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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12.
[Dawson's Pioneer Paper]
Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.
GEORGE M. ALLEN.....Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily.

Yearly, in advance	$30.00
Per month, by carrier in city, in advance	3.00
Single copies	.25

Semi-Weekly.

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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When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

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And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur.

$50 Reward.

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1903.

UNION LABEL

AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium — What Happened to Jones.

THE TRUST THAT FAILED.

To anyone who is informed as to the actual facts relating to the local newspaper situation, the utterances of the News in late issues are intensely amusing.

There are two newspaper institutions in Dawson—the Nugget and the News. As a tail to the kite of the latter, the Sun is being conducted as a morning issue. The News is presumed to be in opposition to the government and the Sun carries the government patronage. The purpose of the combination of interests thus formed was a double one. It was believed by the parties interested that their diminutive trust would enable them to control the newspaper field and eliminate all opposition.

This being accomplished, they would be in a position to dictate prices for job printing, newspaper advertising and subscriptions, from which three sources are derived the revenues of all the newspapers.

The scheme also involved a determination or at least an expectation to control all political matters in the territory, and particularly with respect to the patronage at the command of the opposing parties. It was argued that two newspapers, controlling the field, each opposed to the other in policy, but under one control, would prove a splendid financial investment. The roseate complexion of the plan was considerably heightened by the fact that when first consummated, both the Sun and News were published under one roof and therefore produced at a minimum of expense.

So much for the scheme—admirable in conception—faultless in theory—absolutely certain to win,—but there was a stumbling block—the Nugget.

The first mistake of the combine was a flat denial of the truth. The Nugget charged them with the facts. Both papers with much assumed indignation resented the charges. There was no connection between the Sun and the News. The latter owned a plant—the former had none. Therefore the Sun was published in the News office. Such was their explanation.

The Nugget heard the explanation but it did not suffice. Proof was offered and then the amateur trust builders weakened. Driven into a corner the News admitted that its proprietor was also interested in the Sun, but pleaded extenuating circumstances. Precedents were submitted in which it was shown that railway presidents often held stock in competing lines—but the explanation did not serve the purpose.

The News had so loudly, so incessantly, so blatantly proclaimed its hostility to the government, and particularly to the government organ—that when people learned that the News was actually interested in the Sun and drawing a profit from government patronage they were shocked. The shock was succeeded by a smile—the smile by a laugh—and with the laugh, the prestige and influence of the News went by the board, never to be regained.

The conspirators then sought for cover. The News owned three linotype machines. Two of these with an extra printing press were hastily bundled into wagons and carted down to the old Sun office. A former employe of the News was placed in charge—and then an announcement of complete divorce was made. But no one believed and the lost ground could not be recovered.

Meanwhile, events were pressing hurriedly on. The Dominion election was raging and the News saw itself in desperate plight. Its much vaunted "power" was in the balance. The election of Joseph Andrew Clarke must be accomplished cost what it might. But the echo of that laugh still remained and Clarke went to defeat.

Another election came on, this time for city officers. Something must be done—the News must recover its position. The field was carefully looked over, the popularity of the various candidates was carefully considered—the News made a choice for mayor and the unfortunate gentleman was last on the poll.

There still remained a chance. Another election was at hand. Councilmen were to be chosen to sit in the Yukon legislature. If the editor of the News could be successful in attaining one of those seats everything might still be well.

The attempt was made, but how bitter the result. All the pent up "power" and "influence" that the News had been storing up during three years was loosened in a last despairing effort. Mark the result. The editor returned from the fray with 63 votes to his credit and — a forfeited deposit.

Such is a partial history of the attempt to form a newspaper trust in Dawson. The trust still exists but its every purpose has been defeated.

Meanwhile, the Nugget has gone steadily forward—its circulation and sphere of influence constantly on the increase, steadily improving its news service, firmly establishing itself in the confidence of the public, and justly meriting and receiving continually enlarging support and patronage.

