action will be taken, but the demand for the change has been very great."

Mr. Perry is another of the many men from the Valdez district who believe firmly in the future of the Copper River country, not only for its mineral resources but also for the possibilities of its agricultural development.

"I have talked, not with one, but with many men who have been through the valley, and they all tell me the same story of the remarkable growth of vegetation during the long days of the short, hot summer. These men were miners who were in the country looking for gold, and had no interest in any land schemes, but the fact that red-top grass grew to a height of ten feet impressed them. I see no reason why all kinds of vegetables could not be cultivated and stock raising ought to be easy and profitable, for there is a demand for beef in the country that would make a ready market for all that could be raised."

La Montt—This paper contradicts itself. At one time it remarks that the esteemed citizen lived to "a green old age," and at another "a ripe old age."

La Moyne—What's the difference?

La Montt—Why, if anything is green how can it be ripe? — Chicago Daily News.

Good Table Linens

Here is a chance for the prudent housewife to get in her table linens at very low figures. Table cloths singly or by the yard, of the best grades of pure linen, plain or figured, with or without borders. Napkins, all sizes. Special sale for one week.

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ROMANCE OF CARNEGIE'S LIFE

BY CHARLES S. GLEED.

All the people, in a general way, know about Mr. Carnegie; but how few really grasp the fairy-tale in all its fulness! It extinguishes the glory of Croesus and makes the story of Aladdin seem cheap. Think of historic old Fifeshire, Scotland, composed of equal parts of rocks and water—where the sea sends an arm into almost every estate and where brains are the biggest crop — Fifeshire, town of Dunfermline, 1837, that is where and when this favorite of fortune began his career. He began as poor as any little Scot who ever throve on sea air and oatmeal. And now what? The name which above all others will soon be found "blown in the bottle" in the United States is that of Carnegie—the same Carnegie who began so humbly in Dunfermline sixty-five years ago. George Washington and Christopher Columbus will continue to be very well known persons. States, cities, streets, institutions and cigars have been named for them and they have seemed almost beyond the reach of rivals in the same line.

But now these great names are doomed to comparative disuse. They are to be distanced by the name "Carnegie." In a few years this name will be presented to the eye and ear of the people of the United States a thousand times where the others are once. There will probably be five thousand Carnegie libraries. These will contain at least ten thousand books each, or a total of fifty million books—all bearing the Carnegie book-plate. These books will be

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

examined at least one hundred times a year. This would mean annually five billion visual perceptions of the word "Carnegie" through library books alone.

Other repetitions of the word, written, printed and spoken, may be expected to occur annually in the relations and to the extent indicated as follows: Account Carnegie educational gift to the government, one billion times; Carnegie music and lecture halls, hospitals, schools, and other similar institutions, two billion times; Carnegie towns, streets, parks and boulevards, one billion; Carnegie manufactured articles, one billion; and, finally, newspaper mention, five billion—or a grand total of fifteen billion times.

Perhaps these figures cannot be proved—but neither can they be disproved. They are near enough right not to be misleading. They assist us in forming a correct notion of what will happen. From the very nature of the case, the written, printed and spoken use of the word "Carnegie" must increase as the years go by—and so it is natural to conclude that it has been fairly "blown in the bottle." This is to be the wonderful finish of the life of the poor little Scot of Dunfermline. A fairy tale indeed!

The people of Fifeshire are thinkers by birth and training. They are hard headed and thrifty, mathematical and managerial. They always get rich if they try and if they can find others to get money from besides one another. Mr. Carnegie's father was a master weaver, and a man of exceptional intelligence—locally well known for his public utterances on political and industrial subjects. His mother was a fine, strong woman with all the courage and foresight of a natural financier. The senior Carnegie was driven out of business by the development of steam mills, and made up his mind that the New World must be his place of refuge. In 1848 he settled in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, and began work in a cotton factory. A year later, the son entered this factory as bobbin-boy, earning — or at least, receiving—one dollar and twenty cents per week. By the time he was thirteen years of age he had charge of a stationary engine in a bobbin factory. At fourteen years of age he began work as a messenger in the office of the Ohio Telegraph Company at two dollars and fifty cents per week. In a short time he became an operator, and acquired the then unusual accomplishment of reading by sound. This triumph gave him three hundred dollars a year—quite enough, he thought, to support in luxury his recently widowed mother and his little brother.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad was built into Pittsburg, young Carnegie came under the eye of the great railway genius of the time, Colonel Thomas A. Scott. Colonel Scott soon found that the young Pittsburg operator was not merely grinding out his daily grist of dots and dashes for the money there was in it. He found that the boy knew what the dots and dashes were all about and when and how they ought to be different. He seized him and put him on his payrolls at thirty-five dollars per month—an inordinate and unspendable salary. He remained with the road thirteen years, taking Scott's place as superintendent of the Pittsburg division when Scott went up to the vice-presidency.

At the outbreak of the war, when Scott took charge of the government transportation business, Carnegie was made superintendent of military roads and telegraph lines and rendered fine service.

