

W. H. B. REPLIES TO NUGGET

And Admits That McKinley Is a Good President

But Deplores His Vacillating Nature and the Matter of His Being the Tool of Hanna and Trusts.

Editor Nugget: Dear Sir—I concur in your editorial taking issue with my view of the political question. This will seem strange to you, yet, true. You have been fair in publishing the pros and cons on political topics, and like a keen editor took a meaning between my lines, which I did not think of until I read your comment. Please give me space for my views on the theme your editorial has exacted.

Yes, I know too well how the war was forced onto the president. Few could be more agitated over that crisis than I was. I am aware the war was inevitable and forced upon the president. I was overjoyed at his noble and triumphant victory over proud Spain, and his unparalleled annihilation of the Spanish army and navy. Spain, the mother of countless inquisitions by fagots and butchery of millions of innocent human beings. Spain's downfall was a just return. It was a knockout blow by the boys who "remembered the Maine."

I have had many a red-hot and white-hot arguments sustaining the president's course. "The iron hoof of trusts and imperialism, ruling a conquered people without representation," is a different topic, and an endless argument. True, I was one of the agitators at Chicago and took part in the indignation meeting denouncing the Cuban outrages, calling on congress for intervention. Nothing could goad up Cleveland; his only reply was, "International neutrality, or non-interference. McKinley followed the same course, and Spanish treachery, in a time of peace, blew up the Maine and murdered 264 American soldiers. Nothing then could stay the people. I saw the great colossal buildings quake and almost explode by the united pulse of thousands of outraged and indignant American people calling, as one, for retribution! War! Oh, for a chance to strike back! Revenge, remember the Maine! etc. I saw in bedimmed eyes two fond mothers on the fostrum wailing in tears, in lamentations over the loss of two sons, who perished on the Maine. I was there and then resolved—I was one of twenty millions of men for war—over-eager for a chance to "remember the Maine." From a thousand cities and 10,000 villages 75,000,000 of people rolled in a unanimous tidal wave of messages to congress admonishing them that, "No money can pay for our 264 martyred heroes." Still a noble president said, "Peace, be still." Only an able statesman could have done so. Major McKinley had sniffed the battle smoke for four years, and after 30 years of tranquil reflection he knew well the awful consequences of war. He went to the utmost extreme to avoid the awful results that war would entail. The committee reported "that the Maine was blown in from the outside by a Spanish torpedo." From that report congress declared, "That a state of war now exists between the United States and Spain." The war was on and soon ended by Dewey and Sampson blowing Spain off the American soil—and almost off the earth. And to take part in that war my name, in good faith, stands enrolled in three companies which was not called on—neither was the regiment, which elected me its colonel. That was not material. We can overlook a personal case and rejoice over the triumphs of the American army and navy just the same.

McKinley's diplomacy with Spain and China commands admiration everywhere. Cuba is treated fair. It is the tariff on Hayti without representation; the refusal to recognize the Philippine envoys at Washington and the grinding influences of the trusts. It is what is classed by millions of people as "the iron hoof of trusts and imperialism, grinding people and ruling without representation." Such ideas are in the minds of millions, notwithstanding all editorials otherwise. The 4 to 1 vote for Bryan in Dawson proves this logic, yet, not a paper had an editorial for Bryan. How many was prosylited for McKinley? The president was the ablest man in congress—a silver apostle. I heard him several times. I admired him—do now to a great extent. Ambition controlled him when the gold bugs nominated him for president. That deed was not a logical conclusion

on finance was it? His brother and I used to be dear friends, never differed. Consequently, I could have no motive to speak an unfair word of the president of a great people. Still, I do not deviate from my late view on the election, etc.

I strike at the influences of Hanna and the trusts and imperialism. This environment has injured McKinley's popularity. Such contamination would blacken the halo of the lowly Nazarine. I dare to denounce a wrong wherever I see it, let it be on my side or the other, and try to right the wrong and trust to God for the consequences.

H. W. B.

Counting the People.

The first of the army of 50,000 officials who will have the task of counting the population of Great Britain in 1901 have been already appointed. These are merely subordinate clerks, but their appointment records the beginning of the great work on which the status of every hamlet, village, town, city and county in Great Britain is fixed for another decade.

Six months hence the census office, a department of the registrar general's office, will be hard at work arranging and compiling the schedules gathered from every inhabited spot of England, Scotland and Wales. Before that time, however, a vast amount of preliminary work has to be done. For the purposes of the census Great Britain is divided into 640 districts, each under a superintendent registrar. Each district will contain from 2 to 12 subdistricts, approximately about 2000 in all, and every subdistrict is again divided into enumeration districts numbering in round figures some 40,000.

The schedules will be distributed by the enumerators—one enumerator to each enumeration district—during the week preceding Sunday, March 31, 1901. On that day every occupier of a dwelling will be required to fill up the schedule, which will be called for on the following day by the enumerator. The details of information required by the census taker, are neither voluminous nor prolix; the name, sex, age, occupation, condition—married or single—and birthplace of every person in the house, and whether blind, deaf, dumb, imbecile or lunatic; whether more or less than five rooms constitute the dwelling; and in Wales and Scotland whether any person speaks Welsh or Gaelic only.—London Daily Mail.

