

## THE MEDIAEVAL MILITIAMAN

Barracks Life in The Past And Gone Period.

It Had Advantages and Disadvantages  
—“Junior Sub's” Spicy Letter In Canadian Military Gazette.

It has always seemed to me that our knowledge of how the soldier of the Middle Ages lived during those periods when he was not engaged in breaking Ten Commandments amidst the apoplexy of the historians is as sketchy as a Beardsley poster. He could not have been always engaged in raising lumps upon the heads of his opponents. He must have put in some of his time in making barrack damages and traveling in and out of the guardroom. There must have been times when he mislaid his can-opener and could not get into his galvanized iron regimentals in time for parade. There must have been mornings when he came before the adjutant with a black eye in the green stage of recovery and a nose the size and color of a railway danger signal. Yet we never hear of them. Apparently, when the militiamen of the Middle Ages was not biffing his enemies with a battle axe, he was leading the life of Marys' little lamb. For not one atom of his criminal record, not one page of his defaulter sheet, has ever come down to us.

Yet we know that barrack life in the Middle Ages was very much like what it is now—more especially in the marriages. We know that it was as much as the mediaeval warrior's life worth to fall into the kitchen when his wife was doing the colonel's wife's washing. We know that the Moyer consort could hurl a 7-pound flat-iron with a force that even a brass unbutton shirt would fail to withstand. And we feel by intuition that, whether the soldier wore chain mail or relied upon black jack studded with brass-headed nails like a cheap coffin, the moment he referred to the pies his mother made she landed him with the washboard.

For the mediaeval heroine was cyclonic in her moods. Apparently when she was not engaged in casting herself upon the bosom of the right individual she was engaged in scorching the wrong one with epithets warm enough to keep the house plants from freezing. How the “garrison jack” of the Middle Ages ever found time to fall in love at all, at a period when everybody was apparently hitting everybody else with anything that came handy, and all well regulated castles laid in their campbor liniment by the batter, is a feminine mystery that no male writer has dared to penetrate. Yet, at the intervals of restoring her male acquaintances to consciousness she was quite able to “mash” any interesting stranger that came along. When not scrapping hint she was scraping acquaintances. Arnic and affection swayed her alternately. When she was not defying her enemies she was pouring soft nothings to the latest joined officers and endeavoring to find out the size of their wads and whether they were really bachelors or had a wife and seven children in the next township. For woman has never changed since Eve first bit cautiously into the apple and set all Eden gossiping over the cut of her fig leaf polonaise. And the mediaeval damsel was just as skillful a handler of her hermetically sealed adorers as the damsel of today who works us for ice cream and matinee tickets. Sometimes she stuck closer to her hero than porous plaster to a fat man. Sometimes she witnessed his being driven into the ground with a mallet with perfect composure so long as his assassin did not wake up the baby. For times may change, but woman does not. Immutability as the sphynx she has persevered in her self-imposed task of the subjugation of man through the limitless ages of this wonderful world of ours. Whether he wore the rabbit skin of the primeval savage, the brass mounted armour plate of the Middle Ages, or the scarlet jacket and blue baize trousers of our modern heroes, woman has dragged him at her chariot wheels just the same. It is as true today as it was in the days when Pharaoh's daughter found Moses reading “Sapho” in the balustrades that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. And when that hand grasps a rolling pin, it becomes the satrap of the domestic circle also.

No doubt, the mediaeval soldier was a hard man to manage. To an individual accustomed to chain mail

underclothing and a mess vest of boiler iron, the hurling of the carving knife across the dinner table when his comments upon the cookery had reached the point where her feminine endurance gives way must have seemed a mere pleasantry. Even a 7-pound flat-iron would hardly have ranked higher than a gentle hint. And it is hardly likely that even a mediaeval heroine could have ruled her household with a steam-hammer. How, then, could she convey her misapprobation to a man who dined in a cast-iron tuxedo, with nickel collar and cuffs, and who could walk down afterwards to the club with a peaceful smile under a shower of household utensils that would have made Cronje suffer? This is a point on which the historians do not enlighten us. Yet, she must have got square with him some way. And when he came home sideways at 2 o'clock in the morning and tried to open the postern of the castle with the handle of his battle-axe, what did she do then? He could not take off his knees as we can. He must have made as much noise as the riveting shop in a boiler factory before he could even shed his tin overcoat. So, she evidently had ample warning of his approach. Yet, we are without one single word as to what tactics she adopted for his discomfort. That she did discomfort him, that she made him feel as small as a homoeopathic globule, and as mean as a plugged nickel we can readily believe. For there never was a man yet in the history of this world, from the time when Noah first predicted a wet spell, and Mrs. Lot gave us a dreadful example of the reward of “rubbernecking,” that was able to cope with the wife of his bosom under such circumstances. But whatever his punishment was, it did not compare with that we encounter in these days of rapid transit. The mediaeval militiaman had many points in his favor. His uniform was an advantage that must have compensated for many shortcomings in the domestic circle, even if he was occasionally mistaken for the hall stove by some of the country visitors.—The Junior Sub in Canadian Military Gazette.

