

## The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 15  
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.  
GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

From Saturday and Monday's Daily.  
THE MATTER OF SUFFRAGE.

It is always safe to give a voice in the administration of affairs to those who are called upon to foot the bills.

In the above statement is concentrated the strongest argument that can be advanced on behalf of the view taken by many leading citizens of Dawson and supported by this paper, that aliens possessing requisite property qualifications should be permitted to participate as voters in the approaching municipal election.

It was stated at the meeting held a few evenings ago that almost seventy per cent of those whose names are on the local tax lists are aliens. We believe it to be no misstatement of fact to say that a similar condition cannot be found in any other community either in Canada or the United States. It is clear, therefore, that a peculiar situation exists which requires the application of specially liberal legislation. In the future of this community as an important commercial and industrial center every taxpayer has a deep interest. Dawson possesses a body of energetic, enterprising business men who are always ready and willing to place their shoulders to the wheel, and go into their pockets when necessary for the advancement of the interests of the town. It happens by chance that a large proportion of these men are citizens of a foreign country although they are as closely identified and as greatly concerned in the welfare of the community as any one else.

Within a very short time it may be expected that Dawson will be transformed into a self-governing municipality, and there seems nothing unreasonable in the desire which has manifested itself among alien taxpayers that the privilege be accorded them of assisting in the selection of the men who will hold the reins of local government.

The same plan has been pursued elsewhere in Canada, with most satisfactory results, and equity would suggest that the same procedure be followed in Dawson.

The officers in whose hands the administration of the affairs of the town will be placed, will have the expenditure of a sum of money approximating \$150,000 annually and that sum will increase from year to year. If the citizenship qualification is adhered to seventy per cent of those who contribute the money will have no part in the selection of officers. It does not follow, necessarily, that undesirable men will be chosen, but it will result in a distinctively inequitable situation.

This view of the matter was taken by the meeting of Canadian citizens which occurred in the rooms of the Board of Trade on Thursday evening and that opinion appears to have the endorsement of British subjects generally.

It is to be hoped that the Yukon council in framing the incorporation ordinance will concur in the same idea. In so doing the council would perform an act which would forever bind the entire community in one harmonious body, working together for the growth and progress of our thriving little city.

## PRECEDENTS.

In the Nugget of Saturday the statement appeared to the effect that precedents have already been established in Canada by virtue of which aliens possessing certain property qualifications are permitted to participate as voters in municipal elections.

In this connection it is pertinent to cite the law bearing upon the case, in effect in the Northwest territories.

In the municipal ordinance of the N. W. territories, chapter 70, section 18, under the sub-head Qualifications of Voters, the following occurs:

"The persons qualified to vote shall be the men, unmarried women and widows over twenty-one years of age who are assessed upon the last revised assessment roll of the municipality for income or personal property for \$200 or upwards, or who are named upon the said assessment roll as either occupants or owners of real property held in their own right or (in the case of married men) held by their wives for \$200 or upwards, and whose names appear in the voters list founded upon such roll."

It will be seen that the right is given to property holders irrespective of nationality by the above quoted municipal ordinance, and that right is not destroyed by the oath taken at time of voting. The following is the

oath, which at the request of any candidate or his agent may be required to be given at time of voting: Section 29.—"I do solemnly swear that you are the person named or purporting to be named by the name of \_\_\_\_\_ on the voters' list now shown to you; that you have not before voted at this election, and that you have not received or been promised any consideration whatsoever for voting at this election, and that you have paid all taxes in arrears due by you to the municipality of \_\_\_\_\_ that you are of the full age of twenty-one years; (if a woman) that you are unmarried or a widow."

It will readily be seen from the foregoing that there is excellent precedent for the Yukon council to follow in the matter. It has been suggested that the property qualification be increased from the sum of \$200 as required in the above quoted ordinance to \$1,000, and in this suggestion the Nugget heartily concurs. The principal argument on behalf of permitting aliens to vote lies in the fact that they are called upon to pay the larger share of the taxes and consequently they have a pecuniary interest at stake which should entitle them to no little consideration. We believe, however, that the property qualification should be made comparatively high, and the sum suggested does not appear to us to be in any manner unreasonable.

