

# The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 18  
(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. 2 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

**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.

**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 Canby.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1901.

## TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE.

We publish today a letter from a lady who objects to smoke. To a certain degree we must confess that our correspondent has our sympathy in her protest. Dawson has a superabundance of cigars of questionable ancestry and likewise is all too well stocked with pipes the age of which runneth beyond the recollection of mortal man. Positively something should be done to relieve the community of the combined effect of these two evils.

There are men who boast as something worthy of note, that they still are pulling away at the pipes they originally colored when crossing the plains in a prairie schooner, and there are others who point with pride to the tints imprinted upon bowl and stem while doing duty a generation ago in the African veldt or Australian bush.

We are prepared to enter with our correspondent upon a crusade against the use of such relics of antiquity. They should be abolished from society by due process of law. In fact we are ready to suggest that continuous use of the same pipe for more than 25 years be made a penal offense. They should be prohibited in the free library and every other place of public assembly. They might do good service as adornment to the walls of our public museum, but we can think of no other respectable occupation for a pipe that has reached such an advanced age.

However, we cannot help feeling that in some respects our correspondent is a trifle harsh. We are inclined to the opinion that she would accomplish great reforms with too lightning-like rapidity. We are afraid she is a little sweeping in her condemnation. At one tell how she would remove from the reach of the Klondiker the chief of the few joys that surround him in this snow-bedecked vale of unrealized expectations.

Certainly our correspondent has never drawn from the weed consolation and comfort for all the misfortunes of life. When Hamlet contemplated resort to the bare bodkin as an antidote to the pangs of mis-prized love, he knew nothing of the flavor of the real Havana article—else his life would never thus have been placed in jeopardy.

Under ordinary circumstances a man who smokes in the kitchen is a nuisance; if he smokes in the dining room he is a double-dyed nuisance; should he desecrate the sanctity of the bed chamber with tobacco fumes he is simply intolerable and if he invades the parlor with his smoke he becomes a fiend incarnate.

But when the dividing partitions between these various apartments of the well-regulated household, consist entirely of imaginary lines, and he smokes in all four at one time, language fails to meet the emergency. He cannot be described. He can only be compared—to the woman who would send him outside to smoke when it is sixty-eight degrees below zero.

Such is the condition of affairs in the Klondike. To smoke or not to smoke is the burning question of the hour. For our part, we declare ourselves as champions of any movement directed

against the ancient pipe or the malarial complexioned cigar. But to go beyond that, must give us pause. We shall have to think it over.

"The News does not delay its publication with any purpose of giving its competitors any advantage over it."—The News, Feb. 2.

Certainly not. The News delays its publication with the purpose of taking advantage of the news published in the Nugget. That is patent to everybody, isn't it?

A copy of the Chicago American just received contains a rousing send off for the Nugget's presidential souvenir. Very few people on the outside imagined that anything so handsome could be produced in Dawson.

Several inquiries have been received at this office asking the date upon which Easter occurs this year. It comes on the seventh of April, the first Sunday in that month.

Gold dust is not the most desirable thing as a medium of exchange, but most of us are willing to take as much of it as comes our way.

The queen's burial was undoubtedly the occasion of the most imposing pageant England has witnessed in many years.

And the sunlight lingers a little longer every day.

## Attention, Tobacco Fiends.

Dear Sir—All Dawson will congratulate the new board of library trustees for every good improvement they add to the public free library. Hunt the world over and every library is found conducted with such neatness, taste and culture that they are not excelled in that line by the sanctuary of any church. All loud talk and tobacco fumes on the floor or in the air is strictly forbidden. Whereas, this library for over one year has been conducted as a smoking club, scarcely excelled by any whisky saloon in Dawson.

Dawson's people will appreciate a well conducted, clean library having heaven's pure air in the hall all day and never polluted by the fumes of the liquor and tobacco fiend. All other libraries have a part reserved for ladies—why not this one? No lady will step into a hazy den of tobacco fumes, any more than a dove would live in a den of turkey buzzards or polecats.