### Another for McKinley.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—While I have no desire to enter into a political controversy over the election of the president of the United States, yet I cannot pass unnoticed the letter in your paper signed “Oregon Democrat.” The confidence displayed by the author of it is somewhat surprising in view of the fact that Mr. McKinley's election is already conceded by the majority of Americans in this place.

He states “that the result of yesterday's election might be considered as a favorable omen, that Mr. Bryan will poll the big vote,” etc., etc.; “that nothing that savors of autocracy is, or will be popular among those on the creeks.” Now, for the life of me I could not make out what relation the local election could have with the presidential election in the States, or how it could be taken as an index to the manner by which an entirely different people should cast their votes, when those votes represent the principles for which one or the other of the two great parties stand.

He adroitly turns the issues from great party principles, which must and shall be upheld, to purely personal motives and springs the old saw of Hanna, quoting him as saying “75 cents per day is enough wages for a common laborer, hoping by that method to switch votes from McKinley to Bryan.” I ask him how can it effect McKinley if Hanna should say, “Laborers ought not to be paid more than five cents per day.” Does it make Mr. McKinley or the principles for which he stands any the less worthy of the suffrages of the people? Certainly not. In voting for McKinley they are not “setting the seal of approval” on what Mark Hanna says. They are approving the man and the party that has raised up the States from a fifth to a first-class power among the nations of the world today. The party that stands for progress and prosperity; that has made the United States to be respected and looked up by every country in the civilized world.

Then the reasoning, if reasoning it might be called, of the writer. Just note where he says, “Hanna is like Andrew Carnegie, who, owing to the American system which protects the manufacturer at the expense of the laborer, left his Scotch home and came to America, where he amassed millions of dollars which he has now carried back to his native land, where he lives in all the pomp and splendor of a nabob!” The veriest rot! Carnegie left his home in Scotland when a mere lad, began as an office boy or “laborer” if you will, himself. His thrift and industry, under the same laws as the laborer enjoyed, enabled him to build up a successful business; while the

Bryan voters of that day were to be found hanging around the saloon or the street corners, smoking cigarettes and sneering at everybody that was a little more successful than they, themselves were. “Autocrats” if you will.

It is not so that Carnegie has carried back all his millions to his native land. He has done more for his adopted country than a great many of her free-born citizens have done; look at the library building he has erected and endowed, besides the various charitable donations he has made, and then see whether he has carried back his millions to his native land or not.

The writer goes on to say, “If the voters want to place the stamp of condemnation on everything that savors of autocracy and imperialism, they will vote for Bryan, who is an American from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes, the champion of civil rights, the advocate of justice,” etc., etc.

If Mr. McKinley is not an American, then all I can say is we haven't any. If he is not the proved “champion of civil right,” then we had not war in Cuba; if he is not the tested “advocate of justice,” then American soldiers never placed the Stars and Stripes on the walls of Peking in the interest of justice and humanity. As to imperialism, the same policy that governs the Democratic party would have split up the States into a few warring factions. It would stand by now and see other nations step in and carry off the fruits of victory, and impose greater burdens on the people we have freed, while they in their narrow-minded policy would bicker over whether we should have a dollar that is worth 50 cents or one that is worth 100 cents.

Vote for the party that stands for the best of everything the country has ever had; for an enlarged and intensified Americanism; for the party that says with Webster:

“No pent-up Utica contracts our powers; The whole, the boundless continent is ours.”

If you do the Klondike souvenir will find its rightful place on the bosom of the first American of the day; W. McKinley.

CALIFORNIA REPUBLICAN.

Send it to McKinley.

Editor Nugget:

I read in your yesterday's issue a plea from “Oregon Democrat” in behalf of Bryan, but I think if he had signed himself “Oregon Populist,” he would have told the truth, for his article read to me very much as though it had been written by a man who in times past, had boosted for Penoyer. The cry of autocracy and imperialism is a Populist howl, and a writer who once analysed the Populist party pronounced it to be led and dominated by preachers without pulpits, lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, newspaper editors without readers, broken-down politicians who want jobs and the class of men who never think for themselves and who are led around by the nose by such fellows as are mentioned above.

I do not say that all supporters of Bryan belong to one of the above mentioned classes, but I do say that all the above mentioned classes are supporters of Bryan. The statement that the four years of McKinley's administration have not formed a period of unprecedented prosperity is not borne out by facts. On the contrary, the United States has at no time since the war of the rebellion made such rapid strides in the way of advancement and prosperity as during the past four years, notwithstanding the fact that she stepped out of her path sufficiently long to give Spain such a drubbing as that nation will never forget.

But to come down to the question locally! Why should the Nugget arrange for sending a Klondike souvenir to Bryan in case he proves to be the winner in its contest? Bryan has no use for gold; a silver, aluminum or even leather medal would suit him just as well or better, for he says the government stamp is all that is needed to make any old thing as valuable as gold. This being the case I appeal to my fellow Republicans to rally to the support of McKinley, as by him a golden souvenir from the Klondike will be duly appreciated. M'KINLEYITE.

### Church Notice.

The First Presbyterian church of Bonanza has been closed during the past three weeks, during which time it has been enlarged and renovated. It now has a public reading room and school room for daily use, and the regular Sunday services will be held there next Sunday. All are invited to attend.

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