

**The Klondike Nugget**

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12  
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.  
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.  
**THE DIFFERENCE.**

The effect of varying climatic conditions is worth noticing. The average Dawsonite during the long dark days of winter is an entirely different specimen of humanity from what he is when the indications begin to point toward the approach of the "break up."

Winter is a period of more or less gloom, and that gloom is reflected upon the human countenance as faithfully as the human countenance itself is reflected in a mirror. The "bluely" disposed individual can find all manner of excuses for indulging his weakness and even those who ordinarily are not affected by such trifles will discover occasions during the progress of a Yukon winter, when life does not possess an entirely roseate hue. But when the long darksome days of winter have passed away; when the glad some spring time approaches; when the ice in the river is torn away from its moorings and the last link binding us in the power of Winter is thus torn asunder; then it is that life on the banks of the Yukon begins to assume an entirely different hue.

We are still some considerable number of days away from the time when it may be said with safety that winter has definitely passed away. There are not a great many song birds astir as yet, nor has there been any indication that ice travel is no longer safe. But still we have the knowledge that the worst is over. Every day brings a little more sunlight; the sound of re-awakening industry is heard on all sides and broadening smiles are noticeable where lengthy countenances formerly prevailed.

These are the indications which foretell the fact that the days of King Frost are numbered and the time approaching when Old Sol will be crowned undisputed monarch of all he surveys in the Yukon.

**TAXPAYERS' INTERESTS PARAMOUNT.**

The attempt to foist the incorporation project upon the people of Dawson on the strength of the opposition to the order closing down gambling is ridiculous in the extreme. The best legal authorities obtainable are agreed upon the opinion that incorporation will not affect the status of the gambling question one way or the other. Gambling will be closed after the 15th inst. unless orders to the contrary come from Ottawa direct. Dawson might be incorporated tomorrow and have a mayor blind in both eyes and still the orders respecting gambling would be enforced on the date mentioned, unless, as suggested above, instructions to revoke the order should come in the meanwhile from Ottawa. The pro-incorporationists have not brought forward a single argument to strengthen their case when viewed from the standpoint of the prospective taxpayers, and this is a case wherein the interests of the taxpayers are or at least should be paramount.

The administration of the affairs of a municipality is exactly the same as the management of the affairs of a big business concern. The taxpayers are the shareholders and they are interested mainly in seeing that strict economy is practiced, always having in view the attainment of the highest possible degree of efficiency.

The pro-incorporationists have not shown that they will decrease expenses or add in any respect to the efficiency of the present system. They have, therefore, shown no reasons for a change worthy of serious consideration.

Washington City was not overrun with office seekers on the occasion of McKinley's inauguration on the 4th inst. The president shielded himself against their attacks by the announcement that his former appointees who have properly performed their various duties will be retained in office during

his second term. This decision on the part of the president will be received with satisfaction by all his supporters with the possible exception of a few who expected that men would be turned out of office by the wholesale. McKinley has made very few serious errors since his inauguration four years ago and his new administration has started off under most favorable auspices.

If the incorporationists are really serious in their intentions let them approach the Yukon council with a signed petition. Such a document, together with the petition now before the council directed against incorporation would afford a basis from which it would be possible to judge the merits of the case with some degree of intelligence. The contention is made by the promoters of incorporation that many opponents of the measure have recently changed their minds and are now supporters of a municipal government. A petition circulated among those whose names are now attached to the anti-incorporation petition would determine that phase of the matter definitely.

The determination on the part of the Yukon council to appoint a school board to look after the educational interests of Dawson is a step well taken. The number of children in Dawson at the present time is surprisingly large and that number beyond question will be greatly increased during the approaching summer. It is apparent, therefore, that the time has arrived when Dawson requires educational facilities just as are found in other progressive communities. There will be much important work ahead for the new school board and in selecting the members outside of the council too much care cannot be exercised.

Whitehorse is coming to the front in a manner which augurs well for the future of that town. Petitions have been presented to the Yukon council respecting a variety of matters of interest to the town which indicate that Whitehorse is keenly alive to its necessities. Schools are asked for among other things. It is a pleasure to note the spirit of enterprise in the up-river metropolis and we hope, its wants will be looked after with all due consideration.

