

STILL ON RAMPAGE

Mrs. Nation Still Carrying on Rigid Anti-Saloon Campaign

IN CRANK-BURDENED KANSAS

The Home of Grasshoppers and Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease.

CRUSADER IS HORSEWHIPPED

By the Wife of a Saloon Keeper Whose Business Had Been Raided and Destroyed.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 24.—A special to the Star from Enterprise, Kansas, says:

A street fight between women, led on one side by Mrs. Carrie Nation, the saloon wrecker, and on the other by Mrs. John Schilling, wife of the manager of the saloon wrecked yesterday, occurred here today. As a result Mrs. Nation swore out warrants against Mrs. Schilling and her husband, and Mrs. William Bittner, charging them with assault, and Mayor Hoffman swore out a warrant against Mrs. Nation, charging her with disturbing the peace. All were arrested and taken before Judge F. B. Holt. They were released on bond.

At 10 o'clock this morning Mrs. Nation, in company with Mrs. C. B. Hoffman and some other W. C. T. U. leaders, entered a store two doors away from William Shook's saloon, which is still unmolested. Mrs. Nation, apparently to give him warning that she would attack his place, sent for Shook. He complied, but before many words were exchanged between them, she was assaulted by a crowd of women favoring saloons, who had organized since last night, and had been awaiting today's threatened destruction of saloon property. A general fight between the women ensued, during which a woman, heavily veiled, rained blow after blow upon Mrs. Nation with a horsewhip. Men drawn to the scene became interested spectators, but offered no aid to either side. Quiet was restored only when the police interfered. Mrs. Nation was badly bruised.

The men are taking no part in the controversy aside from encouraging the women on respective sides and to furnish bail when arrests are made.

A request was made for a county warrant for Mrs. Nation, last night, but none had been issued today.

"I am going to finish my work," said Mrs. Nation, determinedly, as she closed the busiest day of her tour, last night, and, taking her at her word, the chief of police today swore in a dozen extra policemen.

At Abilene, where Mrs. Nation threatened to make her next onslaught, the saloonkeepers have placed guards at their places.

Mrs. Nation declared she has encountered more trouble here than at any place yet visited by her. She will remain in Enterprise at least until tomorrow.

At a meeting held here today by local temperance workers, the Mothers' and Sisters' Aid Society was organized with Mrs. C. B. Hoffman as president.

Mrs. Nation says its purpose is to suppress saloons by law, if possible, but by force if necessary.

A special dispatch from Enterprise tonight says that the wreckage in the saloon is complete, not a whole bottle remaining in the place. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hoffman, who have housed and upheld Mrs. Nation in her work at Enterprise, seem to enjoy the event and say that the work should proceed.

"She is like John Brown," said Mrs. Hoffman, "and is doing the same work for good."

Mrs. Hoffman accompanied Mrs. Nation on her trips around town, and if it were not for the protection of the Hoffman family she would have fared much worse than she had.

Mrs. Nation has had Mrs. Schilling, the jointist's wife who assaulted her today, arrested on a county warrant.

She told Mrs. Schilling she would forgive her if she begged her pardon. The jointist's wife refused, when Mrs. Nation said she would send her to the penitentiary. Mrs. Nation has sent for County Attorney Smith to bring criminal proceedings against Mrs. Schilling and says she will prosecute her to the utmost.

Plenty of Eggs.

Where, this time last year eggs were selling in Dawson at from \$3 to \$4 per dozen, a better quality can today be purchased at \$1 per dozen and the present supply, it is said, is sufficient to last until well along in the early summer, although there is no doubt but that, as was the case last year, many eggs will arrive over the ice in the month of March. 'Tis true that the majority of eggs now in Dawson might not incubate readily and if they did the chickens would probably have a bilious cast of countenance; but for eating purposes, especially by those who have acquired the Klondike taste, they are all right and remarkably cheap at \$1 per dozen.

Everybody Was There.