## MORE EFFRONTERY.

As might have been anticipated, the White Pass railroad company does not intend complying with the demands of the government without a struggle. The octopus has been so long accustomed to playing at the game of bluff that it is unable to understand the fact that the government is actually in earnest. It is now proposed by the railroad to make the concessions demanded provided the government will guarantee that no charter will be granted to a competing line. This offer is to be made under the threat of raising the rates from Skagway to the summit sufficiently to make up for any reductions made on this side—if it is not accepted.

A more astounding exhibition of corporate effrontery can scarcely be imagined. Not satisfied with having enjoyed two years of uninterrupted monopoly, the White Pass Company is determined to perpetuate its hold upon this territory, and for the accomplishment of that purpose it is quite evident the railroad company will not hesitate to make use of any means within its power.

Should its threat to raise the rate from Skagway to the Summit sufficiently to offset the reductions which the government of Canada will require, be carried into effect, a direct appeal must be made to the United States government to interfere.

It is not to be expected that any material assistance will be given from Skagway in enlisting the aid of the American government, as that town is essentially under the control of the railroad company, and moreover, its interests will not be affected no matter at what figure the rates are established.

It may rest, therefore, upon this community to continue at Washington city the fight which has been attended with such splendid results at Ottawa.

In the furtherance of this work, the Nugget will be found contributing to the very utmost of its ability. The railroad company must be taught to have a decent regard for the rights of the people who enable it to pay dividends, and it is the purpose of this paper to do everything within its power to accomplish the desired end.

A great deal of space is devoted by the Nugget today to an account of St. Andrew's hall. The glories of the great event are sufficiently described in our local columns and require no recapitulation here. It is sufficient to say that the St. Andrew's Society has again covered itself and its individual members with honors—honors which could not rest upon more worthy shoulders.

The great conspiracy which was to end in the formation of a Klondike republic has become a "closed incident." If any misguided enthusiasts were sufficiently gullible to contribute money for the furtherance of the scheme it is to be devoutly hoped that they lost every penny. Experience is the only teacher that is able to impart any instruction to such people.

The day of extortionate prices has passed from Dawson forever. Competition has already brought nearly

all commodities down to a reasonable basis, and the reduction in freight rates which will go into effect before navigation opens again will accomplish the rest. The era of great things for Dawson and Yukon has just begun.

The various departments of the territorial and federal government are now snugly housed in their new quarters. The new administration building is a distinct credit to Dawson, and a standing monument to the faith which the government has in the future of the district.

## Mechanical Bookkeepers.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 24.—The bookkeeper is on the totem pole slide. The advance in labor-saving machinery has finally reached his sphere and warned him that he must seek other occupation. The latest piece of mechanism to invade Chicago consists of three machines which dispense with bookkeepers in large establishments and perform their labor through the medium of an operator and a typewriter. One of the machines, called the "Fisher" in an ordinary establishment does away with the labor of two men; another dispenses with the labor of eight men.

The first machine, under the direction of an ordinary typewriter, makes out a bill, copies the invoice permanently in a book, and makes a permanent sales sheet copy. The work is all done in typewriting and machine makes a sales copy, an original invoice and duplicate of the same, an acknowledgment of the order, a file copy, an original, a duplicate and a triplicate bill of lading, a platform order, a factory shipping order, a bag-room order, a factory shipping order and a car card. Still a third machine, of which Marshall Field has taken thirty, makes one bill a month, adding the items day by day, recording the date and salesman's number by a lock arrangement which makes it impossible for the operator to enter a series of items without dating the same and entering the salesman's number, enters all credits at one time.

A Tennessee bank cashier is responsible for the invention of these machines. His name is Fisher, and he lives at Athens. Some years ago, looking through a post office window, he noted a clerk canceling stamps with a hand stamp. He wondered why the same work could not be done by machinery. From that point his thoughts wandered on to the wonder why his own books could not be kept by machinery. He tried to make a bookkeeping machine. A year ago he produced the three machines, which are now supplanting bookkeepers in large establishments.