Schemes and machinations have been devised, and money by the thousands expended in the hope of crushing this paper — all without avail. The Nugget stands like a rock between the public and a cold blooded attempt to establish a newspaper trust.

Unhampered by any outside influences, with no personal axes to grind, the Nugget will continue on its way working out the great destiny that lies before it as the champion of public rights and the watchful and vigilant opponent of every measure or enterprise directed against the popular welfare.

Britain Protests.

Constantinople, Jan. 6. — Great Britain has vigorously protested to the Turkish government against the permission granted in September last to the unarmed Russian torpedo boat destroyers to pass through the Dardanelles and into the Black sea under the commercial flag of Russia. These vessels were about to start on the proposed trip.

The British note says the passage of the Dardanelles by the torpedo boat destroyers would be a violation of the existing international treaties, and that if Russian warships are thus allowed to use the Dardanelles Great Britain will reserve the right to demand similar privileges.

The protest has caused irritation in Russian circles and concern on the part of Turkish authorities, who fear that other powers will follow the example of Great Britain.

At a menagerie in the Temple Square at Paris three lions managed to make their way into a neighboring cage in which a panther was lodged. A terrible fight ensued, and, despite the efforts of the keepers, the panther was literally torn to pieces by the intruders.

To avoid conscription a young German at Haderslaben tried to simulate gout by allowing some bees to sting his foot. When he presented himself with his swollen limb at the mustering station he was enrolled as a mounted artilleryman.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

FELT SHOE BARGAINS

Men's Vici Kid, Felt Lined, Dolge Felt Soles $5.00

Boys' Felt Shoes, Leather Tipped, ... $2.00

...J. P. McLENNAN...

233 FRONT ST — Phone 101-B

Agent for Standard Patterns.

Stroller's Column.

It is whispered to the Stroller that petitions are piling up on the newly elected members of the council like due bills at New Year's, and some of them are likely to give them trouble hereafter. Well, perhaps not in THE hereafter, though it might even extend that far; but what is meant is the hereafter election, if any of them should again brave "the shafts and arrows of an outraged public." That is, if they feel themselves bound, as representatives of the public to introduce every petition handed to them and they should all be acted upon. For, notwithstanding the opinion of Colonel McGregor, the signing of petitions is a pernicious habit that might run into a disease and call for the services of Dr. McArthur, the territorial health officer; and it is morally certain that he would immediately order a quarantine and thus put the petitioners to great inconvenience. They deserve it, some of them. Let us hope it will not be as bad as that.

A little time ago there was a petition out against the Klondike Mines railroad passing down First avenue, which was in itself premature, when the so-called railroad has as yet passed nothing except the hat around for subscriptions to its stock. But no sooner was this petition out than another one was being signed favoring the railroad passing checks and down First avenue as much as it pleased. The funny thing about these petitions was that the signatures of both the enemies and the friends of the railroad were found on both these petitions, and that they were voting both ways. What are such petitions worth?

Of course the petitioners never thought their names would be printed in the Nugget. That explains it. It was the same with another petition; something about morality, to give the fallen women permanent homes, with a piano and a pug dog, and lowering geraniums in the window. Something of that kind. And when the petition came out in print with the signatures there were several who wished to withdraw their names. They wished to do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.

There is one petition which may come before the new Yukon council but is more likely to be withdrawn if that is possible. It is the one to change Ping-Pong Alley into a beautiful boulevard with sidewalks of broad flag stones. Ping-Pong alley is at present a narrow path behind the administration building, running between several villa residences. It was sought to change its name also to Park Lane. The man who got up this petition seems to have gone to work and obtained first the signatures of those in no way interested, and then taken it to the residents. They, seeing a lot of names on already, could not afford to be left out, of course not. And yesterday one of these residents said to the other — both intelligent men, mind you:—

"Did you sign that petition to change Ping-Pong Alley into Park Lane?"

"Yes," was the ready reply, "din't you?"

"Not much. Wouldn't you rather have it all park than a street there public to everybody, crowded all day with drays and buggies and cabs and perambulators and automobiles and perhaps street cars? Perhaps the railroad will come through there if we have a street opened up."

