

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 32
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS., Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.	
DAILY	
Yearly, in advance	\$40 00
Six months	20 00
Three months	11 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	4 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
Single copies	25

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LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1901.

From Wednesday's Daily
NO INCONSISTENCY.

It is impossible to compare the situation with respect to incorporation at the present time, with the conditions which prevailed when the original movement in the direction of incorporation was undertaken. At that time Dawson was practically without municipal control of any nature. There were no sidewalks and no graded streets. The fire department or what passed as such was purely a volunteer affair and was lacking both in organization and equipment.

Little or no attention had been given to care for the public health and nothing had been accomplished in the way of constructing and maintaining a sewage system. No public school system was in existence, and in short the town was simply a disorganized community in which practically no attention was paid to ordinary public necessities. That was the situation which brought support to the original movement on behalf of incorporation.

The situation today is entirely different. The Yukon council whose duties outside of the administration of the affairs of the city are not extremely onerous has the various interests of the town well under control.

An excellent system of sidewalks has been constructed; streets have been graded as required from time to time, electric lights have been provided for the streets, and the other ordinary utilities of a municipality have been given attention as necessity therefor arose. And all this has been accomplished at a cost which must stand as a tribute to the economy of those entrusted with the administration of our affairs.

It is, therefore, a gross absurdity to maintain that there is any breach of good faith in the actions of those who formerly gave their support to incorporation but who now are numbered among its opponents.

When the original campaign in favor of incorporation was undertaken it was based almost entirely upon the fact as above indicated that Dawson up to that time had been permitted practically to go without attention at the hands of the government.

That argument was a strong one because it was based upon facts, and naturally it brought many strong influences to favor the project.

The most enthusiastic incorporationists do not advance that argument at the present time. It has been very noticeable at the local meetings which have been held that all the speakers have refrained from criticising in any way the efficiency of the present system of municipal administration.

Invariably they preface their remarks with words of praise and commendation for the care and attention which the town is receiving from the council. They have no fault to find with the council only they imagine they would be able to improve upon the council's methods.

These are the circumstances which have served to turn public sentiment against incorporation. The town is well governed, economically governed and governed by men who, if they fail in their duty, can be made to feel the

weight of public disapproval as has been demonstrated in this territory on more than one occasion.

There is absolutely no inconsistency in the fact that many of those who formerly advocated incorporation are now numbered among its strongest opponents.

The Colonist pays the following tribute to the people of this territory which quite disproves a variety of criticisms which from time to time have appeared in the outside press: "The immigrants into the Yukon country have made excellent residents of the Dominion, and notwithstanding errors in the management of the affairs of that district, they have as a rule met all conditions as they arose with admirable temper, and are every day affording ample proof of their usefulness to the Dominion."

The lack of enthusiasm at the recent incorporation meeting was due to the fact that no mention was made of the municipal brewery project. Evidently the incorporation promoters are not alive to their opportunities. The "free beer" idea promised to be a popular move, but apparently it has been entirely lost sight of. It is a hard thing to drop from a consideration of free and unlimited brewing of beer down to the prosaic matter of paying common, ordinary taxes. No wonder the meeting was chilly.

It is a relief to know that quarters for the care of the insane are to be provided immediately. The present system of confining demented persons in the jail is entirely unsatisfactory. The peculiar condition of life in this northern country make a well equipped asylum for the care of the insane an absolute necessity.

Immense Ship Railway.

A ship railway that may possibly take the place of a canal across the Panama Isthmus, transporting great ships from ocean to ocean and cutting off the long journey around the Horn, has been invented by Barton W. Scott, an engineer and inventor of San Jose. The rounding of curves and undulations in track which have proved a stumbling block in the successful working in the Eads and other systems of ship railways have been overcome, says a San Jose dispatch, and the cost and time required for the building of a canal practically wiped out. Scott has submitted his ideas to President McKinley and Secretary of War Root, and these officials have laid the matter before the canal commission. This body is now considering the proposition, and Mr. Scott is prepared to build a working model of his road if the government will enter into contract with him.

The inventor claims great things for his road, and its construction across the isthmus would render a canal unnecessary. Former inventors were unable to perfect cars suitable for carrying heavy ships around curves and up grades, but this the San Jose inventor has done. Under his system the largest vessel afloat—the Oceanic, with a length of 700 feet—could be raised from the ocean on the Atlantic side, placed on a great car and hauled across the isthmus at the rate of 22 miles an hour by eight locomotives.

Scott has been at work on his railway scheme for about four years. His plans call for a four track railway, with an aggregate width of about 80 feet. On these run a gigantic car, so nicely balanced and arranged that it can traverse any curve and grade known in modern railway building. This car will take a ship of 700 feet in length and round any curve or make a complete circle in diameter 700 feet from inside rail to inside rail. For the 700-foot ships a speed of 22 miles an hour can be made, but for tugs and light craft smaller cars can be used and the vessels taken across the isthmus almost as rapidly as a freight train.

The cost of building and equipping such a road across the isthmus Scott estimates would not be over \$10,000,000, while the cost of a canal would be between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000.

Scott's plans have been favorably received by the officials at Washington, and the friends of the inventor believe he has overcome the obstacles that have heretofore existed to a ship railway.

When in want of laundry work call up phone 52. Cascade Laundry.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

If you want hay and oats at rock bottom prices see Barrett & Hull.

