

# The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY  
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## NOTICE.

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

## FIRE! FIRE!!

How many times will Dawson burn the coming winter? This is the vital question which every business man of Dawson is constantly asking himself as he sees the rapid construction of one building after another right up to his very walls. In three months this summer the business district of Dawson has extended over five more blocks than were similarly occupied in the spring. Six streets devoted to business in place of the one in use previous to the great fire. Ten business houses of repute to one doing any considerable business as short a time ago as three months. All this and more at the mercy of an incompetent who refuses to hand over to ourselves the government and protection of our town, notwithstanding that he is fully empowered to give us self-government and self-protection. It is simply cowardly to refuse us the right of self-defense from fire which incorporation would give us, and to himself dilly-dally along with William Ogilvie, the head of a fire department which he knows as little about as a mule knows of the construction of a watch. Three great fires last winter under the same supervision should be amply sufficient to demonstrate to any sane man that it is much more in line with Mr. Ogilvie's peculiar qualities to arbitrate the differences between squaw men than to intelligently organize and maintain a department capable of giving the citizens of Dawson any considerable protection from their old and inveterate enemy—the fire fiend.

Certainly the town will burn. We have it on the word of members of the fire department that one engine will not lift water four feet, while we can see for ourselves that the other is in exactly the same position as regards fuel, etc., as was the alleged cause of the last great failure and disaster. Certainly it will burn. Will Mr. Ogilvie assume the responsibility if it does? or will he give us incorporation and let us defend ourselves?

Let us see how Mr. Ogilvie protects Dawson in return for the immense revenues derived from its inhabitants. Take a stroll down Front street towards the hospital as we have done. Note that in the center of a business district, surrounded by large warehouses and other buildings is a pile of coal oil cases 20 feet in th air. Observe that there are no sides nor top to the building as yet, and that every individual case of that pile of 5000 is reeking with escaped oil. Take notice how the clear blue liquid drips drop by drop from case to case until the floor is reached. Notice for yourselves how that floor is soaked through and through with the inflammable Pennsylvania product until it leaks through and saturates the moss

beneath. See for yourselves whether or not that suspicious floating liquor in the surrounding ditch is oil or water, and then ask yourself what would happen should a careless smoker drop the glowing end of a match in that proximity, to be fanned into a small flame by the caressing wind.

As a matter of fact there would be a sudden rush of flame, a succession of vicious explosions and a rush of burning oil to the river which would burn up every boat from there down before the telephone had advised Mr. Ogilvie that there was another fire in town. Meanwhile a shower of burning drops would communicate a flame to every Ogilvie-protected building in the neighborhood. What has Chief Ogilvie to say to this.

Since the surveyor-governor insists upon retaining as a plaything every power which happens to fall to his hands he must also take the responsibility. The name must accompany the game—and will do so.

## IS IT ATAVISM?

On the outside, at every theatre and in every music store the patrons are nauseating with an avalanche of coon songs. Dawson is not one whit better. Every new song manufactured and sung in the past twelve months has had to do with the grief of some deserted coon or coonlet. Wherever we go we are treated with a popular imitation of the manner in which some Mr. Coon is invited to absent himself from his inamorita's place of business, or else we are regaled with a correct impersonation of some indignant lady of color refusing the amorous advances of her paramour in favor of some newer object of her affections. A popular refrain appears to be:—

I don't care if you never come back

So take your clothes and go.

Another one is:—

There's a bully gone to rest.

More than this, the orchestras and bands are all playing music dignified with the title of "cake walks." Some, like "Whistling Rufus," are catchy and of undoubted merit, but more have simply their coon names and negro inflection to recommend them to the depraved tastes of the non-discriminating public. "Nellie Gray" and similar meritorious melodies are worthy of living forever, but the depraved taste which has driven every musician and song writer in America into the coon business is simply beyond the understanding of intelligent men. We wonder if it is not a reversion to type. It certainly is a case of degeneration when a race but just emerging from barbarism and slavery can so mark a highly civilized nation that all musical art is debased to the level of singing of the loves of "Ma baby" or "Ma Lulu," etc.