The opening of the Exchange by Edwards & Crahen on Saturday afternoon and evening was one of the most successful in the annals of Dawson's "liquid" history. The popularity of the proprietors was evidenced by the fact that nearly everybody in town called on them and many was the arm-kinked in drinking long life and prosperity to the new house. A most elaborate lunch comprising everything from lobster salad down to crackers and cheese was served from 5 o'clock until midnight; a band discoursed lively music and everything passed off merrily and smoothly, foretelling good luck and prosperity for the Exchange.

Costly Blaze

Last night the fire whistle sounded an alarm from Germer's grocery store at the corner of Third street and Third avenue opposite the postoffice.

The origin of the fire is so far a mystery to both the fire department and Mr. Germer, all being unable to account for it except in a general way.

There is a garret above the store, and between the double floors of this is a lining of saw dust in which the fire originated, but what served to ignite it is a mystery. It has been suggested that a live wire may have done the mischief, but as there are no wires passing through it, that theory will have to be abandoned.

It is possible that a rat built his nest in the sawdust and used matches in its construction, and it is also within the limits of possibility that spontaneous combustion took place, but neither of these theories seem well grounded, and this afternoon a careful search will be made for the cause.

When the fire was discovered it had eaten its way clear across the floor, and only its close confinement prevented it from bursting into a blaze, in which case it is doubtful if that and other buildings could have been saved.

Two large holes had to be cut in the roof to clear the smoke before water could be used, and altogether Mr. Germer's loss will amount to fully \$1000.

The fire early this morning was in a small cabin on Second avenue, between Fifth and Sixth street, where a defective flue set fire to the lining. The chemical engine was used, and the owner, a Mr. McFitz will lose about \$200 in damage to the contents of the cabin.

Library Lecture Course.

The board of control of the free library and recreation room has under way arrangements for a series of lectures but nothing has yet been permanently decided upon further than that the initiatory along that line will be taken next Monday night, the subject nor speaker not being yet announced.

It is the intention of the board to arrange for having live subjects handled by live speakers and there is no reason why the departure should not prove a very interesting as well as beneficial one to all who patronize the institution.

They Are Reconciled.

Messrs. Soggs and Rogers, owners of claim 34 on Gold Run, whose troubles of nearly a year ago are still fresh in the minds of the people here, were brought together today by Dr. Miracle, manager of the claim, when all differences were adjusted and the partners separated with the most kindly feeling the one for the other.

"Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Psa'm 133.

EX-POUNDMASTER ANDERSON

Has Something to Say on the Topic of the Dog.

Thinks the Dog Question One of Great Seriousness—He Was in Position to Study It.

When it comes to "dogology" Mr. John Anderson, ex-custodian of the city pound, is well posted and conversant. The recent law, concerning the impounding of all unmuzzled dogs running at large went into effect on January 18th, since which time up until last night 330 entries of dogs had been made on Mr. Anderson's books.

In conversation with a Nugget representative last night Mr. Anderson talked at length on the subject of the disease now prevalent among the dogs of the city and surrounding country and, while he has no medical or scientific knowledge of the disease known as rabies, his experience with crazed dogs has convinced him that they are not only very dangerous but wholly incurable when once afflicted. Having been pound master during the "closed" season last summer and fall, Mr. Anderson is acquainted with a great many Dawson dogs and he has had charge of many during the past few days that were in his possession last summer. He says a number of these animals six months ago were so affectionate as to be perfect pets around the pound are now ferocious and very dangerous.