"Certainly I would. I never thought of that."

"Rats," ejaculated the first speaker, evidently a trifle annoyed.

* * *

That reminds the Stroller to say a few words about rats and the bubonic plague. Not that there is any great likelihood that we shall have an epidemic of the plague here, and there is no intention of making a scare about it. It is a disease which loves too well the hot sunshine in which to bring up its very large families. But it has visited as far north as San Francisco, and at present reports is making a settlement there and planting a graveyard full of people. Now, it might possibly be brought this far as soon as navigation opens. The rats get here, and the rats are known to be the greatest distributors of the germs of the disease. That being the case, would it not be wise to lessen the danger of this terrible pestilence by adopting the old adage: "An ounce of prevention is worth more than a ton and a half of cure?" There's the point. Why not kill off all the rats now?

* * *

There was a detective sent to Fortymile to hunt up one of the murderers who were recently hanged here. He went up the river beyond the boundary line to what is called French bar.

"How many Frenchmen are there on this island?" he called out from the boat.

"Fino how many," replied the man on the bank.

"Are there five, or ten, or fifteen, or fifty, or how many. Answer quick man, I can't stay here all day."

"Don't see why you should. I told you."

"Are you a Frenchman?" "What are you, anyway? You're a d—— Swede, that's what you are."

Splash comes a big pair of rubber boots into the river and a big angry man inside of them. "Pull out, men," yelled the detective as the big fellow came on. And the latter waded up to his armpits after the boat, making the air blue with blasphemy against the detective. He yelled among other things: "Yust let me catch you and I'll make a d—— Swede turnip out of you; quicker ner that."

* * *

This calls to mind Lever's story of the shipwreck on the French coast and the captain enquiring among the crew if any man of them spoke French.

"An' it's meself that does, captain," replied an Irish A. B.

"Then go up to the village and see what you can get to cook with."

Pat went up and met a native. "Parlez-vous Francaise?" he asked.

"Oui, monsieur."

"Then plaze give me the loan of your frying pan?" he asked in English.

The same thing was repeated several times, and the Irishman returned to the ship and said the natives did not speak French at all.

* * *

The Stroller has a new correspondent, and he hopes she is a pretty girl. That is judging from the handwriting and the pretty sentiments expressed. But the signature is a trifle hard to make out, to be frank, and there is a question whether it is Jennie or Jamie McDougal. It is entitled "The Master of the House," and is pretty fine poetry, as poetry goes in these parts. It has no date on it except "Sunday." This may mean that the inspiration came on that day. Here are the lines:

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books and men,
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen;
He has no pocket and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny;
But has more riches than his nurse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile,
A despot, strong through infancy,
A king, from lack of guile
He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother—
What can he mean? But I suppose
They understand each other.

Indoors or out, early or late,
There is no limit to his sway,
For, wrapt in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day.
Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And Turk-like, has his slaves to dress him
His subjects bend before him, too—
I'm one of them. God bless him!

* * *

A letter has been received in Dawson to the effect that H. N. Coleman will be back in a week or two, and that reminds one of a good story on him when he went out. Two other parties went out with him, or rather travelled with him, but their names need not be mentioned. It was just at the time when the big suit was on with Coleman, Joe Barrett and the Canadian Bank of Commerce. When they got to Whitehorse they had a good time but about the time the train was getting ready to start Coleman could not be found. One of the men had Coleman's satchel. He also had a poke of Coleman's trunk. As the train began to move he jumped on board and continued his enquiries for Coleman. His chum did not know anything about his whereabouts. But as the train neared Bennett he whispered: "I think Coleman's aboard but don't say anything. He got capsised at Whitehorse."

After the summit was passed Coleman came into the car. He had been hidden among the baggage, he said.

"But who capsised you, Coleman?" asked the chum with his satchel.

"Canadian Bank of Commerce."

"For how much?"

"A mere trifle. I could have paid it out of my vest pocket if they had only mentioned it."

