

## The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12  
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
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### REVIVE THE LIEN ORDINANCE.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.  
The assay office question and the miners' lien law have both been left in a condition of innocuous desuetude—if we may be permitted to bring Grover Cleveland's famous expression to bear upon the situation. Both matters are of serious moment to the community in general, and neither has been satisfactorily adjusted. The latter is by far the most important of the two and it is essentially to be regretted that an ordinance which would equitably meet the requirements of the situation could not be agreed upon.

Brushing aside the technicalities and quibbles involved the fact must be given recognition that numerous instances have occurred in this territory where laborers have been wilfully and wrongfully deprived of their earnings. And further it must be admitted that such a condition never could have existed had the laborer been given that measure of protection at the hands of the law to which by common consent he is agreed to be entitled.

From present indications the lien law as originally presented before the council, has been consigned to perpetual oblivion. The prolonged discussion which preceded the drafting of the ordinance has come to nothing, and the situation remains identically as in the beginning.

The laborers relations to the employer are unchanged and the seeker for employment must take exactly the same chances of receiving his pay, that he did three years ago.

Until relief is given by the passage of an ordinance covering the necessities of the case the laborer should take care to satisfy himself when he engages to work for another, that his employer is able to compensate him. It ought not to be admitted that the work of passing such an ordinance is beyond the capacity of our local legislative body, but as a matter of fact the present status of the lien ordinance points to that conclusion.

The ordinance has been left over from time to time until it looks very much as though it is intended that it shall die a natural death.

We sincerely hope that such will not prove to be the case. We hope that when this ordinance is brought again before the council that it will be taken up with such careful consideration that a measure will be produced which will protect all interests concerned and stand all tests to which it may be subjected. If the present ordinance cannot be modified sufficiently to meet the requirements another one should be prepared to take its place, and it may be added that the more simple the terms of the ordinance are left, the better it will serve its purpose.

### COME IN AND CELEBRATE.

The Nugget takes this occasion to extend to its readers on the various creeks of the district a hearty invitation to come into Dawson and assist in celebrating Victoria day. It is nothing new for Dawson to undertake the preparation of a holiday program, and previous efforts along this line have been so eminently successful that this paper feels perfectly justified in assuring the miners of the district that a trip to Dawson on the occasion of the celebration in question will well repay them for the trouble involved.

A little time devoted to recreation and enjoyment is time well spent under any circumstances.

It is particularly appropriate this season of the year that a day be devoted to public amusement if for no other reason than to celebrate the fact that the long winter has finally come to an end and that warm weather so long and eagerly looked for has at last arrived.

This consideration coupled with the memories and associations attached to the 24th of May make it particularly appropriate that on that day the ordinary routine of life be laid aside and a general holiday be enjoyed.

The committees having the approaching celebration in charge have their work well under way and promise that the program of sports and other events will be fully up to the high standard established on previous occasions of a similar nature. In some respects the scale upon which the celebration will be conducted will surpass all previous

efforts which Dawson has attempted along similar lines.

The Nugget hopes to see every creek in the district largely represented at the celebration. Dawson is planning for a splendid time and hopes that the mining community generally will come into town for the occasion and join in the festivities.

### WHEN THE YUKON IS ANGRY.

The Yukon rose up last night in good old sour dough fashion. The fact that the ice has moved out smoothly and gently for two years past does not indicate that our noble stream is always in a meek and lowly humor.

There are powers of destruction lying dormant in the river, the possibilities of which may well cause a shudder. The rise of the water last night was merely a suggestion of what may occur at any moment during this season of the year. An inopportune jam might subject Dawson to a flood almost without warning. Such things have happened and there is nothing to show that similar events will not occur again.

When the Yukon becomes angry there is no staying its wrath. Its power is irresistible and no agency of human hands can withstand it. A hint of this was furnished last night—only a hint—but under the circumstances enough to satisfy most people.

Whoever has seen the Yukon when the rage of the stream was really aroused may well shudder and he who has not seen it under such circumstances, may be thankful.

When the Yukon is angry, poor, weak insignificant man may well stand aside and give way to the storm, for human power can no more contend against the power of the river than it can hasten or postpone the day of judgment.

### THE LAST GRAFT.

Every day's delay in arranging for the purchase of the toll bridge across the Klondike means just so much more money added to the ultimate cost of the structure.