The News says that no self-respecting American citizen desires to vote in case Dawson is incorporated. The proprietor of the News has stated, through the columns of his paper and over his own signature that he is a Canadian. His sworn declaration is on file with the clerk of the superior court that he is an American citizen. We deny the right of the News to discuss the question of self-respect from any standpoint, Canadian, American, or otherwise.

The Boer war has cost Great Britain almost one hundred million pounds sterling. This does not mean, however, that so large an amount is to be taken from the pockets of British taxpayers. When the Transvaal is entirely pacified, it will be found that the gold of the Raand and the diamonds of Kimberley will furnish an easy way out of the difficulty. The Transvaal has had the music and in the end will contribute liberally towards paying the piper.

The announcement that the powers had definitely concluded to prosecute war measures in China appears to have brought the wily Celestials to a realization of the actual situation. As long as operations are confined to diplomatic exchanges the Chinaman stands a very fair show of coming out best man. But when the actual odor of gunpowder is in the air then the almond-eyed gentleman is ready to talk business.

Mr. Woodworth is of the opinion that 1300 people favorable to incorporation were present at the meeting at the Orpheum. We have heard of men being able to see double, but this feat of Mr. Woodworth's certainly must be regarded as a record breaker.

Wm. M. Everts, ex-secretary of state for the United States is dead. Mr.

Everts served his country in many capacities and invariably with great ability. As one of Uncle Sam's political giants he would be classed along with John Sherman.

Inquiries for lost men continue to pour into police headquarters and to the local newspapers. Many of those concerning whom information is sought have disappeared entirely, but quite frequently it is found that men have spent the winter in Dawson or on the creeks and have never taken the trouble to write a word to their homes. Such neglect is little less than criminal.

President McKinley has been inaugurated for his second term in the White House. Uncle Sam has made great strides during the president's first term and there is no doubt that greater progress will be shown during the coming four years. McKinley has directed the destinies of the United States in a manner which well entitles him to the support and confidence of his people.

The past forty-eight hours have furnished the first real genuine touch of spring with which Dawson has as yet been favored. A continuation of the present weather will start the water down from the hills. Prospects for a repetition of the spring of 1898 are quite favorable.

The council decided at its last meeting to secure a building for use as a morgue. Thus we have taken another step along the line of metropolitan progress.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

Hark! the muffled bells are tolling,  
Queen and people weep;  
Waves of sorrow deep are rolling  
O'er the nation's heart.

Noble Sovereign, best of mothers,  
Far her fame has spread;  
Many rulers mourn as brothers  
For the honored dead.

Lofty mansion, lowly cottage,  
Wear alike the pall;  
Over lordly fare or pottage  
Tears of sorrow fall.

For the Queen within the palace  
Won a world-wide love;  
Hearts whose overflowing chalice  
Follow her above.

Dark the shadows fallen o'er us,  
Life by death o'ercast;  
But her reign, so bright, victorious,  
Gladdened long years past;

Standard for each future nation  
Will her kingdom be;  
Right and truth its exaltation,  
Noble, strong and free.

Maiden, Sovereign, wife and mother,  
Queen, yet woman, too;  
Perfect in each sphere; no other  
Grandeur or more true.

Morning, noon, then evening falling  
After that the gloom;  
But the King of kings is calling  
Softly through the tomb.

He, who through a long life kept her,  
Takes her home in love;  
Lifts from earthly throne and sceptre  
To a crown above.

Out from every lofty steeple  
Tolls the last sad knell,  
While the hearts of all her people  
Breathe a fond farewell.

Jan. 29. Katherine A. Clarke.

**EVERYBODY CASH IN.**

**No Upstairs Games Will Run After the 16th.**

The straw at which many of the sporting fraternity were preparing to grasp, namely, that games would be permitted to be operated in unmoleted quietude in upstairs rooms after the order closing open gambling goes into effect, has been proven to be a delusion, as there is not even the picture of a straw at which to grasp. The order from Ottawa does not stipulate that gambling of certain kinds must cease, or that down-stairs gambling must cease, but simply that gambling must cease, and that embraces all kinds and varieties.

