

# The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
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TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1900.

## TIME IS RIPE.

In an interview accorded to a representative of this paper yesterday, Commissioner Ogilvie stated that it is his belief that the public should know the exact nature of the position occupied by each member of the Yukon council with reference to all questions of a public nature which come before that body.

This opinion, which the commissioner now holds, is identical with the stand taken upon numerous occasions by the Nugget. We have all along held to the belief that the meetings of the council should be open to the public and to the press, to the end that each member of the council should be placed on record before the public for exactly what he says and what he does while acting in the capacity of a legislator of this territory.

If any member of the Council has been placed in a false light before the public as regards his official acts, the responsibility therefor lies with the council, and with no one else.

If any members of the council have posed before the public as holding to one opinion, while their actions in the council chamber have been directly to the contrary, who is to blame but those of the council who have insisted that its legislative sessions should be held behind closed doors?

The public, in passing judgment upon the actions of men in public life, does not, and cannot be expected to, draw fine distinctions.

A minority of the council, for some time past, has been on record in the press, and otherwise before the public, as favoring open sessions of the council.

Naturally and logically, the people conclude that those members who have opposed the open session have done so from ulterior motives, and conversely they have ascribed a proper degree of credit to the members who have placed themselves on record as being in favor of throwing open the council doors.

The outcome of the present situation must be that the council will depart from its past star chamber methods, and allow the light of publicity to be turned upon its legislative sessions.

By such action, every member will stand before the public upon his own merits. There will be no opportunity to misjudge his stand upon questions of public concern, and when he speaks he will do so with the knowledge that what he says is not for the ears of his fellow councilmen alone, but for the ears of the community at large.

The time is ripe right now for compliance on the part of the council with the wishes of the people, long ago expressed.

Until the doors of the council chamber are thrown open during the consideration of matters of a legislative nature, its members

cannot expect to hold the confidence of the people.

## A NEW JUDGE.

The news, as published exclusively in last night's issue of the Nugget, that a new judge is coming in to assist Justice Dugas in the performance of his duties, will be gladly received by every man who is now, or anticipates becoming a litigant before the local courts.

The court calendar has been so swelled beyond the physical ability of one judge to care for it that many men prefer making inequitable compromises, in order to get their business settled, rather than wait the interminable, though unavoidable, delays of the law.

The docket is crowded with civil cases, many of them involving thousands of dollars, which cannot be settled before the beginning of the long vacation, owing to the press of criminal business, which is entitled to precedence.

The new judge is needed, and needed badly. In fact, the condition of affairs is such that two additional jurists would be none too many. However, the arrival of one will serve to relieve the situation in a measure, and the time when Hon. Justice Craig will be established on the bench in Dawson will be gladly heralded by attorneys and litigants alike.

## THE ICE BROKEN.

Last night, or rather at an early hour this morning, the ice in the Yukon in front of Dawson broke away from its moorings and floated down stream, carrying with it the unsightly piles of rubbish and garbage which so long have been an eyesore to citizens. The last tie which bound us to the long, cold Yukon winter is broken, and the season of open navigation is practically at hand.

Last fall the river jammed on the morning of the 23d of October, making a total of 6 months and 15 days that it has been closed. Now, the weary waiting for the ice to go out is over, and the gladsome sound of steamboat whistles will soon be heard at the wharves.

Dawson has come out of a long winter, looking wonderfully well and prosperous. There has been comparatively little sickness, no absolute want to speak of, and, on the average, our people have been as well taken care of as happens anywhere. There are many worse places than this Klondike metropolis, even during the course of a six months' winter.

There is scarcely a man to be found in Dawson, today, who did not know for an absolute certainty at least a week ago that the ice would break some time during last night.

## The Woman of Today.

One of the most remarkable social developments of these latter days is the evolution of the mature heroine of romance. Formerly this post was allotted to the young girl or the young married woman. In those times, however, the adjective of youth would not have been applied to the maiden who had passed her twenty-fifth year and only in the spirit of the grossest flattery to the matron who had seen her three decades. It is typical of the age that this explanatory note should be necessary. Now the expression "young" is purely relative. The period of middle age has been entirely abolished. Where almost everybody is younger than somebody else it is only the few who are proud of their extreme antiquity who can be regarded with any degree of certainty as old.