The toll bridge is an eyesore, the disappearance of which will occasion general rejoicing. When that long looked for event takes place, it will be fitting that some Bulwer-Lytton arise in our midst and immortalize him through an historical treatise entitled, 'The Last of the Grafts.' The title itself is suggestive of material with which volumes might be filled and still leave the subject scarcely touched.

It is a time-honored saying that what is sauce for the goose is likewise sauce for the gander. It is also a proverbial utterance that the rain from heaven falls upon the just and unjust alike. In view of these facts it will readily be seen that no distinction should be made when it comes to a question of enforcing the dog ordinance. A dog is a dog and no matter what his race, color, or previous condition of servitude may have been one is equally as liable to be attacked by rabies as another. As long as mongrels are to be tagged, muzzled and tied up, the same kind of treatment should be extended to thoroughbreds and vice versa. In other words there will be no particular cause of complaint if the dog ordinance is rigidly enforced provided it is enforced with strict impartiality.

There will be lively rivalry among steamboat captains as to who will have the honor of landing the first boat in Dawson from up the river. For the past two years that distinction has been won by the little steamer Flora. The Flora has several rivals this spring which have promised to make things decidedly interesting for the first named boat before she succeeds in tying up at her Dawson landing. It will be surprising if something interesting in the way of steamboat racing does not occur. Yukon river skippers have been known to take more or less chances in their day, and most of them would probably be willing to strain a point or two if by so doing the coveted honor of landing the first boat in Dawson after the opening of navigation might be won.

Nothing has been heard of Carrie Nation for some time. Carrie must have retired from the smashing business or else she has been smashed out of business herself. In either event, the main point to be considered is the fact that Carrie has been suppressed. Poor Carrie! her surplus muscular

energy expended in prospecting a Klondike placer claim might have won her a fortune.

Dawson is not exactly enjoying a building boom, but new structures are being erected and old ones improved on a very satisfactory scale. The growth of the town hereafter will be of a steady nature and based upon real substantial values. The boom period has gone by and Dawson is all the better for reason of that fact.

Notices have been published that fast riding or driving over bridges will be followed by prosecution. Owners of speedy horse flesh will do well to bear this fact in mind.

The lien ordinance is not dead—it is only sleeping. The question is who will rouse it from its slumbers.

A little snow fell this morning just to remind us that it is not always summer in the Klondike.

### Pathetic, Yet Ludicrous.

"I witnessed something the other day that made me feel bad, and at the same time there was a laughable phase to the affair," remarked a Denver resident.

"Out of doors from where I live a deaf and dumb couple have been living for several years, and seem to get along with their neighbors better than any of us. The husband has good employment and the wife is a frugal and prudent woman; so, taking everything into consideration, they have gotten quite a nice little home for themselves and some money ahead. But they have one thing that is not a credit to them, and that thing is in the shape of a great big, overgrown boy, that is one of the meanest evidences of humanity on earth. Some day, if he is not checked, the hangman will get him, but that has nothing to do with the story.

I was passing by the house yesterday morning, and I noticed that the old man was angry at the boy. Now, the latter can talk and hear as well as any body, and rather seems to enjoy getting a crowd of boys together and then cursing the old man, just so the other boys will laugh. This time, however, the old man was mad, and did not propose to allow his wayward boy to have his own way. Just as I was passing he motioned me to stop, and then, pulling his hand from behind him, brought to light what shone out in grand style as a newly purchased rawhide. Then I knew there was going to be some fun, and I walked inside the yard. Well, sir, he just grabbed that boy, nearly as large as he was, jerked him into a half upright position, and then began laying on the leather. The boy began to swear and use language that would shock any neighborhood, but, of course, the father did not hear a word of it.

"The father quit a second and then, coming over to where I was standing, took out his pencil and paper, and asked me in a line or two to tell him what the son said. I wrote out the brutal swear words just as I heard them. He read the words as I wrote them down, and then, fairly shaking with rage, returned to the boy and began anew the work. It was fully ten minutes before that boy was conquered, but when he did give in he was the most penitent fellow you ever saw. Before the old man had finished half of the neighborhood was present, and congratulated him on taking the boy in hand. Here is what he wrote on a slip of paper when they suggested thanks to him:

"I know he is a bad boy, but the Lord has made me without hearing, so I cannot know these things like you can. I got a letter from a neighbor woman this morning saying that he said bad words about his mother. That is what I punished him for. Please tell me when you hear him say bad words, and help me make a man of him."—Denver Times.

