# The Klondike Nugget

(TELEPHONE NUMBER 12)
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
GEORGE M. ALLEN .....Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily.

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| 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 Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1901.



## $50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of $50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.


### THE QUESTION OF VOTING.

American and other alien residents of this city will greatly appreciate the action taken at the meeting in the Board of Trade Rooms last night in connection with the approaching incorporation of the city.

As will be noted by reference to another column of this paper it was resolved as the sense of the meeting that alien residents who are on the local assessment rolls for the payment of taxes on property in excess of $1000 in value should be qualified to participate as voters in the coming election.

The Nugget believes that the nature of the situation is well understood by all residents of Dawson who may be classed as aliens. They are in no position to make demands for the extension of the rights and privileges of suffrage, and if such privileges are granted, it will be entirely a matter of graceful courtesy on the part of the Yukon council.

It may be said, however, that the peculiar conditions which exist in this community warrant the council in following the line of action indicated by the resolution in question. A municipality may be defined as a corporation in which the tax payers occupy the position of stockholders. The rights enjoyed by a town government are so limited that no question of federal or territorial policy can possibly be affected. It is simply a matter of securing a certain amount of revenue, to be expended for the benefit of the particular community in which the money is raised and it is quite natural that those who contribute should desire some voice in the selection of the men who are to be authorized to expend the funds so raised. It would be quite unreasonable to expect, and we feel very safe in saying that no one desires that aliens should be permitted to stand as candidates for office. But the privilege of voting for local officers may be conceded to taxpayers generally, irrespective of nationality, without any sacrifice of principle, and it is not difficult to cite numerous precedents in support of this view. It is unnecessary to point out the extent and value of alien interests in this city. An examination of the tax rolls will disclose the fact that the greater share of taxation rests upon American and other foreign citizens, and it would seem quite in accordance with the general fitness of things that this peculiar situation should be given some recognition.

### ST. ANDREW'S.

Tonight will witness Dawson's grandest social pageant of the year, St. Andrew's ball. For four successive years this function has been observed in this city and each year with increasing pomp and splendor.

Strangers who have been in Dawson only a short time will wonder at the magnificence which will be displayed at the ball this evening. They will marvel at the richness of the costumes and the decorations, and will find difficulty in persuading themselves that they are really in Dawson and not some metropolitan center. But to those who know the history of the town, who know the substantial nature of the foundations upon which it has been builded, and who realize the wonderful strides that have been made along every line of economic and social development the glories of the great event will be accepted as a matter of course.

St. Andrew's ball may be accepted as a fair criterion of the material condition of the community. Dawson is a busy, thriving, prosperous town and that prosperity will be well reflected tonight.

The telegraph line is down and the mail—well the mail has not yet been up this winter. The expression "Klondike isolation" seems to have some meaning after all.

Thanksgiving day was quietly but generally observed in Dawson. This city had particular reasons for rejoicing, and the occasion was honored in a fitting manner.

### A Tale of Two Tickets.

Horace Turner and the lady whom he called an angel, years ago, moved out of Evanston about the first of June for the summer. Mr. Turner bought a railroad commutation ticket for the purpose of saving money. There were 60 rides on the ticket which cost him $6.

"I won't use all these rides," he explained to his wife, "but I'll come pretty near it—near enough to bring the fare down to 11 or 12 cents a ride anyway. You see, if we go into the city to the theater or if I have to go in on Sunday I can just use my commutation ticket, and it'll be just the same as if I rode free."

That was reasonable enough, but Mr. Turner didn't happen to go into the city during the month of June, and the consequence was that he had about a dozen rides left on his ticket when the month was ended.

But he didn't mind that. He felt that he was ahead of the game anyway, and he went up to the station on the 1st of July and bought another monthly ticket, promising himself to even things up by doing more extra riding on Sunday and at night. Meanwhile he kept his old ticket in his pocket, having forgotten all about it.

One day when the weather changed he put on a heavier suit of clothes. When he was riding into the city the next morning, he handed out his ticket to be punched and kept on reading his paper as he did so.

"This is last month's ticket," the conductor informed him. "It's no good."

Then Mr. Turner looked and saw that it was so. He felt for his July ticket but couldn't find it. Evidently he had fished the wrong one from his pocket when he had changed his clothes. He tried to convince the conductor that he was an honest man and would permit his goood ticket to be punched twice next time, but it was a useless effort. If he had been a pretty young woman, his plea might have counted for something. As it was the rules had to be observed. So he paid the full cash fare, rammed the old ticket into his pocket and told several passengers who sat near him what robbers the railroad companies were.

He happened to think of his ticket before he left home the next morning and rode into the city without any trouble. During the day he had occasion to rummage in his pocket for a letter and while doing so he fished out a railroad ticket.

"There's that confounded old June ticket again," he said. "I'll just tear it up, so that I won't make another mistake when I change my clothes again."

He ripped it into bits without looking at it a second time and forgot it until he was going home at night. When the conductor came along, Mr. Turner handed out his ticket and looked at the headlines in his paper.