Such so-called clubs as may now be in existence here or as might afterwards be organized are not recognized by the Dominion government which recognizes no clubs except those having charters granted by parliament and of these there are but four or five in the Dominion and only one west of Winnipeg.

Capt. Starnes, to whom the order from Ottawa has been referred for enforcement, informed a Nugget representative this morning that, barring no interference from the federal government which, by the way, is not in the least expected, the order as received by him will be rigidly enforced and that after the night of the 16th open gambling will be unknown in the Yukon.

Mining Expert Powers, of the N. A. T. & T. Co., assayed some promising quartz yesterday which went \$36 to the ton.

**APPLE PIE ALWAYS IN STYLE**

**And Contains More Joy Than All Competitors.**

**Is an Orthodox Christmas Diet — Pumpkin Pie Has the Call at Christmas.**

"But apples! You take," says Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's, "good, sharp, juicy winter apples and pare them and quarter and core them and slice them and strew them on the well worked and well shortened under crust, made out of good winter wheat flour, and put in a little sweet butter and just enough sugar and a clove or two and nutmeg and cinnamon and maybe a little lemon peel, and then fix on the cover and take a case knife and trim off the superfluous dough around the rim, and pinch up the edge with your thumb and finger all around to make it look pretty, and gash the top something like a leaf, so as to let out the steam, and then set it in an oven that bakes just right, top and bottom, and let it stay there till it browns the right shade, and I tell you you've got a pie that is a pie. And when ma opens the oven door to see how it is getting along there is such a nice smell all through the house—wait a second till I swallow; I'm most choked—and it seems as if you just couldn't wait till dinner time comes. Oh, yes, I guess warm apple pie is about right. And cold apple pie can be got down, especially if there is a piece of cheese on the plate beside it, the kind of cheese that is all crumbly and has about a million little stickers in it.

"Apple pie is always in style. Go into a restaurant and ask for a 'cut of standard,' and the waiter will bring you a piece of apple pie. He knows what standard pie is. There are times in the year when other kinds make a spurt and run on ahead a little, but apple pie keeps jogging on, and by and by it overtakes them. In December mince pie is in the lead because it is near Christmas, and that is an orthodox Christmas article of diet. In November pumpkin pie has the call because it is Thanksgiving time. In the spring when pieplant comes in some people call it rhubarb, but that always sounds stuck up and as if you were trying to show off, everybody will eat pie plant because it is good for the blood. In the summer peach pie will forge away to the front, and I'll never tell you why. But, just as I say, apple pie keeps jogging on and in the long run wins the race. I mean the right kind of an apple pie.

"Once in awhile you will meet somebody that is always trying to be different from anybody else, and he will go on about English deep apple pie and how much superior it is to the common, vulgar thing we eat because we don't know any better. Well, English deep apple pie is good. I don't deny that. It can't help being good. You cook apples almost any way, and they're not bad eating; but, law me, when you put them in a crock and turn a little cup upside down in the middle of them and cover it all over with a lid of pastry, that isn't a pie at all. It's just stewed apples. Don't you see that you must have a bottom of pastry and that there is a just proportion of crust to filling that must not be deviated from one iota, or your pie is inartistic and an offense against the laws of taste?"

**Car Fare Collateral.**

"I wish to go to One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and I haven't a ticket. Here is a \$6 umbrella. Couldn't you let me ride if I leave it as security?"

The questioner, a handsomely dressed woman. Scene, the elevated road station at Twenty-third street. The woman was peering through the ticket seller's window with an anxious expression on her face.

The dispenser of tickets looked at the woman scrutinizingly a moment. Then, without a word, he passed a ticket through the little window. In exchange the woman thrust her closely rolled, silk covered umbrella through the aperture. There was a ball of enameled copper on the end of the handle, and to outward appearances the umbrella was worth every cent of the woman's estimate.