The machines were at first introduced into country offices in the South alone. Later a company with \$1,000,000 capital was formed in Cleveland, and now the large cities have been invaded. When it is stated that the three machines combined save the labor of twelve persons, that one of them alone saves the labor of eight people, and that another, now in service in Bullard & Gormley's saves the labor of two people, the effect of the machines on certain economic conditions can well be imagined.

The machines are rather simple in appearance. They are not made upon a set plan. The agents of the inventor call upon a mercantile establishment, ascertain what his bookkeeping requirements are, and then manufacture a machine to meet these conditions. A machine that will suit one establishment will not do for another.

The apparatus is a typewriter, with a basket upside down, set over a flat plate of sheet steel, which is covered with vulcanized rubber. Books, papers or anything to be written upon are easily placed upon this plate, properly clamped, and no matter what their thickness, easily adjusted to the work of the typewriter. One operator is required for the machine. She strikes the keys with the lightest kind of a touch—a piano touch, and the work of two people is done by the machine. Despite the lightness of the work they will make thirty-two manifold copies at one time or will mark five library cards at one time.

Carbon and papers are so cleverly cut and arranged that the machine performs its work on each sheet beneath, just as the operator directs. For instance, the thirteen entries which one of the machines will make, described above, are all made at one time and with but one placing of the papers to be written upon.

If there was a bookkeepers' union there is no question but what the introduction of these machines would be met with a storm of protest and resistance. As it is, they have appeared quietly, but are being taken rapidly by establishments working for economy of labor. The fact that they will handle books just as the individual formerly did is a great card in their favor. The first cost of the machine is about the same as a billiard typewriter, \$160. It is estimated that it will save 50 per cent labor now expended in accounting departments.

## Literary Society.

The literary society which was recently organized will meet Thursday evening next in the lecture room of the M. E. church.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

## OLD RECOLLECTIONS REVIVED

By the Death of Richard Liddle at Cincinnati.

Was One of the Most Daring Members of Jesse James Gang—For Love He Reformed.