"This is no good," said the man with the punch; "last month's."

Horace Turner looked. There was prima facie evidence that he was unable to shatter. Then he paid his fare again and made a solemn vow that he would never buy a commutation ticket as long as he lived.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### An Unreasonable Request.

"Colonel," she said when they were alone on the stairway, "father tells me you are a man who never fails. He says when you undertake to carry a point you carry it, that if you are sent to raise a siege you raise it, and he says he believes if you were sent out to find the north pole you would hoist the flag on it."

"Yes," the bluff old soldier replied, "that's me, and when I want to get out of a corner I escape. Excuse me, over there's a friend of mine that I want to see on particular business."—Chicago Record-Herald.


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## Stroller's Column.

The subject and question of the day: My St. Andrew's outfit and how to pay for it.

* * *

The other day a gentleman from the creeks called on the chairman of the St. Andrew's Society of Dawson, Mr. R. P. McLennan. That the gentleman was a foreigner was evident from the foreign look and other foreign substance on his face.

"Be you da president of da St. Andrew's Society for prevention of cruelty to dogs?" asked the fellow whose head proclaimed him to be a "square" and upright man.

"I have the honor of being president of the St. Andrew's Society," replied R. P., "but as yet we have not added a canine department. However, what can I do for you?"

"Ae teank Ae buy a tecket an' go to da ball. How much da price?"

"Fifteen dollars from your inside pocket," replied the president, "or an ounce of dust."

"Fifteen bales!" said the man formerly from Norseland but latterly of Hunker. "Ae not pay fifteen tollar to see a circus, nor da half of it to see a St. Andrew's ball. For fifteen tollar Ae can put a nudder hole to bedrock. Ae like da Scotch, but Ae radder tak five tollar more an' buy a case of Scotch whiskey at da N. A. T. house. But radder dan disappoint you, Ae'll give you one tollar for a teeket, but not an nudder cent. You tak it? No! All right, den, hax go for da Scotch whiskey. If Ae cant haf a Highland Fling one way, Ae can an nudder."

"AE TAK A NUDDER FIVE AN' BUY A CASE OF SCOTCH WHISKEY."

And as the man walked away he muttered something about: "If ha done da proper thing with me an' sell teekets at one tollar, Ae baen able to sell enough on Hunker to half-fill da hall."

* * *

Speaking of St. Andrew's ball, that function has been the means of a certain young man in Dawson losing his Sunday night job. He is one of those prematurely ripe, mellow youths who leans back in his chair and puts his feet on the centre table the second time he calls at a young lady's house. He holds the cat on his knee and says "Oh, pshaw." About six months ago he started to warm a chair in a young lady's home and it has never been able to cool off until now. He would sit on the chair with his feet on the table, smoke cigarettes and talk about his red neck-ties while the girl would sit alone on a sofa and play with her thumbs and ever and anon say something about the sofa being such a comfortable seat. But the young man would switch from red neckties to lawn tennis suits with the result that the summer passed and there was nothing doing around there. The winter campaign opened with the young man's feet on the table and the girl on the sofa, shivering in her loneliness. She would have fired him out long ago but for the fact that St. Andrew's ball was approaching and she hoped to utilize him as an escort on that occasion. She went ahead and prepared a costume, red mull over canton flannel or vise versa, the Stroller is not certain, and every time the young man came up to impart some fresh heat to the chair, she would exhibit for his edification some article of her ball costume. A puckered waist, a one-button-cut-away dress, a bit of lace trimmed lingerie, a dainty pair of slippers or some other article equally attractive to the average masculine eye, would be seen in various parts of the room. And yet, the young man, having switched from lawn tennis suits to hockey sticks, said nothing about the St. Andrew's ball. He said he had found a new brand of chewing gum and would not give me a cold, dont you know? Besides, we have a game of hockey on for Saturday. I wealy think I will go to St. Andrew's ball next year."

SHE TRIED TO INTEREST HIM IN ST. ANDREW'S MATTERS.

The young lady hastily gathered up her finery and asked to be excused for the evening. She realized that all her St. Andrew's ball aspirations were knocked into the middle of some future period for her parents were not going, and as she bathed her pillow in salt tears that night and thought of how she, single-handed and alone, had held down the sofa and listened to oat meal mush talk for the past six months she resolved that the next thing in pants that comes snooping around her parlor will declare its intentions in the early part of the game.

* * *

The Stroller probably gets as much advice as any other man of his age and experience in Dawson and now he is going to reciprocate by offering a suggestion. It is this: That on the Dawson stage all flippant allusions and reference to the late Islander disaster be eliminated. That is all.

* * *

Ben Davis and his partner own claim 21 on Stowe creek. It is as yet unprospected, therefore, it may be rick or otherwise. Ben has the reputation of being "next" on many things and of being hard to head off in the matter of peddling.