## EXPANSION.

What a humbug is humanity after all. Here is a great people—the Americans—undergoing a very proper process of expansion and absorbing various smaller and less powerful nations, and we are well pleased to observe that the opposition to the said expansion and absorption is both weak and impotent. But what is the use of blackguarding Aguinaldo? Why not be honest about the matter and admit his patriotism to be as sincere as that of King Alfred or George Washington, but qualify the statement by saying that he stands in

the way of the world's progress, and must be licked and removed. If the Franks had not expanded into and absorbed Britain, where would the English nation have been today. But neither the Franks, the Danes, the Normans or the other conquerors stopped to argue the ethics of the conquest, nor tried to humbug themselves into the belief that they themselves were the patriots, and the defenders of the usurped and simple traitors.

The progress of the world demands that America expand and take in the Philippines, Cuba, Hawaii and as much more territory as the telegraph can reach, just as Rome expanded and covered the known world, and just as Great Britain has expanded and encircled the globe. But neither Rome nor Great Britain has deigned to make any other plea than the right of conquest and the ultimate good of humanity. Let us then be at least as honest as they and acknowledge ourselves the pirates which we certainly are, both by heredity from Saxon ancestors and by our history. When Penn inserted the entering wedge for the dispossession of a continent of Indians by a written treaty with the natives, he certainly knew it was the death warrant of those same Indians but history does not record that he hesitated nor stopped to soft-soap his conscience other than to acknowledge the Indians' right to their own land by going through the forms of a sale. And where is the man so bold today who

will say that the dispossession of poor Lo was not a grand thing for the world at large, and the triumphant white race in particular. Then why this attempt of some weak kneed and addle headed American journals to salve conscience and to muddle the minds of their readers, like Moses of old, when he pointed out the iniquities of the ungodly Amalekites as his reason for putting them to the sword and confiscating their lands flowing with milk and honey, their herds of cattle, their concubines and their maidens. Rot! Let us at least have a moral courage equal to our physical courage, and when we have taken the Philippines, acknowledge one to the other that we have done what was set out for us to do from the beginning, but that our opponents were not traitors nor ourselves the direct emissaries of the meek and lowly Jesus. The Creator made flies sweet and juicy, and fixed up the spiders with eight pairs of keen eyes that they might catch them. Big fish eat little fish, and while fattening on their little brothers, don't stop to point out to the tiny fellows their many iniquities for which they are being destroyed. Aguinaldo is not a traitor, but he has got to get into the band wagon with us and ride, or it will be worse for him.

The American consul is figuring on saying farewell to Dawson in about a week or ten days more. Our old friend John Quincy Adams, is drilling upon the routine work of the office in order to relieve the ex-consul of any anxiety he may have that he will be missed. John is not only a gentleman, but the wheels of thought have the right buzz when they work—and we will vouch for them working.

The wise, scientific experts of the world have figured up the earth's supply of coal and find that at the present rate of consumption we shall be reduced to again burning buffalo chips for

heating purposes, or for cooking in about a hundred years, unless, indeed, we shall have discovered some method of burning water or some other equally common natural product. Before giving their figures to the press the wise ones ought to have come to Dawson and sized up our winter coal pile. And then they should have gone over our few thousand square miles of known coal land and have made an estimate on the veins undiscovered. Alaska may yet supply London.

It would be a difficult matter to get any considerable body of men to agree upon just how much the Dawson ditches have had to do with the present dryness of the townsite. Whatever may be the conclusion arrived at, the fact remains that the unditched trail to the forks is just as dry. However, the ditch along the foot of the hill has in many places filled up to the brim with mud which could be very much more cheaply now removed with a long handled shovel than it can be chopped out next spring when the ditch will be most needed to interrupt the snow water running down the hill.

## "Yom Kippur."

The Hebrew Day of Atonement, or "Yom Kippur," which has been conscientiously commemorated each year from the time that Moses inaugurated the service until the present, takes place this week. In no important detail does the service differ from the time of the forty years in the wilderness. At sundown Wednesday the day is commenced by the retirement of the faithful to the synagogue, which in this case will be the Pioneer hall, and until sundown on Thursday the time will be spent in fasting, devotional contemplation and prayer. So rigorous is the fast that even in washing the hands and face care must be exercised that not one drop of the fluid touches the lips of the devotees. At the end of the fast it used to be the custom to consecrate a goat to the bearing of the accumulative iniquities of the children of Israel, the goat being driven afar off into some desolate place and there left. Hence the term now in common use—"a scape-goat."

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