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G. E. PULHAM, SUPERINTENDENT J. H. ROGERS, GEN. AGENT

**The Klondike Nugget**

TELEPHONE NO. 12.  
(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)  
Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.

GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
Daily:  
Yearly, in advance ..... \$24.00  
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 Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur.

knows when the Sun passed to its present owners, of who can establish the identity of the unfortunate gentleman? Echo alone answers. Evidently from the Sun's own language there was a time when Mr. Roediger did perform the various acts enumerated—otherwise the Sun would not have made use of that fatal saving clause.

For all we know the Sun may have passed to its present owners yesterday or the day before—or perhaps to-day—or possibly they don't own it at all. However, that is all immaterial. The Sun itself has established the desired point; just as we knew would be the case.

The Sun this morning offers itself to the Nugget as a gift. Thanks, neighbor, thanks; but somewhere back in our old dog-eared copy of the Aeneid, we remember the warning to the Trojans to have a care for the Greeks when the latter brought gifts in their hands. We have also in mind the sorrowful fate of the man who accepted the beautiful white elephant. We simply couldn't think of accepting the Sun under the circumstances, and we hope our refusal will be accepted in the same spirit in which it was tendered. You are certainly a cute one, Richard, but you must find some other scheme for unloading.



The announcement that an opposing paper was to be started in West-ly naturally disturbed Jonas Bristow, the editor and proprietor of the Western Morning Republican. He freely admitted that he did not fully represent the entire population of the town, but he could not see how there was room for another daily publication. In politics he was precisely what the name of his paper indicated—a Republican "from the ground up," as he expressed it. He always had been a Republican and he always would be one. But it wasn't necessary for his Democratic subscribers to read the political news and comments; they could confine their attention to the other local and telegraphic news, and the literary features. So long as he had a clear field, he was independent; and independence breeds arrogance. He became so uncompromisingly aggressive that a few prominent Democrats quite naturally decided to start another paper.

"That means," said Editor Bristow to himself, when he heard the news, "that neither paper will pay, and in time one of them must fail."

"It is worth something to us to be represented in this locality," said Marshall Perkins, one of the leading spirits in the new enterprise. "It is also worth something to the Democratic party, in view of the fact that an important campaign is approaching, and we have the promise of financial assistance from the Democratic county and state central committees. I may truthfully say that we shall fill a long-felt want."

"You will fill it with money," retorted Editor Bristow, with the wisdom born of experience. "Now, I stand ready to print all letters to the editor in my correspondence column. Thus you can present your views to the voters at any time and on any proposition. Won't that answer your purpose?"

"It will not," asserted Mr. Perkins. "We must have editorial representation in this community. But I'll tell you what we will do. We are not interested in having a Republican paper here, so instead of starting another sheet and driving you out of business, we will buy your paper and change its policy."

"Never!" cried Editor Bristow. "Why, I'd die of ennu if I got out of the business."

"Well, it won't be ennu that will kill you if you stay in," said Mr. Perkins.

The more Editor Bristow thought of the matter, the darker the future seemed to him.

"If you will abandon this project," he said, "you may have one signed editorial in my paper every day, and I will give it a prominent place on the editorial page."

"But we don't want a signed editorial," protested Mr. Perkins. "That would be little better than a letter to the editor; it would show on its face that it did not express the views of the paper, but only those of some individual. We want an editorial page of our own."

For several minutes Editor Bristow struggled with the situation in silence.

"I will sell you an editorial page of your own," he said at last. "I will sell you one entire page, on which you may say what you like."

"No," returned Mr. Perkins, "that would be merely a purchase of advertising space, and would help to make a Republican paper more profitable. Now, if we could only divide up the paper in some way—"

"By George! I'll do it," broke in Editor Bristow. "I'll sell you half of the paper, and you can run your half and I'll run mine. We'll share the expenses and divide the profits, and each can say what he likes in his half."

This astonishing proposal staggered Mr. Perkins, but he finally took the matter under advisement. At first it seemed impracticable, but further conferences in which other interested parties took part gradually disposed of all the difficulties. Each was to have one page under his absolute control, and aside from that the paper was to be run jointly, all political news that was not reserved for a have, impartial statement of fact. The name, of course, was to be changed.

At one time it was thought the problem might be solved by the use of a bracket, like this:

The Morning Republican  
Democrat.

But neither would consent to have his name beneath the other, each claiming that his party ought always to be on top. Then it was that some one humorously suggested that the paper should be called the "Daily

**Alaska Flyers**

...Operated by the...