From a very early date, the young railroad man began making ventures for profit. One day Colonel Scott suggested that he buy ten shares of the stock of the Adams Express Company, for five hundred dollars. The boy and his mother discussed the matter, and finally mortgaged their little home to get the money. Another day Carnegie met Mr. Woodruf, who had invented a sleeping car. Again he borrowed money to participate in that enterprise. In 1860 he arranged with Colonel Scott and another friend to buy the Story farm on Oil creek for forty thousand dollars. That farm proved to be worth five millions of dollars.

His first big manufacturing venture was the organization of the Keystone Bridge Company. He won. Iron bridges were coming into fashion and he got the lead in the business.

Soon he substituted steel for iron by the Bessemer process. His bridges were wanted everywhere.

He acquired various other manufacturing plants in the iron line. He always won. By 1888 he had control of the Homestead steel works, the Edgar Thompson steel works, the Duquesne steel works and furnaces, the Lucy furnaces, the Keystone bridge works, the Upper Union rolling mills and the Lower Union rolling mills. These works were capitalized at about one hundred million dollars, the ownership including a vast amount of coal and iron lands. These properties were last year turned over to the United States Steel Corporation for two or three hundred millions of dollars in cash, first mortgage bonds and stock.

Ten or fifteen years ago Mr. Carnegie began to admit the oppression of his wealth and its responsibilities. He first made sundry arrangements by which many of his employes became sharers in his profits—virtually partners.

After getting free of the greater part of the personal care of the properties in which he was chief owner, Mr. Carnegie devoted himself largely to two tasks—giving away his money and writing for publication.

His gifts have been chiefly in the line of building libraries. His greatest single gift was ten millions given to the trustees of the government for aid to the universities of the country. The particulars of this gift need not be recited. In all his work of giving Mr. Carnegie has remained, as in the beginning, a "canny Scot." While giving away millions, he will step aside to do a little business and make millions. In the very business of giving away money he is as careful of how he does it, and as adherent to his own plans and policies, as if he were trying to get money instead of give it; and woe to those beggars who try to be choosers. There is no joy for those who try to tell him what he ought to do with his money. He will have his own way or no way. It has often been asked how Mr. Carnegie came to turn his chief charities in the direction of library work. So practical a man, it is supposed, would have taken naturally to the more practical charities — hospitals, industrial schools, and the like. Probably the explanation is complex. His parents were book lovers. He was born with the same taste. He began very early to read with enthusiasm and purpose. While he was yet a bobbin boy, with perhaps no book at home but the Bible, a gentleman who was on the lookout for chances to be helpful, Colonel John B. Anderson, arranged to supply him with all the books he could read. Colonel Anderson lived many years in Kansas, where he died. Mr. Carnegie never forgot his early kindness, and has given a pipe organ, a library and a statue of Colonel Anderson to Kansas institutions of which the latter was trustee. It is said that this early encouragement to give his spare time to good books instead of bad companions has always been assigned by Mr. Carnegie as one of the explanations of why he has prospered and is therefore the kind of aid which he most prefers to pass on to the youth of the land.

Next to books, Mr. Carnegie's taste runs to music. His ancestors, or many of them, no doubt made war on fiddles and other musical instruments as encouraging ungodliness. But Mr. Carnegie has swung to the other side and has devoted millions to musical organizations and institutions.

It is natural for Mr. Carnegie to be a writer. He began doing odd bits of newspaper work when he was a telegraph operator. From that time to this he has been a frequent contributor to the publications of the country. His magazine articles and books are in every respect worth reading. The style in which they are written is excellent. It is characterized by plain words, crisp sentences and exceptionally lucid construction. The work of Mr. Carnegie's pen is worth reading, not because he is an exceptional philosopher nor because he is brilliant or profound more than others, but because there is always, in what he writes, something important in the line of fact, or something important out of his actual experience or knowledge as a practical man. There is never anything in what he writes (so far as I have been able to see) which suggests the idea of an audacious rich man attempting literary work as a fad. Though often wrong (as it seems to me), he is always respectably strong in the positions he takes and defends. He is optimistic, patriotic and conservative. He "stands up for poverty" in the most approved style of the rich man's art.

Mr. Carnegie is an optimist. "The 'good old times' were not good old times. Neither master nor servant was as well situated then as today. What were the luxuries have become the necessaries of life."

Mr. Carnegie often expresses his belief in the organization of labor, in improved hours of work, in bettered conditions for workmen, in subdued and regulated officialism—in short, in about all the things contended for by champions of labor. But, on the other hand, he smites with fury the socialists and communists who demand one level for all men. He says: "Civilization took its start from the day when the capable, industrious workman said to his incompetent and lazy fellow, 'If thou dost not sow, thou shalt not reap,' and thus ended primitive communism by separating the drones from the bees. One who studies this subject will soon be brought face to face with the conclusion that upon the sacredness of property civilization itself depends—the right of the laborer to his hundred dollars in the savings bank, and equally the right of the millionaire to his millions."