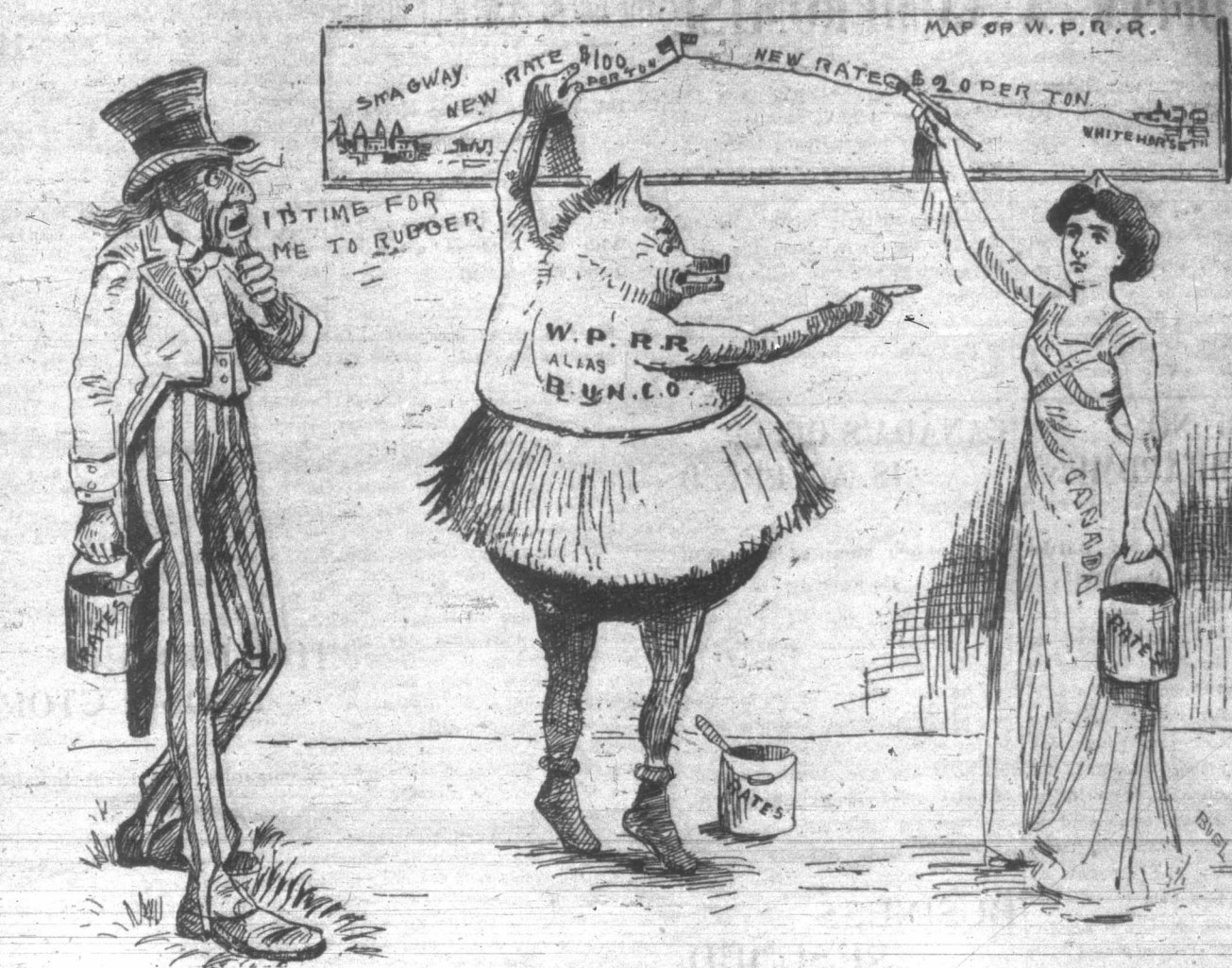
The death of Richard Liddle, which occurred at Cincinnati, a few days ago, following so close after the liberation of Cole and James Younger from the Minnesota state prison, recalls most vividly those distressful days when the James and Younger gang gathered tribute from express trains and bank vaults, sometimes varying their labors by looting the cash box of a country store, or that of the Kansas City Fair association. Liddle did not become a member of the band until after the Northfield raid. Once admitted, he became a very useful man. He was with Jesse James at Winston, and participated in the Blue cut affair, near Independence. Afterward, for the love of a woman, he gave up train robbing and became an honest man. The story of the breaking up of this band may not prove uninteresting reading at this time.

When news reached western Missouri of the fatal raid on Northfield, Minn., and that all of the band except Frank and Jesse James were either killed or captured, high hopes were entertained that a stop had been put to train and bank robbing in Missouri. For several years it seemed this hope was in full process of realization, but on the night of September 7, 1879, a hold-up occurred at Glendale, six miles south-east of Independence, and fifteen from Kansas City. Every exertion was made by the officers to apprehend the bandits, but proved futile. The year following, however, a man named Bassham, who had lived in a section of the country called "Cracker Neck," and of which Glendale was the center, was arrested on suspicion of having been one of those engaged in the robbery. It was remembered that Bassham, who was a worthless wretch, had left the country within a week after the attack on the train; had returned after an absence of several months, and seemed to be in flush circumstances. Suspicion ripened into arrest, and Bassham was put in the sweat box. Believing that he had been betrayed, he made a full confession, implicating Jesse James as the leader, Dick Liddle, Bill Ryan, Ed. Miller and three others. Bassham was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years, but his written confession remained in the hands of the county and state officials. He was subsequently pardoned, that his testimony could be used against other members of the band.

In 1880 Thomas T. Crittenden was elected governor of Missouri and William H. Wallace prosecuting attorney of Jackson county. Crittenden had announced to the James gang that he would break up the band. Wallace had pledged himself to do all he could be done in his office to sustain law and order, and punish crime. As in defiance of the new administration, a train robbery was planned and executed on the 15th of July, 1881, near a small station called Winston, sixty-five miles north of Kansas City, on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad. This was the most desperate and brutal of the hold-ups up to that time. Without provocation Jesse James then shot the conductor in cold blood, and one of his pals murdered a passenger. The express car was looted and many people on the train were robbed; but the insolent bandits stopped not here. On the night of September 7, 1881, they again appeared in Jackson county, stopped and robbed a train on the Chicago and Alton road, two and one-half miles from Independence, disappearing from the scene as the train had swallowed them up. Indeed, the gang seemed to be stronger and more daring than ever.