### CHECHAKO'S LAMENT

Bad luck to the day I heard of Nome. Quit a good job and left my old home. A grub stake I took and borrowed some cash. Took lessons in panning and drinking sour-mash. Bought a mining machine and gold-saving device. Paid for the same and freight at high prices. Studied the map and selected locations. I'd set up my plant and amongst the nations. Bought claims on the tundra by thousands of acres. And beach claims from Seattle fakirs. Bid good-bye to my father with a smile. Assured my best girl I'd return with a "pile." The "Blind Goddess" I wagered, has made me her pet. I'd won out big if I'd coppered the bet. When we landed in Nome—a lot of galoots—The fall of my feelings knocked the soles from my boots. My feet are now cold and I want to go home. To hell with gold, and to hell with Nome.

The grandstand for the Victoria day celebration will be erected in front of the W. P. & Y. docks and will have a seating capacity of 2000. The races and other sports will be held immediately in front of the grand stand on First avenue between Second and Third streets.

Mr. A. R. Biddle has returned to Dawson after a three months' prospecting trip to Quartz creek.

\* R. Butler, of 34 above Bonanza, is in town today.

## BONNETS MARKED DOWN

### And Three of Every Four Women Stopped to Look.

### Men Wagered Money on Whether They Would Stop or Not—Dolly Was Only a Woman After All.

Scene—The bay window of the club, commanding a view of the street. Directly opposite are the windows of a fashionable milliner's, gorgeous with a display of Easter bonnets.

Characters—Tom, Dick, Harry, afterward Jack, and Dolly Street engaged to Jack.

It is 3 o'clock on a warm afternoon about ten days before Easter. The grand parade is at its thickest.

Tom (reflectively looking out of the window toward the milliner's display) I wonder how many girls stop to look in at that window.

Dick—I guess one in seven is a good average.

Harry—One in three, you mean. Notice the sign, 'Easter Bonnets Marked Down.' Why, either one of those signs would be dangerous. Together they're fatal. Let's watch and count.

Tom (with sudden animation)—No. I'll tell you what. We'll get up a game with it. I'll pick out a girl coming down the street, and you and Harry bet on whether she stops and looks in at that window or not. I'll be for a dollar. You both put up your stakes, understand, Harry, he'll be the bull. He'll bet that she stops. Dick will be the bear. He'll bet she doesn't.

Dick—And how if she goes in—goes into the store?

Tom—Well, I'll just bet a dollar as to whether she goes in or not, and if she does I win double. It's a one to two shot.

Dick—Great idea!! Here, Tom, here comes a girl. See—just crossing the street. Do we bet on her?

Tom—No, no. There's an art in this thing you fellows don't seem to appreciate. She wouldn't do. She's been shopping all the morning and spent her last quarter for lunch at the department store. She wouldn't dare look in. Besides, she's from the country, I'm sure. Look at her net bag.

Harry—Tom, you're right. She went by with her head turned away. Wouldn't trust herself to look. How about this one that's coming—the one in the brown tailor suit?

Tom—Yes, we bet on her. (Harry and Tom each lay a dollar on the table.)

Harry—Oh, she's bound to stop. Watch now. She can't go by that row of bonnets. There, she's right in front of now—yes, no—she's hesitating—she's got her eye right on that blue affair—no—yes—hooray, she stopped. The dollar's mine. Say, it is a great game. (The girl abruptly enters the store.)

Tom (pocketing the \$2)—Isn't it? Hurry up. Put up your money. Here comes another one. We bet on her. The one in gray, with the bull pup (assuming the tone and manner of a wheel of fortune winner). Put up your money, gents. Pick 'em out, pick 'em out. Here she goes, and there she goes, and if she stops or not nobody knows. (Dick and Harry make their bets. The girl passes by in a hurry, merely glancing at the bonnets.)

Tom (in a professional chant)—Dick wins.

Dick—Great game—great.

Tom—Gents, make your bets. This one coming. The one in the hunting green dress. Come on, come on, come and gamble on the green. And still the little ball goes round. (The girl in green enters the store hurriedly without as much as glancing at the bonnets.)

Tom (gathering in the money)—Bank wins.

Harry (with an aggrieved shout)—She was the saleslady in that store. I've seen her there. Fake, fake! Skin game! Blow out the gas! Yah!

Dick—Kill the umpire! (Enter Jack at the back of the room.)