Nobody objects to the turkey buzzard, pole cat or bed bug, as such, but we do object to their coming in contact with us. Consequently we don't object to the smoker of tobacco or opium, if he will only keep to himself, but we do object to him coming into our pure air and adulterating it with his foul fumes of tongue, truck and tobacco. We accept heaven's pure air in all its invigorating wholesomeness to read, but why could we not enjoy that liberty without the vile impolite smoker coming in to drive us off or put up with his sickening stench? Much is said about improving this century in science, enlightenment and culture, but this smoking fiend, if permitted, is found smoking in the reading room, parlor, bedroom, kitchen—yes, cooking and baking you will find him with his vile old salivary pipe or cigar in his mouth, with ashes dropping down into the meats, gravy, soup, dough, milk, tea or coffee. Anything and everything he touches must be contaminated by this retrograding type of humanity.

He seems to be on a race back to his ancestors according to the Darwinian theory. If we are to improve this century, let the library trustees set the example by engaging a librarian—one of that radical vim, one who does not use liquor, tobacco nor gamble or any of the degrading self-acquired habits and one who will enforce such taste and refinement and who is courteous to all people alike. There are some smokers who were brought up with the whole family, cats, dogs, pigs, poultry, goats and donkeys under the same thatched roof and who would establish that style of culture wherever they go, but they had better go back and not practice their sense of ethics here. Dawson people want everything in its place, and we want a pure-air, tasty reading room.

JENNIE M'CRAY.

Fine fresh meats at Murphy Bros., Third street. cr5  
Mummi's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.  
Rex hams and soft wheat flour; job lots, at S. Archibald.  
Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

## THE BLESSING OF JIM ROBBINS.

Under an Inspiration He Distinguished Himself.  
BY W. R. EOSE.

Spencer Gifford was quite too ready to admit that he was just an average sort of fellow. That was really all he cared to be. What he could do he did fairly well, but he did just as little as was decently possible. At college he had gone in a little for athletics, and made a very creditable record, but he shrank from anything really brilliant. He was a good scholar, too, but was quite willing to rank with the intellectual second raters. When he left college, he went abroad and dawdled about in an aimless way, and came home with few impressions that he cared to mention. Then he went in for society, and there seemed to be reasonably contented. Society amused him and wasn't too exacting. Society coddled him; he was young, handsome, clever and rich.

And yet he would admit that he felt a little conscience stricken when Anna Goldie gravely asked him one day about his future hopes. There was a look in her eyes that he didn't like when he laughed off the query. It set him to thinking, and thinking was an occupation he rarely indulged in. Thinking almost disquieted him. He avoided Anna Goldie for a time, and found that was still more disquieting. And then just as he was thinking he would invite another talk with her on the original disquieting subject she suddenly went away. She went, they told him, to visit an invalid aunt in the interior of the state. She might be gone some time. It was more a visit of duty than of pleasure, and its continuance would depend altogether upon the failing health of the aunt. In what part of the state did Miss Goldie's aunt live? Somewhere near Palmyra. Palmyra? That was where Jim Robbins lived. Good old Jim Robbins, whom he hadn't seen since his last college year. Jim was somebody down in Palmyra. Member of the legislature, or something. He saw Jim's name in the papers occasionally. Jim was a rising man.

As the days wore along the desire to visit Jim grew upon him. He had a standing invitation to come down at any time. There was a pressing note in his desk of quite recent date in which he was told of the treat he was missing in not making the acquaintance of Jim's matchless wife and equally matchless girls. He wondered if Jim would know the abiding place of Anna Goldie's aunt. If he was a politician, he probably knew everybody. He decided to go down at once and make Jim a visit, and he wrote to him to that effect.