He cites an instance of one large dog which was owned by a well known machine shop man of the city. The dog was in the pound several times last summer where, on account of his affectionate disposition, he was a great favorite. Two weeks ago the same dog was taken to the pound where, after a day or two, he began to show symptoms of the prevalent craze. He was placed in an apartment separate from the other animals and shortly thereafter his owner called and, as usual, cursed the poundmaster and dogcatchers roundly. Anderson conducted the man to where his dog was and warned him to be careful as "Rover" was mad. The owner pooched at the idea of Rover biting him and entered the pen with him and proceeded to caress him by patting him on the head. As long as the patting continued Rover appeared to take kindly to his master, but the moment the latter turned away the powerful brute sprang upon him and literally tore the coat from his back, firmly convincing the owner that his once household pet was mad. The result was the dog was killed then and there.

In addition to the dog above mentioned, four others, Anderson says, went crazy after being placed in the pound. They were all killed by him. Mr. Anderson is of the opinion that nearly all the dogs in town are more or less diseased and are liable to run amuck at any time the same as did the dog in the Aurora saloon yesterday. That dog was owned by one of the dealers in the back room and was a household pet, well fed and comfortably housed. Two weeks ago the dog while following his owner along the street was jumped upon and bitten by another dog which was met on the sidewalk in front of the Exchange building. Rabies had been transmitted by the bite and yesterday's affair was the result.

Regarding the drinking of water by dogs in the pound, Mr. Anderson says the native dogs shun the water trough while outside dogs appear to want to drink but are unable to do so.

Anderson says that the disease did not emanate in the first place from the dog of Chief Isaac which went crazy and was killed several months ago one morning on First avenue, but from a couple of Siwash dogs which were brought here from Nome last year and which went mad and were killed, but not until they had bitten a number of other dogs.

Mr. Anderson, who, by the way, resigned the position of poundmaster yesterday, is fully convinced that the dog question of Dawson at present is a most serious one, and one which surely only the most stringent measures—possibly utter annihilation of the dog family in the district—will effectually remedy.

Moose and Caribou.

From parties who have just returned with several tons of moose and caribou from near the headwaters of the Klondike it is learned that there are yet from 30 to 40 tons of meat there to be skidded down. The slaughter of caribou has ceased for the season, the animals having passed further back into

the interior. An occasional moose is still slaughtered, but as they are much more hard of approach than caribou, none but the most experienced hunters succeed in bringing them down. The most successful moose hunter of the country is said to be George Solomon and he uses powerful field glasses and a telescope sight on his rifle. With the glasses he locates the game in the distance and then approaches with the stealth of an Indian to within shooting range. Solomon is said to have killed more game this season than any two other hunters in the business. When all the meat now up the Klondike is delivered in Dawson the present large supply will be so materially augmented as to render all possibility of a spring meat famine out of the question.

The Savoy Theatre.

The Savoy is doing a good business this week with the usual vaudeville performance, the opening feature of which is an intensely funny sketch by Dick Maurettus, entitled the "Turkish Harem."

Larry Bryant figures as the boss of the harem under the title of Emin Pasha, with Dick Maurettus and the only Post as slaves.

There are six Circassian ladies in the harem, and by their efforts in combination with those of the two slaves, things are made interesting for the Pasha.

After this follows some ten or eleven vaudeville numbers of the usual, high class seen at the Savoy, then comes a sketch by Post entitled "Oh, Boss," in which the author, Larry Bryant and Dick Maurettus, have things all their own way.

The 14th and closing number is Prof. Parkes' wondrouscope, by which are displayed many new and beautiful pictures.

Paste in Your Hat

In police court this morning Donald Mathiason, Darnes Bigeant, Ambrose Bonds and J. D. Murray, all of Hunker creek, were up on the charge of refusing to submit to the late mandate of the Yukon council which provides for general vaccination. Dr. Edwards is the legal arm scraper on Hunker and on the refusal of the four men to submit to the operation he reported them to the police. With the exception of Bigeant, who had not understood that the order was compulsory, the men were each fined \$5 and costs by Magistrate Rutledge.

As these are the first cases of the kind to be brought to the public notice, it will be interesting to know and valuable to remember the action of the court in the matter. The order of the council was not one to be toyed with and all persons upon whom the public vaccinators may call will do well to remember the treatment accorded the Hunkers.