**Alaska Steamship Company**

Dolphin and Humboldt Leave Skagway Every Five Days.

FRANK E. BURNS, Supt. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent  
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**\$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 homes or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903.

AMUSEMENTS.  
Auditorium—"A Black Sheep."

To read the Sun's constant and glowing eulogies of the proprietor of the News-one would scarcely imagine that the latter gentleman was responsible for the determined, though unsuccessful, effort to defeat the Hon. James Hamilton Ross as member of parliament. However, when a man puts up he is certainly entitled to something.

**Nugget Nero.**

Everybody knows old Nero. Our dear old faithful friend. Twice a week he brings the Nugget. And on him we can depend. So we call him Nugget Nero. (How appropriate the name). And perchance we miss our paper. We're sure old Nero's not to blame.

Four long years Nugget Nero's. Packed the Nugget up the creeks. And no matter about the weather. Faithful fellow never kicks. On Eldorado and Bonanza. Nero's friends are not a few. And they always greet him kindly. On the day the Nugget's due.

Remember, dear old Nero, "Every doggie has his day, And for your faithful services You surely must have pay. The days of musing will be over. Into your kennel you can creep, And to those who come to call you Sing, "Go 'way and let me sleep."

Could we find an artist, Nero, Who might sketch you as you are, And do justice to our hero. We would sound his praises far. For we love our Nugget Nero, And a picture we would like. Of the dog who brought our paper In the far away Klondike.

—Bonanza Subscriber.

**WHITEHORSE NEWS.**

During the month of January public school was open for 20 days. In Miss Middlemiss' room the enrollment was 28 and the average attendance 23.10. In Principal Fisher's room 24 pupils were on the roll. The average attendance being 21.70.

Messrs. Otto Partridge and Ludwig Swanson of the Mill Haven Lumber Company, who have a saw-mill on the west arm of Lake Bennett, arrived in town on Thursday evening.

Mr. Sam Kirk, the well known Dawson druggist, was in town Sunday, having come north on the Amur. He wore his customary genial smile. While outside Mr. Kirk visited New York, San Francisco, Vancouver and other points.

A curling rink has been built by the N.W.M.P. curling club to the west of the skating rink. On Saturday last the season was formally opened. Major Snyder, who, by the way, is an enthusiastic curler, expects to have the game in full swing in a few days.

The White Pass & Yukon Railway has issued a very pretty calendar for the ensuing year. It consists of 12 tablets, one for each month, at the top of which are Yukon views which were supplied by our Whitehorse photographers, Messrs. Hamacher & Doody. The calendar, as a whole, is very artistic.

On Jan. 21st a gentleman from Caribou Crossing, named Edwin Erway arrived in Whitehorse, having been sent here by Sergt. Hilling who is in charge of the police station in that town. Mr. Erway was troubled with mental hallucination. The unfortunate gentleman was brought before Magistrate Taylor and was sent to the police guard room to await instructions from the acting commissioner. The great decrease in the population and the attempt to find the reason of the migration must have been the cause of the unbalanced mind.—Whitehorse Star, Jan. 31.

See the opera "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

Twins," and this was finally accepted as a compromise.

The dual publication began life auspiciously. The very novelty of the plan commended it, and the paper took high rank as a curiosity. Both its circulation and its advertising patronage increased. True, Editor Bristow, who was a large man, became known as "the big twin," and Editor Perkins, who was a small man, was referred to as "the little twin," but they treated this attempt at humor with the scorn it deserved.

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"We might," admitted Editor Perkins.

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"There'll be the devil to pay if I fail in this," urged Editor Bristow. "This was the devil to pay when I failed in the other," answered Perkins.

So the street was not repaired, and the editors of the "Daily Twins" continued to ignore each other personally

and thwart each other in every other way.

Meanwhile, Editor Bristow was having his own troubles with the state administration. He had decided that a good berth at the capitol would give him a much-needed rest and relief, but his application was returned with a few editorial extracts from the Perkins page pinned to it. They didn't understand the situation at the capitol, and everything that appeared was duly credited to him.

"You're the editor, aren't you?" said the governor, when Bristow went to see him, having "made up" his page for a day or so ahead.

"Yes," admitted Editor Bristow, for he found himself in a tight place. If he was not the editor, he had no claim on the state administration.