Then he went to the bank and called on his father. And while he was there his uncle Tom came in and the three were closeted for a long time in his father's private room. When they came out, his uncle Tom shook hands with him and patted him on the back in his usual hearty fashion. And his father shook hands with him in grave fashion, and both the elder men seemed highly elated. Spencer shook his head a little doubtfully as he left them. Then he braced up with a swift stiffening of his fingers and clenching of his hands and accelerated his pace. He was going to his rooms to fill his dress suit case for the visit to Jim.

He arrived at Palmyra early in the evening. He had meant to reach there in the afternoon, but the train was delayed. He hadn't told Jim just what day he would start, and so his old friend wasn't bothering over his non-appearance. Spencer concluded he would look Jim up in the morning. He went to the hotel and had his supper. After supper he strolled up to the clerk's desk and inquired about his friend.

"Oh, Jim Robbins?" cried the clerk. "Yes, yes. Jim is one of our leading citizens. Has a nice home up on the West hill. He's a great hustler. Jim is. Going to send him to the state senate next fall. Friend of yours?" "Yes," said Spencer, "an old friend. Came down to visit him." "Tell you what you do," said the clerk. "Jim is the chairman, toast-master, whatever you call it, of the big banquet at Raymond hall tonight. It's a complimentary feed given in honor of Colonel Jack Speed, who is home for a brief visit, and everybody, pretty much, is going. Colonel Speed is our congressman, you know, and he's in high favor in Palmyra. Hon. Dwight Perkins from somewhere out west, one of the big national lights of the house, is to be the speaker of the occasion, and they'll have plenty to eat and good music. Better go over."

A half hour later Spencer ascended the stairway of Raymond hall. He noticed a number of ladies in the crowd that steadily marched into the hall, and he was rather glad to find that the banquet was not to be of the usual political for men only character. At the head of the stairs he noticed a door standing open, and looking through into the brightly lighted ante-room he saw his old friend. The impulse was too strong to resist, and he

passed in the doorway and held out his hand.

"What's the matter with Jim Robbins?" he laughingly called.

In an instant his friend's hand gripped his.

"Spencer, old man, so glad to see you!" He pushed Spencer off a little and held him there. "You are looking prime," he said. "And, by George! you are just in time." He laughed as he spoke, and looked at Spencer with such a comical expression that it instantly recalled to the latter some amusing experiences of the dear old school days.

"What mischief are you up to?" he cried. "But, here, I'm in the way. Don't let me bother you. I'll see you in the morning." And he drew back and half turned toward the door.

"Hold on," cried Jim, with a plunge at him, "you don't get away from me tonight. You stay right here until I can properly dispose of you."

Hon. Jack Speed was seated at Jim's right and Spencer at his left, much to the latter's increased uneasiness. Then the banquet commenced, and for an hour the clatter and chatter continued without a break. Jim was as delightful as of yore, dividing his attention very equally between the guest of the evening and Spencer, but the latter's heart was filled with a vague distrust.

When the clatter finally ceased, Jim rapped on the table, and in a nice little speech told of the purpose of the banquet. He introduced the mayor, who briefly welcomed back Hon. Mr. Speed to Palmyra. Then Hon. Mr. Speed responded in a brisk speech, testifying to his delight in returning home to such friends and such a welcome, a sentiment which was greeted with loud applause. Then Jim rose again, with a crumpled telegram in his hand. He much regretted, he said, to be obliged to announce that Hon. Dwight Perkins could not be with them. A telegram he had just received announced a railway accident that blocked the road and held back Mr. Perkins, 60 miles away.

"Our regret, however," said Jim, "is somewhat mitigated by the fact that we fortunately have with us as an honored guest one of the most prominent of New York's young political and social leaders, Mr. Spencer Gifford, who will talk to us on the question of the hour."

As Jim sat down a patter of applause ran round the hall and the long lines of faces assumed an expectant expression.

"Remember your old debating triumphs," whispered the perfidious Jim, "and sail in."