Stopped to Order Dinner.

A New York actress, anxious to know if she were going to secure a good engagement next season, consulted a clairvoyant, says the New York Telegraph. In relating her experience with the woman of mystery to a group of interested friends the other evening, she said:

"I always had an idea that clairvoyants were nervous people, but this woman whom I met was so phlegmatic that I don't believe anything short of a mine disaster could faze her. I had given up my dollar and she had just gone into a trance, apparently without any great effort. She is rather stout, and she was breathing heavily, so I knew the spirits were working good and hard. She had just begun to tell me some interesting things, when there was a knock at the door. Then a market man stuck in his head and bawled out:

"What do you want for dinner?" "The secret never opened her eyes, but gave a sigh that came from away down deep somewhere and gurgled 'Schickens' and went right ahead with the trance act without losing a single note."

Jerry's Congratulations.

Jerry is one of the Whitehouse servants. He has been in service there over 25 years, and used to get the glasses straight on the table in Gen. Grant's time. He is a familiar figure now as he beats the Whitehouse rugs out on the portico and dusts the furniture any time of the day that it pleases him to do so. Jerry had to have his chance to congratulate the president. He waited for it patiently and got it recently. When asked what he said he replied: "Well, suh, Ah made de president ma very best bow. Then Ah said to nim: 'Mistab President, Ah appreciate it very much youah acceptin' of de nomination, suh, and Ah certainly am glad to heah that you is again in de swim.'"—Washington Star.

Long Credit System.

A discharged soldier, lately returned from the Philippines, tells a tale of a shirt in the San Francisco Argonaut which is too good to be lost. His company was returning from a long and tiresome scouting trip, in which most of the men had parted with the greater part of their wearing apparel, when he saw on a clothes line in the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone church two very good shirts, hung out to dry. As he had at the time only half a shirt to his back, he proceeded to help himself to a whole one. Whereupon a woman came out of the house and said to him, in passable English: "You will pay for that on the judgment day." "Madam," he replied, "if you give such long credit, I will take both shirts," which he proceeded to do.—Ex.

He Cashes Pay Checks.

New York pays its employes by check, and each pay day sees a great many men with their whole month's salary in their hand, but no money. Various bankers whose places of business are near the city hall are willing to cash the city's checks, but they

charge a commission, usually 10 cents on each \$100.

The proprietor of a saloon near the city hall is willing to cash the checks without charging a commission and on pay days his establishment is jammed with officials. He makes his profit on the increased sale of liquors at his bar, for no man after having his check cashed leaves the place without buying a drink. The proprietor of the establishment provides against the city pay day by drawing \$25,000 from the bank and hiring a man to take entire charge of the check cashing business. Frequently the entire \$25,000 is changed for checks. When this happens, the proprietor sends for more money. No city employe asks to have his pay check cashed and is not accommodated, and the extra pay day sales at the bar are a considerable feature of the year's trade.—New York Sun.

A Clever Dog.

There is more in a dog than man's philosophy accounts for. No theory of instinct—sometimes defined as a faculty prior to experience and independent reason—will explain some actions of a clever dog whose case is reported by a correspondent of the London Spectator: I knew a dog in Ireland—a retriever—who had been taught always to bring his own tin dish in his mouth, to be filled at the late dinner. For some reason his master wished to make a change and to feed him twice a day instead of once.

The dog resented this, and when told to bring the dish, refused, and it could nowhere be found, on which his master spoke angrily to him and ordered him to bring the dish at once.

With drooping tail and sheepish expression he went down the length of the garden and began scratching up the soil, where he had buried the bowl deep down to avoid having to bring it at an hour of which he did not approve.

Spriggs—Bluffern's clothes are all torn.

Griggs—He must have been doing the town.

Spriggs—Not at all.

Griggs—Well, then, he was out on a tear.

We fit glasses Pioneer drug store.

C. H. Lindemann, the jeweler, Dominion bldg.

For watch repairing see Lindemann.

The Highborn Cafe for delicacies.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

Announcement of an Old Sourdough.

Chris Sonnikson, the oldest freighter on the Yukon, who has freighted two years at Fortymile and two years at Circle City, and the last four years in Dawson City, and now a partner in the firm of Sonnikson & Henry, announces to his friends and customers that he has yet one sour dough story untold, which he has actually withheld for 16 long years for fear someone would not believe it, but now that he has telephone No. 68 in his office, which enables him to ring up the police on the first sign of any serious trouble, or if he should be called down too heavy, and as his office has just been fitted up in fine shaft and is cozy and warm, with seven chairs, where listeners may rest in comfort and ease while listening to the wonderful tale. Chris cordially invites the public to a seat as he is liable to let loose very soon.

Sonnikson & Henry are engaged in freighting, buying and selling wood and hay; they pride themselves in being the pioneer freighters of the north, and particularly of having proven that farming is possible on the Yukon, of which their farm on Stewart river will bear witness. The firm claims to be able to haul, drag or pack anything from a nugget to a windjam, but positively limit their space of operation in the district between Whitehorse and Cape Nome. Their office is in Boyle's wharf on First avenue. Try them for luck. c17

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