"Well, you ought to be ashamed to ask any favors from me after your paper has called me a lump of arrogance and a narrow minded egotist and has condemned every one of our party measures," asserted the governor. "You don't know your own mind, you say diametrically opposite things in a single issue. I've heard of men who tried to face two ways at once, but you beat them all. I have seen only two copies of your paper recently, but it's the most amazing sheet that ever came under my eye."

Editor Bristow tried to explain but the governor only smiled at the absurdity of his tale and intimated that he was not an overcredulous mortal. Then Editor Bristow returned home, but out his editorial page and sent it to the governor to show that he was a faithful and aggressive party man.

The governor's private secretary sent it back with extracts from the Perkins page pinned to it, and added the statement that "the governor desires me to say that he thinks more highly of an aggressive opponent than he does of a political trimmer."

Editor Bristow thereupon appealed to some of the Republican legislators to straighten the matter out, but they told him they could do nothing. In desperation Editor Bristow produced his contract with Editor Perkins, and succeeded finally in convincing the legislator that he was an unfortunate and a much-understood man. Do you suppose," he asked, "it would do any good to show the governor this contract?"

"Not a bit," answered the legislator. "I happen to know that the governor was prepared to do the right thing by you as a Republican editor, but as an editor who doesn't control his own paper you are worse than nobody. Even the contract looks fishy."

Editor Bristow was discouraged, and Editor Perkins was discouraged. The one was at odds with the governor, and the other with the mayor, and the only satisfaction in life for either was in making the other's position more unbearable. Each had offered to buy the other out, but both wanted the paper, for both realized that a new publication would have a hard time getting started, even if it did finally succeed in forcing the other from the field. But Editor Bristow was weakening. Perkins had the backing of men with money and Bristow had not.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Editor Bristow at last. "If you will give me absolute control for one week I'll sell to you at the expiration of that time."

"Well, I guess not," replied Editor Perkins. "You'd ruin the paper in a week and I'd have to buy the wreck."

"Then let me have it for three days," urged Editor Bristow.

"It would take me three months to repair the damage you'd do," retorted Editor Perkins. "Now, if you'd give me one week, I might think of it, I could even go on the following day for anything you might say, and no serious harm would be done."

"I'll think it over," said Editor Bristow, and as a result of his thoughts he wrote to his legislative friend. In reply he received word that the governor had been disposed to give him the appointment. "When you can produce a paper that shows you have regained your senses," the letter concluded, "I have the governor's assurance that your commission will be signed. He must have this evidence that your heart is right."

"Perkins," said Editor Bristow, after he had read the letter, "I'll give you the paper one day, and then I'll sell to you."

"Agreed," cried Editor Perkins, "but just remember that, for whatever you say in that issue, I shall come back at you the next day and the next and the next, for all time."

That one issue is still talked of in West-ly. It was warm-in fact, sultry. Editor Bristow extorted the

mayor and the council, and paid respects to Editor Perkins. It was practically all politics, and no Democrat escaped. The only break in the vitriolic review of the administration of Democracy was where a few of the state administration and the efficacy of the governor's pet measures before the legislature. But this was a mere side-issue when compared with the assaults upon everything Democratic in the city, county, state and nation. Editor Perkins glanced at his paper and then went to his breakfast in his hurry to get to the office. At that, he found himself before him. They wanted to see Editor Bristow, and they wanted to see him the worst kind of way. Editor Bristow was not there. In fact, he was not in the city. He had put the first paper from the press in his pocket and started for the capitol.

The "Daily Twins" ceased to exist with that issue, for the paper that appeared the next morning was the Western "Morning Democrat."

It had various uncomplimentary things to say about the former editor, but all that had been written did not appear. After a certain American Press despatch had been received Editor Perkins had signed and then he wearily inquired, "What's the use?" and the audience had replied emphatically, "No use." The despatch in question related to gubernatorial appointments and the first one was "Jonas Bristow, Railroad Commissioner."

—ELLIOTT FLOWERS

**CALGARY IRRIGATION**

Two million five hundred acres of land, lying between Calgary and Medicine Hat, will be made available for the extensive irrigation works of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has just decided to carry out. The land will be all in one block of water for irrigating will be supplied by the Bow river, the canal tapping that stream at a point near Calgary. This canal will be of considerable dimensions in order to convey sufficient water to such an extensive tract. Besides irrigating the arable land, large areas of hay and grazing land that can only be utilized by the extensive resources of the territory. The estimated cost of the irrigation works, projected in the neighborhood of three dollars per acre, or a total of \$7,500,000. It is thought that the minimum price for the reclaimed land when placed on the market will be ten dollars per acre. Considering the extra production of irrigated land, especially in a region possessing such a great amount as Southern Alberta does, this is regarded as a low figure.