Fresh halibut at the Denver Market.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

A good story is told on the dozen or more men who were seen by a policeman playing cards in a cigar store Sunday a week ago and who were notified by the officer, who then and there recorded all their names, to appear in police court next morning. Of course the charge was dismissed when the cases were called in court, but that does not in any way detract from the story.

In the crowd of men in question was the limburger-ham man who, true to his instincts, attempted to advertise and boost himself at the expense of the others. He saw the policeman writing down the names, his own among them and, seizing the opportunity, said:

"Bleeze do nod but my name down mit dose ov dot crowd. My associates are der brobrieters und managers ov der big gombanies unt I not vant my name down mit dose men. Dey are nod my associates unt I shust happened to drob in here a minute before you entered der place. Bleeze do me der favor to leaf my name oud der list as I not vant my frents ov der big gombanies to tink I associate mit dose class or beebles."

The officer was inexorable and Mr. Limburger-Ham was next morning humiliated by having to meet "dose class of beebles" on a common level in the police court room. "Oh, vot a headache!"

Monday of this week being presidential inauguration in Washington City (it always occurs on March 4th when that day does not fall on Sunday) caused the mind of the Stroller to revert to the dim and distant past, both 12 and 16 years previous, when he had witnessed the inaugural exercises and listened to the inaugural addresses for he saw the mantle of state transferred from Chester A. Arthur to Grover Cleveland and from the latter to Benjamin Harrison.

It was while in Washington on the latter occasion that the Stroller witnessed as rank an imposition as he ever saw perpetrated on a confiding people. On the site of a previously burned building on Fourteenth street, N. W., a candy manufacturer had a small tent on which was a placard: "Ten cents will admit you to see the 15-foot live alligator, once the monarch of the Everglades." Being from that country himself and something of a connoisseur on alligators, the Stroller, while out early one morning for a morning's julep, and thinking it strange that an alligator would live in a cold tent in that northern latitude at that season of the year, paid ten cents and entered the tent. As it was quite early no other visitors were present and the proprietor of the candy factory, store and show combined was profuse in explaining the points and habits of his one attraction.

"Alligators," said he with considerable show of gusto, "are of a very morose disposition. Now that old fellow will lay there all day and never move a muscle. What do you think of him?"

"You are right," said the Stroller. "That alligator would lay there a month and never move a muscle for the reason that it is dead."

"Say, stranger, where are you from?" asked the candy maker and showman.

"From Florida," I replied.

"Then," said he, "I will tell you the truth. That — old saurian died two weeks before Christmas and just four days after he arrived here from Jacksonville. But as the weather has been cold he has kept all right and I have told all these fool Yankees that his keeping so still was due to his sullen and morose disposition. I have cleaned up \$1200 on him in eleven weeks and you are the first man that has tumbled to the fact that he is dead, but I guess you are the first Floridian to visit me. Don't give me away and I will make a few hundred more on him before the weather gets warm and decomposition sets in, then I will have him dragged out and dumped in the Potomac some fine night and get a big story in the papers about the escape of the monarch of the Everglades."

And the fellow refunded the ten cents paid for admission and supplemented the gift with a stick of striped candy long enough for a walking stick. However, the Stroller does not advise familiarity with alligators on the supposition that they are all dead.

"If there is a sight on earth that knocks the props away from an appetite and sets it several hours ahead, it is one of these matty haired mountain goats or sheep or whatever you call it hung up in front of a restaurant. Only the other day I had walked down from upper Hunker and was tired and hungry as a bear when I reached the restaurant where I usually eat; but one of those blasted goats was hanging up by the

door and I passed on. A mangy malapropos hanging in the same place would not have caused my appetite to evaporate more quickly. These goats may be fairly good eating but I don't care to see mine until it is brought in on a plate. What there is to create an appetite or indicate good eating about an old buck with wrinkles clear out to the ends of his horns is more than I can see, and if the restaurant people were dead next they would haul them down even if they had nothing more than a link of bologna to hang up on the hook."

Having thus relieved his mind on the subject of goats, the prominent and successful miner started up street in quest of a restaurant that had out a card bearing the words: "Chicken Dinner Today."

The chechako statesmen that are developing such interest in the "dear people" of Dawson at the present time reminds the Stroller of a county convention he once attended in the state of Washington at which a naturalized American was having a great deal to say on every question that came up for discussion.

The late Dr. Simon Bolivar Conover, at one time in carpetbag days a U. S. senator from Florida, but who in later years was one of the shrewdest politicians in the northwest, was also a member of the convention and the frequent interruptions of the newly made citizen grated harshly on the ears of the old warhorse who, deciding that patience had ceased to be a virtue, arose and said:

"I advise that the gentleman from Catnip precinct keep his mouth shut until the ink on his naturalization papers is dry."

While the local statesmen are not possessed of naturalization papers, there are other new features and ragged edges which are very apparent.

The public meeting in Dawson at which there was not a good natured drunk on the front row of seats would be like a fishing expedition without a bottle. He has become a feature and without him one of the component parts of a Dawson public meeting would

be missing. He never becomes particularly troublesome and usually agrees with the chairman in everything the latter may say. Like coons with their "amens!" at prayer meeting, he is very responsive and every statement made by a speaker is endorsed by him with "zats sho!" or "betcher sweet life" or some other agreeable comment. The ubiquitous drunk is an institution and should be protected.

Local dealers report that hay and oats have taken a jump, the latter being particularly firm.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagne \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Fresh cabbage at Denver Market.

Fresh turkeys at the Denver Market.



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J. P. McLENNAN.

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