Then were the people of Jackson county aroused as they never had been before. It was plainly evident to many that the facility with which these bandits could commit crimes and escape capture was because they had friends living near, by whom they were harbored; that they had spies and confederates in Independence and Kansas City who gave them information of the movements of officers in their attempts to bring the outlaws to justice.

The organization of a secret committee of safety was effected. This committee adopted signs, signals and passwords, and soon had a membership of nearly five hundred determined men, nearly all of whom had served in the confederate armies. For a wholesale effect upon the friends of the outlaws they used for calling emergency meetings a broad red signal upon which were written hieroglyphics understood only by the members. These were posted only at night, and not infrequently placed on a front door or gatepost of a known friend of the gang. This gave alarm to these gentry, but they could not understand the seals, they presumed they were meant to convey a warning. At the same time, covert threats were thrown out that in case of any more robberies within the limits of the county the suspected



UNCLE SAM'S HELP MAY BE REQUIRED.

Late telegraphic advices state that unless the White Pass Railway is protected against competition, freight rates will be raised from Skagway to the Summit to offset the reductions demanded by the Canadian government.

harbors of the outlaws would themselves be summarily dealt with.

In the meantime, Gov. Crittenden had called a meeting of the superintendents of those railroads operating in the state, and the result was the offering of a reward of \$20,000 for the death or arrest of Frank and Jesse James.

Shortly after Wallace became prosecuting attorney, Bill Ryan, one of the most trusted of the James gang, robbed a United States paymaster of several thousand dollars near Mussel Shoals, Tenn. A few days later he appeared in Nashville, and was arrested, charged with drunkenness. Wallace saw the notice of Ryan's arrest, and wired the officials to hold him, pending a requisition from Gov. Crittenden, and Deputy Marshal Whig Keshlar was sent to bring him to Missouri. Keshlar reached Jackson county while the grand jury was in session; an indictment was found charging Ryan with complicity in the Glendale robbery. He made a bitter fight, but the meshes Wallace had drawn around him were too strong to be broken, and he received a five year sentence. This was the first real importance. Wallace proved the only prosecution to a successful issue. But other influences were at work; the organization of the committee of safety had alarmed the friends of the bandits, and it became hard to find safe harborage. Besides, the loss of Ryan proved a serious one. Upon his conviction, Jesse James fled for criminal work.

The Ford family consisted of the mother, daughter and the two above-named boys. Their home was in Ray county, near Richmond, and one of the hiding places of the band, or a part of it. Dick Liddle and Wood Hite often stayed there for weeks at a time. Hite, it seems, was in love with "Miss Ford, and becoming jealous of Liddle, picked a quarrel with him. In the fight that resulted, Hite was killed, and his body was dragged out, thrown into a ditch and covered with earth, stones and brush. Some dogs deserted the body, and it was found by some passer-by. The Fords had long been suspected of harboring members of the gang, and this confirmed the belief. But as Liddle was absent when Hite's body was discovered, no arrests were made.

Soon after this episode Charley and Bob Ford joined Jesse James at St. Joseph, where he was living under the name of Howard.

Dick Liddle was in love with one Mattie Collins, who lived in Jackson county, fourteen miles from Independence, but while the woman was devoted to him she would not consent to marry him while his life was in continued jeopardy on account of his lawless and murderous deeds. Several years before this a former lover had insulted Miss Collins, and in a fit of rage she shot his dead. She was prosecuted under an indictment of murder in the first degree and her attorneys had a hard time to save her from a long, if not life, term in the penitentiary. Her lawyers were Maj. William Warner, afterwards member of congress from the Kansas City district, and William H. Wallace. It was Wallace's extraordinary defense, however, which secured a verdict of acquittal for the tawney-haired woman, and she was ever afterward exceedingly grateful to him. In her present emergency she paid Wallace a visit. She told him that she and Liddle were sweethearts, also that Liddle desired to surrender and settle down. Wallace counseled her to go to Gov. Crittenden and lay the matter before him, promising to abide by whatever the governor advised.