While Mr. Carnegie thus vigorously defends the right of some people to have millions, he attacks with no less vigor the usual method of millionaires in applying what they have accumulated. He thinks great fortunes should be given back to the people in some systematic manner and in accordance with some wise plan. He thinks this is the only way for great and enduring advantages to reach the people; and he thinks the only way to do this properly is, not by will, but by intelligent personal administration by the giver. "It is well to remember that it requires the exercise of not less ability than that which acquires it so as to be really beneficial to the community. The growing disposition to tax more and more heavily the estates left at death is a cheering indication of the growth of a salutary change in public opinion."

Mr. Carnegie is a champion of home rule—in Ireland and everywhere else. "It is said that the people of Ireland will not do justice to the landlords. No, I hope not. In my wildest and most vindictive moments I have never yet gone so far as to wish that the Irish landlords had justice. No; let us remember that mercy should in that case season justice." This is certainly fierce enough to suit the most fanatical. It is the application of this same doctrine that puts Mr. Carnegie against England in the Boer war and against the United States in the Philippine matter.

No man has better stated the anti-imperialist side, so called, of the present controversy than Mr. Carnegie, and his opinions will always be of value even if they do not in any sense prevail.

"It is not to be supposed that all men who are fit to be kings are crowned, nor that all men who are crowned are fit to be kings. It is not to be supposed that all men who are fit to be rich are rich, nor that all who are rich are fit to be so. Luck, or something wrongfully called luck, enters in and gives some men money who ought to be poor. A vote of all the people would undoubtedly decide, almost unanimously, that Andrew Carnegie is fit to be rich.

RAGGED HOCKEY

Saturday Night Game a Poor One

Civil Service Wallop the Ice With the Police—Small Crowd on Hand.

That was a fierce old game of hockey Saturday night. It was the first that had been played in three weeks, the weather having been so cold, so continuously frigid that ice sports were for the time being put out of business. There were only a beggarly few on hand Saturday night and the enthusiasm was at a low ebb. The Police team was a sort of pick-up, a number of their strongest players being off. Cosby, one of the leaders on the forward line, was away on a trip to Selkirk to relieve Inspector Howard at that point. Hope was not in evidence and the playing all through was very ragged. Harrison substituted for Captain Bennett on the Civil Service team, the latter being out of condition on account of tender feet caused from being frostbitten. It was Harrison's debut as a hockey player and he filled the bill satisfactorily as he had but little to do. McLennan, Watt and Kennedy played the game for the Civil Service and the rest of the team merely looked on. That was about all they had to do.

There was only one sensational feature and the possibilities of that were spoiled by the interference of others. "Kid" Owens, playing on the Police team, fancied Jack Eilbeck was trying to cross check him and when they came together for the second or third time Owens lost his temper and let drive at "Dad's boy." Jack was there with the goods and had it not been for the prompt interference of the other players he would have had his own and been right on hand when the bell rang. It happened in the second half and Referee Gibson ruled them both off for five minutes.

The game was late in starting, the delay being on account of the lights going wrong shortly after 8 o'clock. There was but little snap and ginger in the play, Wright doing the best work for the Police. His lifts were wonders. During the first five minutes of play McLennan made a fine run the full length of the rink but failed to score. Wright lifted to the opposite end and for several minutes the play centered around the Civil Service goal. Securing the puck Kennedy made a dash for home and McLennan scored on a pass from the former after eight minutes of play. The next goal was taken by Watt in seven minutes play, again on a pass by Kennedy, and a half minute later McLennan scored again, the third in the first half. Just before the call of half time Senkler made an excellent stop.

In the second half McLennan made another goal after two minutes play. That gave the Civil Service four to the Police nothing, and for twenty minutes the former were on easy street and they played horse with their opponents. At the end of twenty-one minutes Rines made a lucky shot which saved his team from a shut out. Two minutes before the call of time Kennedy landed the puck in the net. Still another goal was scored by the Civil Service, but as the goal umpire was in a trance and did not see it, it was not allowed. The following is the lineup of the two teams:

Civil Service—Goal, Senkler; point, Pocah; coverpoint, Eilbeck; forwards, McLennan, Watt, Kennedy and Harrison.

Mounted Police—Goal, Timmins; point, Stevens; coverpoint, Wright; forwards, Rines, Lawless, Small and "Kid" Owens.

Score—5 to 1 in favor of the Civil Service.

Referee—Wm. Gibson.

Goal umpires — Constable J. T. Smith and Jack Barrabee.

Timekeeper—W. G. Radford.

The following is the standing of the teams to date:

	Played	Won	Lost	P.C.
Civil Service	6	6	0	1000
City Eagles	4	3	1	750
D.A.A.A.	5	1	4	200
Mounted Police	7	1	6	143

Hugh McDiarmid has recently been made the manager of the Civil Service team and is fast becoming an expert handler of men. He is prompt in attending to the little details so much appreciated by the players and no one is more interested in the success of his team than he.

Churchman—We had a spelling bee at the church last week. The pastor gave out the words. Did you hear about it?

Racim—No; was it interesting?

Churchman—Rather. The first three words he gave out were "increase," "pastor," "salary." — Philadelphia Press.

Why Smith Left Home—Auditorium