

The Klondike Nugget

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1902.

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AMUSEMENTS. Auditorium—"Galley Slave" Standard—Vaudeville.

CONSIDER IT IMPARTIALLY. To any one who devotes a few moments to impartial consideration of the existing political situation it seems almost incredible that any considerable number of men can be found who regard Joe Clarke seriously as a candidate for parliament.

The News and Sun are simply two air machines—blowing hot in the morning and cold in the evening, animated by no principle and guided by nothing save abnormal avarice.

There are men in the Yukon who still argue that by virtue of the fact that wrongs were inflicted upon the Yukon by the government in the early days of its history, no censure is ever to be extended for acts of an amenable benevolent nature.

They hold to the foolish theory that the right of representation in the house of commons should be taken advantage of to wreak vengeance upon the government and certain of its individual members because of errors of omission and commission in bygone years.

In regard to such men—and fortunately they are very few in number—we have merely to say that they are working and acting from a standpoint deteriorative not only to themselves and their immediate friends, but to the community as a whole.

They know full well that Clarke is not a man suited to represent the people at Ottawa or anywhere else. They know that his election would be a reflection upon the intelligence and moral responsibility of the community and that he would disgrace the constituency as he has disgraced himself and his immediate associates in Dawson.

Both MORIBUND. Roediger's morning organ continues today the old game of abusing its double-edged evening fable. Such tactics call merely for ridicule and contempt from everyone.

WALKING SKIRTS. Made in the latest styles, of the newest materials and that hang like a custom-made skirt. I have just opened a lot just the thing for winter.

J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B. Agent for Standard Patterns.

terants of either of them for neither one is actuated by the slightest motive of sincerity. When a man says one thing in the morning and the opposite thing in the evening and on both occasions—calls himself names and insults himself for his own knavery, what reason is there to believe that he is honest or sincere in either instance? We reply that it is simply impossible for him to be either the one or the other.

Do the voters of the district who are honestly though wrongly supporting Clarke, place any faith or credence in the utterances of the News in Clarke's behalf, when they know that the publisher of the News will deny his own arguments the next morning through the agency of the Sun? The Sun-News outfit must gauge the intelligence of the average Yukoner at a very low rate or they never would have attempted such a colossal fake.

We call particular attention to the fact that the News has never repeated the foolish attempt made by it some time ago to justify Roediger's ownership of both papers, simply because that effort was met by a general expression of contempt and derision.

The position of our two contemporaries is identically that of an individual who would essay to speak for both Ross and Clarke from the same platform and who would endeavor to make his hearers believe that he was honest in so doing.

The News-Sun combination could not in the very nature of things carry on its abortive effort at championing two candidates without the facts being given to the public. In truth the details were generally known and talked of long before the matter was mentioned in these columns and it became necessary for the Nugget either to expose the fraud or allow a suspicion of implication to arise.

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When the opposing candidates are ranged side by side and their respective merits given careful consideration it hardly seems possible that Joe should be able to muster a dozen votes in the district—nor would he be able to do so but for the fact that there are to be found in every community those who permit the dictates of their reason and judgment to be overcome by the suggestions of passions and prejudice.

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or trust of the people. Each one has served to nullify and destroy the influence of the other until at the present time the prestige and standing of both have been completely destroyed. The Sun has long been moribund and the News, its twin in iniquity, is now in the same condition.

New Money for Ole. There is an unprecedented demand for new money. In reaching out for the evidence of wealth aesthetic taste is asserting itself in the choice of the tokens of prosperity. New, clean, crisp notes are in demand, and persons do not hesitate to ask for them.

This fact is in evidence at the window of every bank paying teller in the land and at the cash counter of every store.

"Please give me new money," and "Will you give me a cleaner bill in place of this one?" are requests heard thousands of times every day. These requests are having their effect so far that there is a growing tendency to pay out only the clean, unobjectionable money.

Every bank will verify this fact. Old and objectionable bills go into them, but they do not go out to their customers. They go to the redemption division of the national treasury, where they are exchanged for new money, and then destroyed.

How to Have a Sunny Boy. When our little boy came to us, his father and I tried the experiment of always greeting him with a smile wherever and whenever he met either of us.

Ethel. "A sixteen-page letter from George! Why, what on earth does he say?" Mabel. "He says he loves me."

THAT DOG COSTER.