One day a "veiled woman" called at the state capitol and said that she desired a private interview with the governor, and was shown into Crittenden's private office. In an hour she was bowed out by the gallant Crittenden who had snatched a kiss from the lips of the great Pat. Much speculation as to the identity of this veiled woman was indulged in. One rumor had it that she was the wife of Frank or Jesse James; another thought it might be Mrs. Samuel, their mother. But neither Crittenden nor Wallace would tell, and it was a long time before those less interested than the principals knew.

The next startling thing that occurred was the mysterious placing of a note in the hands of Sheriff Timberlake, of Clay county. The note was delivered so deftly, the bearer made his escape so easily, that his identity was completely lost. Upon reading the note Timberlake found it to be from Dick Liddle, asking him to come alone to a certain place in the woods near Liberty that night at midnight. Timberlake was a man of considerable nerve, but it was some time before he could gain his own consent to attend the tryst. However, it was fate if he succeeded, and a fight if he failed, and he went. Liddle met him alone and unarmed, and offered to surrender and be taken to Liberty a prisoner if assured of a pardon and protection in case he would divulge the secrets of the James gang. Timberlake promised protection and said he had no doubt that the governor would pardon him if he would faithfully aid in breaking up the band. Whereupon Liddle stepped to where his pistols were lying, handed them to the sheriff, and the two were soon at the Clay county jail, where for the first time since the day of his capture Liddle had the key of jailbreak turned upon him.

Affairs now culminated rapidly. On April 3, 1882, Bob Ford shot and killed Jesse James in St. Joseph, and in the following October Frank James walked into Gov. Crittenden's office and surrendered. The Ford boys received their reward of \$10,000 for killing Jesse James and each went his way, Charley to marry and settle down, Bob to go West and get killed by Ed. Kelley, the keeper of a Crede, Colo., dance house, Dick Liddle appeared as a witness against Frank James, who was indicted for the murders committed at the Winston train robbery, but it availed the state nothing, and James was acquitted. Liddle married Mattie Collins and the two went west and are living somewhere out towards the setting sun.

JAMES E. PAYNE.

Exonerated the Crowd. "Somebody's got my pocketbook!" piped a shrill agonized voice in the crowded streetcar, and a hump shouldered, watery eyed man with a saddle colored beard on his chin jumped up and began convulsively clapping his hands on his various pockets. "Sit down, you fool!" exclaimed the portly resolute matron by his side, assisting him by a vigorous pull on his coat-tail. "I've got it. I knew you'd lose it if I didn't take it. You'd lose your head if it wasn't fastened on your shoulders."

Meekly he sat down. Raising his head presently, he gave a comprehensive glance around the car and said in the same shrill voice: "I beg everybody's pardon."

For which voluntary acknowledgment that he no longer considered everybody in the car a pickpocket he was rewarded by the glassy and unamused stare. —Chicago Tribune.

Fine cutlery for Xmas at Shindler's.

## PRETTY DORA'S SKY PICTURE

As Presented to Bashful John in the Moonlight.

He Said He Saw and Admired it But His Eyes Were on Something Lower Than the Elm Tops.

Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Susan, you tarry o'erlong. The bird in the tree, the youth by the stile.

Both to their tryst came many a mile.

Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Susan, you do him a wrong. —Lyrics of Rustic Love.

John carried the brimming pail of milk while Dora walked by his side in the twilight swinging her sunbonnet by the strings. Dora's cheeks were nearly as brown as John's, but her throat and the round neck, where the fair ringlets clustered, were whiter than the foaming fluid in the pail—a whiteness so dazzling that it seemed luminous. It constantly sought John's eyes, though he tried to turn them else where, and as they entered the shadow of an elm tree near the spring house door he sighed.

"The pail is heavy," said Dora; "it holds twelve quarts. Let me have it now. It will take me but a moment to strain the milk into the pans, and then I will join you on the porch."