The company has secured the services of Mr. J. S. Deans, who some years has held the position of deputy superintendent of irrigation works in the territorial government, and he will have complete charge of this very important work. Mr. Deans has made an exhaustive study of the irrigation question, and is more competent to take the supervision of the project than any preliminary survey of the main canals and laterals, has already been made, and the detailed surveys will be commenced early in the spring and completed as quickly as possible. The irrigation work will begin at the river and the land will be put on the market as fast as water can be supplied.

This irrigation scheme is not a recent development, but has been under consideration of the company for several years. The present project is a result of the company's decision to go ahead with it. The importance of the undertaking to Calgary and the province has not been lost sight of. Mr. Deans and Mr. Deans have returned to the city from their project above mentioned.

**Burlington Route**

No matter to what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read

Via the Burlington.

PUGET SOUND AGENT  
M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN

**FOR SALE Cheap for Cash**

Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine

Apply - - - NUGGET OFFICE

**The Great Northern "FLYER"**

LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

**The Northwestern Line**

Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

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F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wn.

**Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.**

Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.

FOR

**Copper River and Cook's Inlet**

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL POINTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails From Juneau on First of Each Month

OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Yeater Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street

**Fashion Sheets and Standard Patterns FOR FEBRUARY.**

SEAMS ALLOWED FOR. BEST FITTING. STYLISH. POPULAR PRICES.

**J. P. McLENNAN**  
233 FRONT ST Phone 101-B  
Agent for Standard Patterns.

**UNION LABEL**

AMUSEMENTS.  
Auditorium—"A Black Sheep."

WOULD BE OF ADVANTAGE TO BOTH.

As will be noted in our dispatches today, the recent order relative to coast shipping has been amended, in such a manner that it does not apply to traffic along the Pacific. This conclusion on the part of the government is based upon good hard common sense. Yukon interests would certainly suffer from the enforcement of such an order and there certainly could be no object to the government in bringing about such a result.

In this connection attention should be called to the recent action of the treasury department of the United States in creating Valdez and St. Michael sub-ports of entry for the accommodation of British bottoms. The same thing should have been done several years ago, but it serves, at any rate, to indicate that the day of petty bickering between Washington and Ottawa is approaching an end.

What this territory and Alaska should strive to attain is the adoption of a reciprocal agreement between the two countries whereby all customs duties should be remitted, for a term of years if not permanently.

The northern possessions of both countries need all the encouragement that can be given them and the tariff walls now reared around both are a distinct hardship and detriment.

The Yukon territory and Alaska both pay immense sums annually in duties, for which they receive no compensatory advantages. Neither this territory nor Alaska has any products which are protected by the existing tariff schedules, and consequently both suffer unjustly.

An arrangement such as has often been advocated by the Nugget would work immeasurably to the advantage of both districts.

THE POINT ESTABLISHED.  
"If Mr. Roediger ever guaranteed a salary to a Sun employee, put up a single check to cover a Sun deficit or has spent any share of his time—good share or bad share—examining the accounts of the Sun SINCE IT PASSED TO THE PRESENT OWNERS, or if he has ever had the Sun's books in his hands for one minute DURING THAT TIME, the Nugget has only to show such to be the case and the owners of the Sun will make the Nugget a present of the Sun and its business."—Sun.

The only feature of interest in the foregoing is the saving clause, "since it passed to its present owners." Who

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Another Rudy Kipl... You've You've And you've Every try But w We ain't And w We're just And We've I bet E can w But y But if y We w We'll From We will (That With a N And We will (U R And We will And We'll With a In a We've But still we And Now I I can But if y Why READ Now I clearly simply which all reasonable says life its mark people, and for a consistent For the doubt I man-a-d may do With the prove of made by down the "The forehead ily, they ind anxiety the wret horizon of the when the now the ed to when it "A A the eye matter justice wrinkles wrinkles- concerned let me shortly- written- lowered central things "The Bil Christo, a Golden low at piece 4- ing of is such an idea that it 5- called earth, lands 6- the P and w Christ we by 7- man- consen out it and s delin 8- God, let's the w 9- this il ling 10- had 11- shal whos 12-