One day lately he was in a First avenue "paint" store when a miner came in for a drink. He bore with him the aroma of fresh earth and in many respects gave evidence of his occupation. He was asked where he had been for some weeks and in reply stated that he had been prospecting his claim, 22 Stowe creek. Being further questioned, he reluctantly admitted that he had struck bedrock and in a low, gutteral whisper further admitted that he had been rewarded with gold from $3.25 to 17.50 per pan.

Then it was that Ben Davis jumped up on top of the table by which he was sitting and yelled until he was hoarse, winding up by inviting everybody in the house to drink with him.

"You found $7.50 to the pan on 22 and we own 21. Have another round, gentlemen and then smoke. I am the people and dont you forget it."

Half an hour later Ben discovered that he had been made the victim of a foul conspiracy and that the miner who had been employed to do the acting is working a lay on Dago Hill. Davis' enthusiasm cost him $18, which is more than he could get for No. 21 on Stowe.

### Not According to Rule.

"Tickets!"

There was something resolute and commanding in the tone of the conductor of the famous express train as he uttered the word upon flinging open the door.

The broad-shouldered, firm jawed veteran conductor of the line looked so businesslike that the passengers in the crowded coach at once got busy hunting up their tickets, and when the conductor reached them they all had their pasteboards ready.

All but one.

This was a ruddy faced, well groomed, fine looking old gentleman with white whiskers.

He fumbled in his wallet for his ticket, but it wasn't there. Then he began a hurried search of his pockets. He appeared to be unsuccessful.

"By ginger!" he was heard to mutter. "I'm almost certain that I brought those"—

And then he stood up and made a systematic search of his pockets, turning over old, dog eared letters, formal looking papers and heavy looking envelopes tied up with red tape.

But he didn't find what he was looking for.

Then he clawed his Gladstone bag down from the rack above his head, tugged at the lock and finally got in open. He spent five minutes in turning the contents of the bag topsy-turvy, perspiring all the time and muttering things that wouldn't go for a minute in a family newspaper that has a large circle of young readers.

"Tickets!"

The broad shouldered, firm jawed veteran conductor of the line was towering right over the well groomed old gentleman with the ruddy face and white side whiskers.

"Haven't got any ticket, dang it!" growled the well groomed old gentleman. "Lost it, I guess. But here's my card." And the old gentleman handed the conductor his pasteboard, which set forth the fact that he was the first vice president of the road.

Now, right at this point in the narrative, if the writer were to let the truth get away from and follow the inevitable rule in such cases made and provided, he would have the conductor remark grouchily to the old gentleman that, card or no card, vice president or no vice president, he'd have to show something entitling him to a ride on the line or be put off at the next station. Then the writer would have gone on to narrate how the old gentleman was filled with admiration over the conductor's strange sense of duty and how he coughed up his fare in good money and how two days later the conductor found himself appointed division superintendent.

However—

"Oh, very well, sir," said the conductor, bowing and scraping profusely as he turned the card over in his hand. "Don't mention it. Thanks. The pleasure is mine. Of course, you probably dropped the pass somewhere. But it's all right. Are you comfortable, sir? Is the porter taking proper care of you? Ahem! Fine day for traveling, sir?"

"Uh-huh," replied the first vice president of the line looking out of the widow.

"I am glad I did not get chesty with the old duck before I got next to who he was," murmred the conductor to himself as he passed on to the next car.

And if according to all these stories, the conductor had got real gay and conscientious with the ruddy faced old gentleman there'd have been a hard winter ahead for him and his young ones and no mistake.

It's too bad that all truthful stories haven't got endings like these stories in the books "for a good boy."—Washington Star.

### Jack's Account of It.

One of Uncle Sam's able seamen, who was in an "Owl" train that was wrecked, thus described his experience: "It was a little after two bells this morning and I was smoking my pipe in the 'Owl's' stern galley. The first thing I knew of any happening was when I was thrown violently from my seat. After the pitching and jumping had stopped, I crawled out and saw that the steering gear of the 'Owl' had been carried away, causing her to part amidships. The after end listed badly to starboard and went aground, throwing all hands in a heap to the listed side. No lives were lost, however, though all were badly shaken up and somewhat damaged. One unlucky passenger bunted the glass out of a porthole, cutting her head and face quite badly. After wigwagging the craft coming up behind to change her course, the forward end of our craft picked up the passengers and crew and continued her voyage. As for me, I will be glad when I am safe aboard the Albatross again. This cruising overland is too rough and choppy for me."—Argonaut.

### Fashion's Severest Test.

"Have you noticed the despairing look in Bidby's eyes?"

"No, I haven't. By Jove, I see it now!"

"Looks as if he had lost his last friend, doesn't he?"

"No, it looks more like fear or apprehension."

"Do you suppose his business is going wrong?"

"No, it isn't that. I think I understand it now."

"What is it?"

"He's trying to get along without his suspenders."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Mild Rebuke.

Walking Lady (late for rehearsal)—Oh, I'm so sorry to be late. I do hope you haven't all been waiting for me?

Stage Manager (icily)—My dear Miss Chalmers, incompetence is the gift of heaven, but attention to business may be cultivated.


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