"Oh, we get plenty of that sort," said the ticket seller afterward. "I had a woman offer me a French poodle, but as it is against the law to let dogs on the train I couldn't take the collateral. A bystander bought her the ticket, however, and she went off. All sorts of things are left. One day an old gentleman left a pair of

gold cuff buttons as security. He never came back. Whether he forgot what station it was or whether he left town I never knew. That was six months ago. I am wearing the outtuns now.

"Sometimes they leave books, but I have refused to take these, as the readers never call for them. A well known clubman left a fine matchbox one night. It had his name and address on it. He forgot it, and three weeks afterward I mailed it to him. He sent me \$1 for my trouble and said I had cleared up a mystery. He had suspected one of his servants of stealing the article. It was late one night when he got on, and perhaps he had 'been out' to some little extent.

"I have had pocketknives, brooches, umbrellas, walking sticks, workbaskets, gloves and suits of clothes left with me. Usually the owners redeem their 5 cent pledges the same day. Sometimes I keep them weeks and months. The great stations for these things are: Twenty-third, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third and Fourteenth streets on the west side and Ninth and Twenty-eighth streets on the east side.

"Besides leaving personal property for rides, some travelers do curious things. Persons in a rush will hold their tickets in one hand and throw whatever they have in the other into the ticket box. Women are the offenders in this line. I saw a woman drop her baby on the top of a box one day. It was only the terrified cry of the infant that brought her to her senses. The act was a thoughtless impulse, of course, and as the baby was not hurt the incident created no end of amusement.

"Sometimes they drop small packages into the boxes. A woman broke the glass in the box on the station with her umbrella not long ago. She was making a rush to catch a Harlem train and thrust the umbrella instead of the ticket into the box.

"There is an old gentleman who gets on at Sixty-sixth street who invariably thrusts his morning paper into the ticket box. The guard at that station has had to call him back several times."—N. Y. Herald.

**Jealousy Downed.**

He was waiting on the street corner, and as she got off the street car he lifted his hat and stiffly saluted:

"'Deevenin', Miss Wharton!"

"'Deevenin', Mistah Carr!" she replied, with her nose in the air.

"Miss Wharton," he continued as he swallowed at the lump in his throat, "when yo'r sister dun tole me yo' was at de candy pull wid dat low down pusson named Jackson I couldn't skassy believe it."

"Mistah Carr," she replied as her nose went still higher, "when Linda Smith dun tole me dat yo' wanted to help yo' git up a cake walk I let my breff fur five minits!"

"Miss Wharton, I lows no woman to trifle wid my heart."

"And I lows no man to trifle wid mine Mistah Carr."

"Under de circumstances, Miss Wharton, it will be better dat we meet as strangers."

"Dat's me, Mistah Carr."

"But, as life will have no more charms fur me, Miss Wharton; as each succeedin day would only add its burdens to my grievin heart, I will hang myself in de wood shed tonight."

"An I will take pizen, Mistah Carr. Sooner dan live on feelin dat no one lubs me I will destroy myself."

"Who doan' lub yo'?"

"Yo' doan'."

"Who said so?"

"Yo' did."

"Miss Wharton—Maggie—I nebber axed dat Linda Smith to git up a cake walk wid me."

"Mistah Carr—Moses—I didn't go to de party wid dat pusson named Jackson."

"Den I won't hang myself."

"Den I won't take pizen."

"Maggie!"

"Moses!"

And a cuckoo clock in the nearest house struck the hour of 7 in joyful exultation, and all was love and peace.

M. QUAD.

**Snow Slide.**

Yesterday afternoon the snow and ice on the Bank of British North America building became loosened by the warmth of the sun and a large chunk broke loose and fell on the porch which surrounds the building on the east side, breaking part of it into splinters. Luckily there was no one underneath at the time so that there was no damage done other than the wrecking of that part of the porch.

**Mrs. Simpson's Dance.**

A very select crowd gathered at Mrs. Simpson's Travelers home on Hunk Creek last Friday night for a social dance. Good musicians were engaged to mark time for the merry-makers. Everyone present had a most enjoyable time.