"That's shameful. How much was it?"

"Only $20,000."

* * *

Captain Roediger is a master of the deepest dye. In reducing the price of the News to the public he thought out a new scheme by which he could re-coup himself. He is now putting his thought into profitable operation. He will advertise his cut in prices in his morning newspaper at a cost of $40 a day, and the cut rate of $1.98 of the latter in his evening newspaper at the same cost. At the end of the year the evening paper will owe the morning paper $12,000 and the morning paper will owe the evening paper $12,000. That means a clear profit to Captain Roediger of $24,000 for the year, whether the respective advertisements work any good for him or not. The captain is a great hand at playing on velvet.

Typewriters, letter presses, blank books, etc., at Smith's.

There was held in Newbury, England, the other day a pleasure fair known as Pied Poudre, which dates from the reign of Edward IV. Among the quaint ceremonies observed was the collection of two pence from each of the licensed victualers in the town on behalf of the steward of the manor at Newbury.

INDIANS AS MINING MEN

Using Pick and Shovel in Koyukuk

Are Industrious in Every Way and Very Truthful and Honest.

It has often been observed by prospectors that the Indians of this northland are very different to those of the United States and are more friendly to the white man. The difference between the Alaska coast Indians and those of the interior has also not escaped observation, and it would appear that the further north you go the more characteristics has the Indian to recommend him to the white man. This is vouched for by Joe Hoffman, who has been in the Koyukuk country for two seasons, and who returns there in a few days. He says that the Indians there use a pick and shovel handily, and for general industry are an example even to the hustling white man.

This is an entirely new phase of Indian character and its development is worthy of some consideration. It is only a few years since the Koyukuk was invaded by the whites, and therefore it cannot be the force of the example of the prospectors of that country which has brought the aborigine from his inherited bondage to laziness to a sincere regard for industry and its rewards. But for half a century or more there have been missions along the lower reaches of the Yukon river and on the coast, and that their influence is now proving to be of lasting good to the native race is amply proven by the statements of Mr. Hoffman. He said yesterday afternoon:

"If they tell you anything you know it is so. I would rather take the word of one of those Indians than that of a white man. And your things are perfectly safe with them. There is never any thieving going on, and if anything happens to be missed the sourdoughs in there will suspect anybody and everybody before they will think of the Indian.

"Yes, and they are not like these Moosehide Indians, or any other Indians I have ever met. They are not constitutionally lazy, but are really good hard workers. You always see them tinkering around at something or other. They hunt and fish as if they meant it. They are the best packers I ever saw, and when they are on the trail they are up long before the white man and have his breakfast cooked. They have now caught on to mining. They handle the pick and shovel a little awkwardly at first, but they are intelligent and soon catch on. A few on the north fork are working a lay, and some of them may stake for themselves."

"But can they hold claims under the American law?"

"I don't know about that. I think they ought to, as they are born in Alaska. And I am sure nobody in the Koyukuk would object, as there is plenty of ground and the Indians are respected and believed in."

This will be good news to Rev. Barraclough, who lectures on Friday next Thursday evening, and to all those who take an interest in the education of the natives. The Indians of the United States are laky because their food is provided for them by the Great White Father, and it is to some extent the same thing in the Northwest Territories. Our Moosehide Indians are undoubtedly petted too much. The one great success in Indian education which is always pointed out is that of Rev. Duncan on Metlakatla island, and it would seem to be wisdom the regulation which defends any white man from settling on the island. He had these Indians under his control for two or more generations uncontaminated with the vices of the white man, and those who have since gone out in the world as carpenters and painters and so on, have preserved as much of the habits which he inculcated. It is the same with these Kobok, or lower river Indians. They were for a long time under the complete control of the missionaries, and were imbued with Christian teachings from infancy up.

It will be interesting now to watch if they do not degenerate.