A Story for Children in Politics. There once was a Monger in Political Jobbery who was a Mean sort of Guy and did things for Money.

There was a Man who had a dog of that kind, and the Monger bought it from him. But he didn't pay Real Hard Money for the dog. He never did pay in that way.

"The Monger and the Dog became great friends, and the dog was named Coster because he was more honest than Monger. But Coster was a bad dog, and that was the reason the Monger bought him and paid such a price for him.

They traveled down the Yukon to Circle together, and at every stopping place he took lessons from Coster in the Malamute Tongue. Pretty soon he was able to yelp and whine and howl as good as any Puppy that ever saw the Yukon, and like all the rest of the Malamutes he snarled and howled at his Masters. When a Man gets in that way he is no better than an ornery dog; and that was the way with Monger.

Grub was scarce at Dawson at that time, but Monger and Coster, who had been sent out by the government, lived on the Fat of the Land at Circle, and they became greater friends than ever. They swore Eternal Fidelity and Death to all Masters.

On the way back to Dawson Monger and Coster stayed at a little Indian camp one night, and Monger made a Political Speech to the Natives.

"Why do you let the White Man come and steal your inheritance?" "You wouldn't sell Me, would you?" "Sell my friend? Never in a Thousand Years. But we had better not be seen much together until I have worked my Grub."

And days lingered into weeks, and weeks and weeks were for Coster; and weeks grew into months, and Coster became thin and wan and hungry with waiting.

At the Never-Sweet Club the night after the meeting in A. B. hall, the members were discussing the incidents of the gathering and laughing over Frenchy's declaration to rechristen his white poodle "Coster."

Stroller's Column.

The beginnings of prominent men of this or any other country are always interesting to read about, and not the least interesting of these is the story of how Calderhead, the steamboat man, chanced to come to this country.

Calderhead and Lancaster were partners in a store in one of the mining towns of Montana. They were frontiersmen and after the early days of the mining camp in which they were settled the big profits began to dwindle, as they always do before the smearing snort of the locomotive, and they discussed moving again to the frontier.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said in his breezy way. "We'll go up into Alaska and start a bear farm. Yes, a bear farm. I know what I am talking about for I've been up there and know the whole country. Now just see what breeding cattle and sheep has come to in this country. It takes three years for a calf to become a cow and years for a ewe to produce another calf; meanwhile you have to feed 'em through a good part of the winter, pay to have them attended to, and suffer all sorts of losses, what you have left after all this you get two or three cents per pound. It's different with bears.

"I know where there's an island in the Aleutian group the shores of which absolutely swarm with fish. That island, Calderhead, we can get for less than a song. We can get it for nothing. No bothersome premium business either, or paying so much an acre. We can just take it."

"That's the first point. The next best point is the fact that we don't have to pay for feed for bears during the winter. They winter themselves, just stick their noses under their tails and sleep all the winter through until the ground hog sees his shadow. And in the summer the bears get their own living. See! Aint it a crackerjack!"

"Where from? Why didn't I tell you that this island I am talking about swarms with Alaska salmon, the finest in the world, and with fish and berries for desert a bear will live like a prince and grow a princely coat on him. That's where the money comes in. We just wait till he's ripe and then pluck his coat off him."

"Bear's meat be blowed. If there's any sale for bears' meat that would be all velvet, but I don't take that into consideration. Why we could sell the skins from \$70 a piece up, and suppose we had a thousand head of bears on our island, just think what it would come to in a few years."

"A nice, easy, gentlemanly life, too. All we have to do is to get some Indians and catch a lot of young bears, turn them loose on the island and command them to be fruitful and multiply. And they'd do it. They couldn't get away from it, nor from the island either. Then we could poodle around for two or three years while they grewed. See! After that we would only have to go up there once a year and make a big killin'." "We only want enough capital to get up there, with a winter's supply for hunting."

This was the plain, unvarnished scheme for making a fortune, before long Lancaster's imagination had put many frills on it, and it did seem—and in fact no doubt is—entirely feasible. So the business was sold out, the capital obtained and the two adventurers sailed for the north. They went to Juneau to outfit, for Lancaster really was acquainted with Alaska. While there the news reached them of the Klondike discoveries, and they were in the van of the stamped out Dyes pass, and the bear farm is still indefinitely postponed. It would doubtless prove as largely profitable an enterprise as the fox islands.