Spencer gave him a horrible scowl as he rose to his feet. Then he turned to the auditors with a pleasant smile. He put his teeth together hard. He wouldn't be bluffed. And deep down in his soul he felt gratified that Jim, despite his consummate meanness, had confidence in him. Jim knew he wouldn't fluke. He would say a word or two and retire as gracefully as possible.

When Spencer, after an eloquent wind up, finally took his seat, the applause was vigorous and long drawn out, and Jim, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling, grabbed Spencer's hand under the table and squeezed it hard and said: "Great, my boy, great! You ought to get down on your bended knees to me for bringing you out."

When it was all over, Jim said: "We must get our coats and hunt up Minnie. Minnie is Mrs. Jim. She's a little jealous of you now. Don't make her more so. By the way, she has a young woman from your overgrown town in tow tonight, and we'll have to escort her to her aunt's home. Know her? She's a Miss Anna Goldie."

A little later they were out in the open air. Anna walking with Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. Jim going ahead, that acute married dame having apparently sized up the situation.

"After hearing you this evening," said Anna softly, "I think this is the field you are fitted for."

There was a pause. They fell back a little farther.

"Do you know," he asked abruptly, "what it is that has awakened me?"

"No," she answered.

"It is love," he said.

He looked down at her. Her face was averted.

"Do you know what brought me down here? Do you know what carried me through that speech tonight?"

"No," she softly murmured.

"You!"

A half hour later he stopped Mrs. Jim as she excused herself to the two men smoking in the library.

"One moment," he said. "I want you to know that I had mentally promised your scamp of a husband a sound thrashing for the liberty he took with

my name tonight, but I've found he blundered into doing me a favor. I'm going to forgive him. I've even gone so far as to bless him." He held out both hands. "Congratulate me, dear friends," he cried, with a radiant smile. "I'm a very happy and a very fortunate man."

And then he told them about Anna Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Brewitt makes fine pants.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Reging Club hotel.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the lenten season will all be gone long before Easter.

Fresh candies made daily at Zaccarelli's Bank Corner.

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

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that on and after March 1st, 1901, grants for all applications for relocation will be issued at the time the application is made, wherever the claim applied for appears open for relocation upon the records. The allowance of two weeks which has hitherto been made for holders of claims to take out a certificate of work will cease on and after March 1st. Holders of claims are warned, in order to avoid trouble with relocators, to take out a renewal of their claims on or before the expiration of their former lease.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, Assistant Gold Commissioner.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Finest office rooms in the city. Newly painted and papered. Enquire at C. Co.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURKITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 89.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second St., near Bank of B. N. A.

HENRY BLECKER FERNAND DE JOURNÉ BLECKER & DE JOURNÉ Attorneys at Law.

Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc. over McLennan, McPeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

PATULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8, A. C. Office Bldg.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE

W. D. BRUCE, General Agent Manufacturers Life; Phoenix Fire Insurance Association of London, England. Mines, Real Estate, etc. Orpheum Building.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and a below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D.) A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

GO AS YOU PLEASE RUNNING

MATCH

COMMENCING FEB. 18 AT "The Orpheum"

—Entries—

LOUIS-CARDINAL — GEORGE TAYLOR

NAPOLÉON MARION — WM. YOUNG

Mail Is Quick

Telegraph Is Quicker

'Phone Is Instantaneous

YOU CAN REACH BY 'PHONE

SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN

And All Way Points.

Have a 'phone in your house—the lady of the house can order all her wants by it.

Business Phones, \$25 Per Month

Residence Phones, \$15 Per Month

Office, Telephone Exchange, next to A. C. Office Building.

DONALD B. OLSON, General Manager

AMUSEMENTS

**SAVOY THEATRE** Week of FEB. 4

POST & MAURETTUS in the LAUGHABLE COMEDY "IRISH ARISTOCRACY"

ASSISTED BY THE SAVOY COMPANY

GRAND MASQUE BALL FRIDAY, FEB. 8

ALL ARE INVITED