Caught in the Act

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 13. — Joseph Dehaney, a negro, was caught last night at the corner of Bush and Powell street in the very act of robbing William Harding, whom he had beaten to his knees and whose pockets he was searching. The holdup took place at 10 o'clock, in full view of the Powell street cars. It was a chance glance of Policeman Cleve Peters, who was riding in the car, that resulted in the arrest of Dehaney. The highwayman was booked on a charge of robbery.

Harding was, to all appearances, under the influence of liquor, and was arrested on a charge of drunkenness. A large gash on the back showed where Dehaney had battered him with his revolver. Harding gave his address as 705 Bush street.

Two men hurriedly walking out Liberty street almost ran into an elderly fellow turning the corner of Nassau, headed for Broadway, with Tip, in the New York "Press," the latter's overcoat was roughly pulled. Far too tight across the back, it was wrinkled into horizontal corrugations. The collar was partly turned down. The texture was cheap, of shade a rusty brown. An old felt was on the gray head, a hat of many seasons, which had been pearl, but now was weather stained and spotted with perspiration. The dark brown trousers were kneed and almost bagged. The shoes had not known blacking for weeks. One of the men paused to salute the veteran deferentially and after passing the compliments of the day rejoined his companion.

"How much did he strike you for?" the latter asked. "Strike me!" exclaimed the other, with a puzzled look. "I saw you put your hand in your pocket, and thought the old man might have beaten you out of a quarter." "Oh! Why, that was Bunch Sage." "Well, I'm dashed."

An arm chair has been grown from the seed of a gingko tree by a Chinaman. He planted it, pruned, trained and guided each tendril of the growing plant for twenty years. The chair weighs over 100 pounds, is 40 inches in height and twenty-five inches wide.

Bible School Lesson for Feb.

Title—Paul at Athens, Acts 17:22-34.

Golden text — He preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection. Acts 17:18.

"Athens," the capital city of Greece, the centre of her literature, philosophy, art and religion.

"Mar's Hill," called by the Athenians "the Areopagus," or seat of judgment. The meeting place of the great criminal court, whose decision on almost all questions was accepted as final.

Paul was brought before this court by the Epicureans, a Grecian philosophical sect, and accused of introducing a new god into the state, which was a capital offence.

Paul's able defence and the results are presented in the lesson.

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." Other renderings are: "Addicted to religious practices," "earnestly reverential." Noting the multitude of images and altars, he gains entrance-way for his after-argument by praising their religious devotion.

"I found an altar with the inscription, To the Unknown God." In their excessive zeal or perhaps in their fear lest they might have omitted some deity, who might have the power of working them good or harm, they reared this altar. Some suggest that by "the unknown God" the Greeks purposely recognized the Jewish worship. One thing is evident, the multitude of their deities failed to satisfy their need, else why this altar to "the unknown."

Paul seizes this opportunity to show them the folly of idolatry, and to present unto them the nature of the only true God, and finally to lead them to repentance.

"Ignorantly worship" may mean unknowingly worship or imperfectly worship.

"God that made the world." This was opposed to the theory of the Epicureans, "that the world was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms." The Stoics, the other opposing sect, were Pantheists. Paul strikes at both of these by proclaiming, "God as above all things, Supreme Creator, Ruler and Preserver."

"Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything." All true worship is from the heart. Worship grows not out of the need of God but out of our need.

Paul taught the brotherhood of man in "He hath made of one blood all nations of men." It also serves to prove his liberal-mindedness, that a Jew, should recognize in the Gentile a brother.

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." God gives every man the opportunity to find Him. His power and presence are manifest in nature all about us.

"As certain also of our own poets have said, For we are also his offspring." Paul chooses these words of the two Greek poets Aratus and Cleanthus, as most calculated to impress the minds of his hearers with the truth of what he was saying, we are the very offspring of God, is against reason to suppose God himself can be like gold or silver."

"The times of this ignorance God winked at." He bore with this ignorance. But now a new era has dawned, and "He commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

In the thirty-first verse Paul announces an appointed day of judgment, and an appointed judge, of whom his been attested to by the Resurrection. The Resurrection was rejected by the Epicureans, and the Sadducees did not believe in the immortality of the soul.