At the Never-Sweet Club the night after the meeting in A. B. hall, the members were discussing the incidents of the gathering and laughing over Frenchy's declaration to rechristen his white poodle "Coster."

"But, seriously, I think all we use, and every working man ought to work for Joe," said the principal politician.

"Come off," exclaimed the kicker, interrupting him, "he had a government job once, why didn't he keep it?"

"But just see how he's suffered since, and what he done for us working men, and how he's—"

"What he done 'cept eat?" "You know all about what he's done," said the Booster, "an' just stop yer joshin' about it or I'll smash you. You heard what he said, and what Joe Gibson and Mose McGregor said. Gibson was just splendid. When Clarke gets to parliament he'll just knock that export tax into smithereens. That's one of the things what's ruining this country for the working man. The government has put the wages down to \$5 a day, and if he wants to send a day's pay out to his family he has to pay the government two-and-a-half. What's that but robbery?"

"That's all right, but the tax can easily be evaded. I'll bet a simoleon that neither Clarke, nor Gibson, nor Mose have ever paid a cent of that tax, no more nor we-uns have."

"That's the second time I've been disappointed," said little Lena White the other day, when her playmate was telling of a new baby sister at her home. "I've always wanted so much a little sister to play with. Once one was brought to the house next where we lived in Skagway, I waited a long time for Dr. Runnalls to come out and then I asked him please to bring one to our house. The doctor said there had been such a large call for them in Skagway that he just didn't have one left."

"But they don't have so many here, and I'm going to see Dr. Edwards tomorrow morning, first thing, and ask him to bring one to our house. I know he must have lots of them."

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On the trail and a musher from Nusherville, is one who dearly loves a lingering dalliance with the calls of duty, especially when he chances to be "haching," as he happens to be just at present. It is surprising, therefore, that he is always up bright and early on Sunday mornings, even though he has only come in the day before from a terrible mush' like his recent one from Forty-mile. When this surprise was expressed he responded: "Why there's no fun in lying in bed unless there is a pressing necessity for one to get up and hustle."

Overdrawn Accounts. You have a deposit of nervous energy placed to your account in the bank of your body. It may be large, in which happy case you are a millionaire in strength and accomplishing power. Or it may be so microscopic as to need careful husbanding and little expenditure to keep it from dwindling out altogether.

But many millionaires become paupers and some "dime savings" swell into millions. It depends upon the way the capital is managed. You may think you have so much that there is no need to be economical. You get up in the morning and feel the blood bounding through your veins like mountain cataracts, and you think you can turn the mill wheels of the world.

You work day and night, or you play day and night, which is sometimes more exhausting, and go at the limit of your speed all the time. You are overdrawing your bank account of energy, and that needlessly, for you probably have enough to last a long and useful lifetime. It pays to sit down and sharpen your tools, and it adds fifty per cent. to your body bank deposit.

Another with not half your brains or hustle will get ahead of you in the end, for he makes every act, every thought, go straight to the mark. He wastes no effort. Everything he does means something; it helps toward some given end. You spend a great deal of ammunition on your quarry because you are over-anxious. He keeps cool, takes steady aim, and wings his bird.

You get wrinkles and frost-tipped temples and become a bankrupt in vitality when you should be in your prime. You have overdrawn the best and most valuable bank account the Lord ever placed on the books of life—the ability "to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars."

A Steed Yet Untamed. Mr. George Westinghouse, president of the Westinghouse Manufacturing Company, does not believe that electricity will make travel safer. He makes these points: Electrical energy enough to run a heavy train will melt quite a large bar of iron, or start a dangerous fire if anything goes wrong. If two electrically fitted cars should collide, the results would be terrible, for in that case fire would be almost unavoidable, unless the cars were made of steel, as he thinks they may well be. By so much as electricity is more potent than steam, it is more dangerous. He affirms that the tremendous current needed in moving through trains, in an accident would play such havoc with life and property as to make the accidents of the present day seem almost insignificant. He is the most wonderful adapter and inventor in this country, as the history of his own inventions and work and to play and to look up at the stars."

Regular stages between Dawson and Whitehorse will be inaugurated as soon as sleigh can be used. With our large four-horse rigs, comfortable road houses, over the new trail, the trip will be one of pleasure. Regular schedule and rates will be announced later.

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