Remarkable Cemetery.

One of the most remarkable grave yards in Germany is the cemetery for the homeless in Westerland, on the island of Sylt. It is only a few minutes walk from the waters of the North Sea, and is surrounded by a wall of black stone. A black door leads one inside. On a tablet of the same hue over the entrance the following words in German are inscribed in gold letters: "Homesteads for the Homeless."

Rev. John, 14, 13."

In this strange place are buried the human bodies which have been cast up by the sea. Many years ago when a body was found on the beach it was a common belief that as the ocean refused to hide the corpse in its bosom God meant that it should not have a fair burial. The first man to overcome this old prejudice and to give a decent resting place to the homeless was the gallant beach constable, Decker, of Westerland, and since then (1855) bodies cast up by the sea have received the same burial as the natives of Sylt. A record is kept of each burial in case any relatives may later seek information of their lost ones.

Up to July the graveyard containing 52 graves, one of which only had a monumental stone, on which was inscribed the name of the deceased. The following words are on the white stone: "Harm Muesker, perished in the foundering of the Gerhardine From October 2 to 3, 1890."

Opposite the entrance is a large block of brown granite, presented by the Queen of Roumania, who, in 1888, visited Westerland under the pseudonym of Carmen Sylva. On the block is a marble tablet on which is engraved a verse by the Royal Court Chaplain Rudolf Koegel of Berlin.

MUST BE LOCAL

Say Politicians Concerning the Appointment of Next Commissioner

BECAUSE OUTSIDERS ARE IGNORANT

Of the Conditions and Requirements of the Country

AND WOULD HAVE TO LEARN

What a Local Man Would Be Thoroughly Familiar With Be.

Although politicians both spiritual and in the flesh, the real and the unreal, have not shown any more disposition to talk for publication than the much advertised little neck clam, they are perfectly willing to discuss in a general way, not only the probabilities regarding the chances of those who have already been mentioned as possible aspirants for the commissionership, but the general needs of the country with regards to the appointee and his qualifications.

Out of all the talk that may be heard on the street, in offices, public and private and in the saloons where it is the time honored custom of politicians to arrange affairs of state, comes the one particular fact, which stands clearly defined against its background of minor matters by the unanimous way in which it is agreed upon, that whoever the incumbent may be he should, beyond all question of doubt, having in view the best interests of the country, be a local man.

All who have interests here whether subjects of the king or aliens, those who take an active part in political affairs and those who are interested merely from a business standpoint, are agreed on this point at least.

The reasons for this are apparent to all, so much so that there are many who think that any explanation of this matter is wholly superfluous.

In the first place the principal industry of the country is of a nature which renders it wholly foreign to any but a western man, as in the east placer mining is something that is heard of but never seen, and consequently it follows that anyone sent here from the east as commissioner would be placed in the position of presiding over the law giving body without knowing anything whatever about the requirements of the country further than what came to him as hearsay, and which, owing to that lack of personal knowledge, would render his position somewhat dangerous, besides being of but little value to the territory.

It follows naturally enough that such an appointee, however upright, honorable and astute he might be, would be of little value to the territory; he would also be of but slight value in that position either to the government from a national point of view, or of his party from a political way of looking at the matter.

He would be in no position to keep the government informed of actual conditions here because, from his lack of personal understanding of the most vital interests he could draw no adequate conclusions. That, in the minds of many, has been one of the greatest of all drawbacks that the territory has had to contend with, simply that the government did not know what the actual conditions were, and therefore was in no position to act in a way to produce the most beneficial results.

It is said by some that to fill the office of commissioner understandingly and so as to obtain the greatest good to the country that could emanate from that office, the incumbent should have resided here at least two years previous to his appointment, and that during the two years he should have filled some position or have been in some way brought in contact with all the larger questions having to do with the resources, natural and business conditions, political and social relations, and, in short, acquainted with the people and the country.