But John refused to wait in the shadow of the elm. There is no shadow so full of sentiment as that cast by a tree that stands in the light of a full moon. As Dora disappeared through the door of the spring house John sighed again. He wore his Sunday clothes, just as he had every Thursday evening during all the three years that had witnessed his dumb quest of Dora's love. John could talk eloquently of his well stocked farm, of the pleasant home he had built, of the new furniture, even of the piano in the front parlor. He had talked of these things to Dora, and Dora had listened with occasional expressions of polite and neighborly interest—and John had tried in vain to fit his tongue to so much as a single syllable of love. Three years. And of late Dora's reserve toward him seemed to have deepened.

"Won't you come to the porch, John?" Dora stood beside him under the elm. While he had stood there unprofitably musing she had done her work, made a quick and simple toilet and come to seek him. Her wholesome beauty and his sense of defeat gave him a sensation of faintness. "No," he muttered, "I—I don't feel very well. I think I will—had better be going."

"Too bad," said Dora, "it is such a beautiful evening." She glanced searchingly into his face, showing pale and distressed in the moonlight, and added in a softened voice that increased his misery: "I will walk with you to the stile. Have you seen the sky picture of the harvester drinking water from a jug?"

"A sky picture," said John, "what is that?"

"I will show you," said Dora. The bit of meadow land they crossed going toward the stile was skirted by a fringe of trees. In day time it appeared a straggling growth, but at night, with perspective limned, the distant tree tops grew near, filling the gaps and completing a skyline, fantastically irregular, into which

many strange shapes seemed to weave themselves. At the stile Dora stopped, and pointing to the highest part of the outline said:

"Do you see that tall elm, just with the shorter maples beside it?"

"Yes," said John. "In pointing Dora had teased slightly toward him and her shoulder barely touched his arm. John thought that if he could maintain that silent contact for one minute he could be happy."

"The branches of that elm form the head, shoulders and upraised arm of a man," said Dora. "Do you see the picture, John?"

"Yes," but John saw nothing but Dora's shoulder resting against his arm.

"And the top of the maple, isn't it a perfect picture of a water jug?"

"Er—perfect," said John, without looking. He was trying the experiment of moving the millilith part of an inch nearer Dora's shoulder.

"The jug is tilted in the man's hand and his lips approach its mouth—for the man is very thirsty."

"Very thirsty," repeated John, who was not looking at the sky man, but at Dora.

"You can almost see water dripping from the mouth of the jug," said Dora.

"Almost," gasped John, his face's shoulder was now resting firm against John's wildly palpating heart.

"Some people can see more in others in these sky pictures," said "Do you see anything more, John?" Their positions were such, with Dora's right shoulder resting against John's left breast, that if John had prevented his left arm from falling half about Dora's waist it would have been necessary for him to resist the force of gravity. With a recklessman that amazed him John decided not to interfere with the law of gravity. He even permitted his bold hand to creep forward along that delicious waist line an inch or two of its own accord. Then, for the first time, he looked at Dora's sky picture.

"Why," said John, "it isn't so bad at all."

"What is it?" whispered Dora. "I always thought, John, that the sky looked like you."

"It's the face of a girl," said John, growing dizzy. "And it's the eyes of yours."

"Oh, John, my lips are not like the mouth of a jug, and you can see me yourself that the man is thirsty—"

At that instant a rising breeze from the elm tree top till the lips of the man rested upon those of the girl in the sky picture. Simultaneously John felt some irresistible power draw his lips down to Dora's.

Every moonlight night in summer from the front porch of the house he built for her, John and Dora came to see and follow the example set by them by the "Kissing Tree." —Crisis Dunham.

## Not His Business.

"I'll admit that I opposed your marriage, my children," said Fodder, "but now that you're married, up I'll forgive you."

The groom straightened up and said: "No, I boot down hard on the floor. I don't see where you came in on this forgivable business." "As you say, you don't seem to best to keep us from getting married, it seems that I ought to be the one to do the forgiving, which I am going to do. Me an' Mandy's got to move over in Jasper town, as I ever told you about the place."

And, taking Mandy's fly, he stood in his own large brown coat, strode across the threshold, into which many a world.