At 30 the girl of today no longer retires on the shelf as a failure, to pass the rest of her life in the humiliating position of the maiden aunt who devotes herself to the children or revenges her-

self on the poor. She is merely preparing to start on a new phase of life with a more definite plan and a clearer vision. Very often she marries and begins afresh at 40. Sometimes she has been known to be so greatly daring as to enter on matrimony for the first time when she has passed her 50th year.

For the matron the range is even more extended. At 30 she is quite a young thing—gay, frivolous, skittish, to whom society and flirtation are the chief objects in life. Ten years more bring her to her prime. It is the period of fascination, of adventure, of impulse. The woman of 40 is capable of anything. She is the object of the wildest plans, the center of the most daring romance. At 50 she is probably marrying for the second time. Three score will find her approaching the altar for her third wedding; and, if she lives long enough, she may even reappear at a later date to bring her record up to four.—London World.

## Mme. Calve's Story.

Mme Calve tells this story on herself: "When I went to the Theater de la Monnaie, in Brussels, in 1881, I made my debut as Marguerite. My second performance was to be Cherubino. At that time I was very slight. My neck and arms were thin, and so of course were my legs. I did not think I could possibly appear in breeches without something to make me look a little plumper. So I went to the costumer of the theater and told him I wanted some pads. He made them according to his own ideas of what beautiful legs should be and sent them to me so late that I had not time to try them on. I don't know what I must have looked like when I stepped on the stage, thin and girlish from the waist up, but provided with the most enormous calves. After the first act the manager rushed round to my dressing room. 'My heavens!' he exclaimed. 'Where in the world did you get those legs? They certainly are not your own.' I admitted that they were not and said I thought I was too thin to dispense with pads. 'Don't you know,' he said to me, 'that a young girl with straight, slender legs is far better suited to the part of a page than when she disfigures herself with such things as those? Take off the pads and go out in your own legs.' I decided to follow his advice. When I came on the stage again, I was thin, but at least symmetrical. The effect on the audience was startling. I seemed to see the people in the theater craning their necks to discover what had happened to change me so. The conductor of the orchestra stared at me as if his eyes would pop out of his head. After a moment or two the cause of the astonishing alteration in my looks seemed to be understood, and there was a titter of laughter through the audience. Since that time I have never worn pads."—Collier's Weekly.

## The Banker Poet.

The retirement from business of Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker poet, interests much more the literary than the business world. Wall street will be too busy to miss him much. It only knows that he has sold his seat on the Stock Exchange for \$9,000 and that a new broker will take his place.

Mr. Stedman is within two or three years of 70. He is a dapper, exquisitely dressed little man with a wealth of snow white whiskers very carefully brushed. He could have had a beard as patriarchal as Walt Whitman's had he allowed it to grow. Being a banker as well as a poet Mr. Stedman has felt obliged to conform to many of the conventions of "Wall street."

While Mr. Stedman has a wide reputation as a poet, he has really written very little poetry. Few know it and fewer read it. He is more of a poetical critic than creator of poetry. His best known books are "The Victorian Poets" and "The Poets of America." He is also the editor of "A Library of American Literature," the editing of which will occupy his attention, now that he has left the mart for good.

But for years Mr. Stedman has kept in closest touch with literature and the men who make it by reason of the Sunday evening receptions which he holds every week in his home. He has a beautiful house situated in a residence park, just outside of New York city, where he receives men and women of letters. A woman would call it a salon, for that is what it really amounts to.

At these receptions Mr. Stedman meets aspiring young authors who have been introduced by literary workers who have already earned their fame. To these beginners Mr. Stedman gives much advice and many words of encouragement. If they blossom out into geniuses, they come back years later and find themselves lionized in the Stedman drawing room.

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