Harry—Hello, here's Jack! Shall we ask him to join our merry throng?

Tom—He's going to be married next week to Dolly Street. He wouldn't take an interest in such trivialities.

Harry—Well, if he's going to be married next week the sooner he learns about Easter bonnets and ways of women the better for him. Hey, Jack, come over here and get into the game.

Jack (coming up)—Hello, you fellows, what's up? (Tom explains at length.)

Jack—Capital idea; capital!

Tom—Steady all. Here's another, and a stunner too. Black cashmere, white gloves and a dot of blue plush in the hat. See her?

Jack—The one with the heavy veil? Tom—Yes, that one.

Harry—Isn't she a stunner?

Jack—Walks like a girl I know.

Dick—She won't look at those bonnets. She's the kind that sends her maid down to have a lot sent up on approval.

Harry—Doesn't make any difference.

Why, look at that blue affair right in the front row and marked down. She's only a woman after all. Look, look! If she hesitates—

Jack—She's lost, and she is hesitating. Tom—She's stopped. Harry wins. No, no—wait a moment. She acts as though she was going in. She's going to price the blue affair. I know it.

(The girl studies the array of Easter bonnets a moment, starts off, returns and finally enters the store with an undecided air.)

Tom (gathering up the money) Bank wins.

Dick (disgusted)—You wouldn't have thought it of her. Wimmen folk air powerful on sartin, and I'll bet she was a pretty girl, too.

Harry—She's over in the store now. Look, you can see her through the window. The saleslady is getting that blue bonnet out for her. By Jove, she's looking right over here.

Jack—Who—the saleslady?

Harry—No, you goat, the girl. The stunner, and—why—well, of all—Boys, she's bowing over here.

Dick—To us?

Tom—No, to me.

Jack—It's to me, of course.

Harry—Oh, you're both wrong. She's bowing right at me. Can't I see?

Tom—Betcha \$10 she's not.

Jack—Take you.

Dick—How you going to prove it?

Tom—Well, I'll bow and wave my hand at her, and then Jack, he'll bow and wave his hand at her, and the one that she answers will be the one that wins.

Jack—All right. There's my tenner. Tom, you try first. (Tom bows and waves in the most ingratiating manner, but the girl puts her chin in the air and turns away coldly.)

Tom (doletfully)—Crushed, crushed. Well, Jack. (Jack bows and waves in his turn, and he's rewarded with a pleasant little nod.)

Jack (swelling proudly and pocketing the money)—What did I tell you? I'll bet she's pretty, Harry. She's going to try on that blue bonnet, and she'll have to take off her veil to do that. We'll soon see it she's pretty or not.

Tom (bitterly)—I'll betcha \$5 she's not.

Jack (defiantly)—Betcha \$10 she is.

Tom—Take you.

Dick—Watch now. She's taking off her veil. There! Is she pretty or not?

Jack—Why? It's Dolly!

All—Miss Street!

(A moment of embarrassed silence.)

Harry (to Jack)—I say old man this is no end beastly. I—we, by Jove, Jack, we've acted like a lot of bloody little cads. Of course, if we'd known—guessed for an instant it was your fiancée—Miss Street, I mean—I—that is—hang it, Jack, I feel like a stable boy!

Dick—Harry speaks for all of us, Jack.

Jack (easily)—Pshaw! That's all right. No wonder Dolly bowed to me. She recognized me all right, but I didn't know her under that veil, and I've never seen that dress before. I thought her walk was familiar, though. Guess I'll run over and talk to her a bit. Goodbye, you fellows.

(Tom, Dick and Harry exchange cruel glances.)

Tom—And now the question is, did she recognize Jack?

Dick—Would Dolly Street flirt with a man and she engaged to Jack?

Tom—Would Jack flirt with a girl and he engaged to Dolly?

Dick—Well, wimmen folk air on sartin.

(In front of the milliner's store a few moments later. Dolly, coming out, meets Jack.)

Dolly (surprised)—Why, you dear old Jack! Where did you come from? I haven't seen you in an age!—Boston Globe.

### Shot by Burglars.

Pittsburg, April 12.—Thos. H. Kahney, a grocer at 13 Albert street, Mount Washington, about 3 o'clock this morning was shot and killed by burglars looting his house. Kahney met death while trying to rescue his wife from the robbers.

Three men had entered his house, and were trying to force a gag in Mrs. Kahney's mouth to prevent her from giving an alarm. Several shots were fired at Kahney with fatal effect. After the shooting the burglars fled from the house, and have not yet been captured.

### Everybody Laughed.

A packed house greeted 'My Friend From India' at the Standard last night, the most ridiculously laughable entertainment ever presented in Dawson. Each member of the strong cast was thorough in his or her respective part and everyone present felt amply rewarded for coming. Next week the comedy-drama 'Esmeralda' will be the attraction at this popular place of amusement.

### Discouraging Weather.

Those who expect to win money at horse racing on the street Victoria day will do well to make frequent prayers for sunshine these days for unless there is considerable of it in the coming week the track, in jockey parlance, will be 'heavy and slow.' In fact, canoe racing is about the only sport that will not be more or less interfered with in case the streets are not in much better condition than at present.

## THE BOLD DEFEY IS HURLED

### Townsend & Rose Team Accept Challenge From the Forks.

### Are Willing to Play for More Than \$500: Forks Men Think Language Is Unsportsmanlike.

From Friday's Daily.  
Baseball will be played in Dawson this summer and played for blood or at least for a good round stake if present indications count for anything.

An athletic association has been organized at the Forks and a ball team formed, which team as was recently published in this paper issued a challenge to the Townsend & Rose team of Dawson.

In reply to that challenge the following answer was made:

May 13, 1901.  
Mr. Diebold, Man. G. F. R. B. Club:  
Dear Sir—In reference to your challenge of May 6th, I hereby accept the same; date to be agreed on later so it will not inconvenience you any. The amount you wish to play for is a little small, but if that is all you can raise we will consent to play for it. Yours in behalf of the Townsend & Rose B. Club.

NAT DARLING, Savoy Theater.

The Grand Forks association will accept the challenge and a match game will probably be arranged at an early date. The knights of the diamond who will defend the reputation of the Forks are somewhat incensed over what they term the unsportsmanlike language of the local team's challenge. In this connection they have written a letter to the Nugget which is published herewith.

May 15th, 1901.  
Editor Klondike Nugget:

Dear Sir—Will you publish the following lines in your valuable paper. We have received an answer to our challenge for a ball game which we have enclosed. We would like you to form an opinion of it; we do not consider it a sportsmanlike answer.

We mentioned \$500 a side because it would take that to pay our expenses, but if the Townsend & Rose team desire to raise it I think we will be able to cover all they put up.

F. DIEBOLD, Man.

CHAS. ENNINGS, Sec.

F. FOWLES, Capt. G. F. R. B. C.

The Forks men say they are in earnest about the matter and that they are prepared to take care of any proposition which may come up to them from Dawson.

A meeting of the whole Forks association is called at the Dewey hotel tonight and final arrangements for the organization of the baseball, football and cricket teams will be made. An invitation is extended to all who are interested in outdoor sports to attend the meeting tonight.

### Objects to Word 'Dynamited.'

Editor Nugget:

In a morning paper of this date I find the following:

"The miners will form a union notwithstanding the objections of the official official organ, and everyone will wait in more or less breathless anxiety to see whether that sheet will discontinue publication and leave the country for fear of being dynamited by the ferocious union miner."

The above may have been written in jest and it may not; but I as a miner and an active participant in the work of striving to bring about the organization of a miners' union most seriously object to the words "dynamite," "dynamiter," and "dynamited" being used in any way when our proposed union is spoken of. The too free use of these words has been the curse of unions for years past, conveying the false impression that the members of unions are a lawless combination whose chief aim is to antagonize law and order when their objects are just the reverse. The proposed miners union of the Klondike is not to take law in its own hands, but for the purpose of making organized and intelligent effort to secure better and more equitable laws, laws which will protect the honest-handed son of toil in his rights, insuring him redress for grievances and remuneration for services performed.

The union will not start out with a chip on its shoulder and the pockets of its members filled with dynamite, and any miners who may for one instant entertain the idea that the organization will be perfected for the purpose of bluffing and bulldozing and of accomplishing its purposes through threats and the mysterious passing of warning notices will do well to rid themselves of such delusions as none such are wanted in the union. If we can not organize as law-abiding citizens we will be injured rather than benefited by such organization, and I believe but voice the sentiment of every intelligent miner in the district when I say that we desire that no more reference be made to dynamite in connection with the organization of our proposed union.

Wm. Selby of 'Last Chance' is a guest at the McDonald hotel.