

The Klondike Nugget

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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, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1922

\$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 the same have been left by our carriers.



AMUSEMENTS.
Abdulfurum—"Bohemian Girl."
Standard-Vandeville.

SHOULD DECLARE POLICIES.

There are a number of very estimable gentlemen who have been brought before the community as candidates for municipal offices, but who thus far have given no specific declaration of their views upon matters which deeply concern the public.

There are several important points which interest the people and concerning which they would be pleased to hear the various candidates express their views.

For instance there is the salary question. When the present salaries paid to mayor and aldermen were adopted, a very general feeling was manifested among the people that the amounts were altogether too high. Indeed there were very many who were opposed to the payment of any salaries whatsoever and who felt that the adoption of the salary bylaw was a distinct violation of faith on the part of the council.

It is highly desirable, in view of the circumstances, that each and every candidate should define his position upon this particular point with the utmost precision.

There is also the question of extending public funds for street grading and other improvements. During the past year the general funds of the city have been applied to the improvement of particular sections of the city, without cost to the property owners, while taxpayers in other districts have been entirely overlooked. The people would like to know how their future municipal officials stand upon this matter.

There is the police question, which has proven a bone of contention for the past year. What are the candidates' opinions on that important matter?

The problem of dealing with fallen women of the town is another subject upon which an expression of opinion from the various candidates is highly desirable. Are the women to be banished from pillar to post during the coming year or are practical means for their control to be enforced?

Upon these and other questions the people would like to be informed. They will not give blind support to any man or set of men, and certainly they have the right to expect a clear declaration of policy from every man who is looking for their votes.

It is all the more important that each man should give open publicity to his views, for the reason that no conventions have been held and no party platforms are before the people.

The race is developing into a free-for-all affair and the men who deal openly and honestly with the people will fare better than those who hold off in the hope of framing their opinions at the last moment to suit the demands of the situation.

PRACTICAL MINERS.

When the election for the Yukon council is over the territory will enjoy a prolonged rest from troubles of a political nature. The best man in the district has been selected to represent Yukon interests at Ottawa, and there is the very best of reason for belief that the precedent thus

established will be followed in the coldest now approaching. Good men are now before the people and others are daily coming to the front.

The creek districts have been somewhat behind the town in bringing out candidates, but before the day of nomination it is understood that the mining communities will be represented in the list of men willing to give their services in the council.

The Nugget has before expressed the opinion that practical miners should be selected to represent the creeks, and that view is supported by sentiment among the creek voters.

The advice and counsel that might be given to the territorial legislators by men who have had years of experience in Yukon mining operations would be of invaluable assistance in framing necessary legislation.

If all means candidates from the creeks should be brought forward.

British Columbia is showing the effects of long continued political disturbance. For three years past the people of that province have gone from one upheaval to another, the result being disastrous to all lines of commercial and industrial enterprise. This territory may easily avoid falling into the same error by the exercise of good judgment in the selection of men to fill the territorial and municipal offices for the ensuing terms. "None but the best" should be the motto which every voter should follow.

In granting franchises the city council should look out that they do not make a one-sided bargain. If they allow the railroad company to lay tracks on First avenue they should also see to it that the company is obliged to carry out their side of the agreement.

The progress of the work of capturing the Eldorado gusher is being followed with great interest by the public. If the subterranean undercurrent can be controlled, it will undoubtedly result in vast good to the mining community.

A month before the election a prediction was made by this paper that the majority for Mr. Ross would approximate 1000. At the present time it is 845 with several voting precincts yet to be heard from.

The Nugget will hazard the prophecy that the Yukon will fare better at the hands of parliament during the coming year than ever before in the territory's history.

Having turned down the "unworthy instrument" with a dull, sickening chord, it is not likely that the people will take up with any of his principal sponsors.

Cases of absolute destitution are few and far between in Dawson. The facts speak eloquently for the prosperous condition of the district.

The opposition has made a remarkable record for bringing forward weak candidates.

Warship Transformed.
New York, Nov. 24.—What is regarded as the most important ship repairing job attempted at the New York navy yard in years will be practically completed today, when the cruiser Baltimore, of Manila fame, refitted from stern to stern, will have her machinery officially tested. Her refitting is estimated to have cost \$350,000. She has been at the navy yard since the war with Spain.

The whereabouts of Andrew Palmer, last heard of working on Bonanza near the Forks. Anyone knowing his present address will kindly communicate with the postmaster, Dawson.

See Mr. R. P. Wilson, as "Florestein" in the opera "Bohemian Girl," at the Auditorium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

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Jasper Dane's Caller

By W. R. Rose.

The door creaked very slightly, but it jarred on Jasper Dane's nerves. He looked up with a frown.

"Is this Mr. Dane?"

A young woman was framed in the doorway.

Jasper's frown slightly faded as he caught sight of her. She was a pretty young woman and charmingly groomed, and she wasn't more than one and twenty. Jasper avoided the woman's gaze in his paper. He couldn't have told what the young woman in the doorway wore, but he recognized the fact that it was a combination that seemed to be just suited to her.

"Mr. Dane, the editor?"

Jasper, pencil in hand, bowed again.

The young woman advanced into the apartment.

"You are much younger than I supposed you to be," she said.

Jasper's eyes opened wider.

"I am not quite sure that I ought to take that as a compliment," he said. He even smiled. Then the pressing character of his work reminded him. His features stiffened. He raised his pencil again, and looked at the girl severely.

"It's the first time I was ever in an editor's sanctum," she said as her glance took in the dingy walls and the littered desks.

"How can I serve you, madam?" inquired Jasper.

The girl looked at him and she looked at the chair beside his desk.

"Thank you," she said, and sat down.

Jasper sighed and stared at the half-written sheet before him.

"Are you sure it is the editor you want to see?" he asked. "The society editor is at the lower end of the hall. So are the musical editor and the art department. So is the dramatic editor."

"I came to see you," said the girl. Jasper slightly flushed.

"Thank you," he said. "I am on exhibition at all hours. Is that all?" The girl shook her head.

"Do you own the paper, too?" she asked.

Jasper frowned.

"No," he replied. "I believe it is generally understood that Mr. Linas Lamson is the paper's owner."

"The railway president?"

"Yes."

"Has he any children?"

"One."

"Boy?"

"No, a girl. A little girl who is studying abroad."

"How old?"

"I don't know. Mr. Lamson speaks of her as his little girl." Jasper was getting fidgety. "I beg your pardon," he added, "but you have not told me how I can serve you."

"No," she said, "I haven't."

A brief silence followed.

"Am I to infer that you are getting up a society directory?" Jasper inquired with a slight flavor of sarcasm.

"No," said the girl, "the inference would be wrong. Nor do I want my portrait on the society page. No, I have no tickets to sell and no subscription paper to sign. I came here to see you. A dear friend said 'You must see the editor of the Dispatch. He's well worth your while.'"

Jasper couldn't help flushing again.

"Am I reckoned among the leading sights of the town?" he asked.

"No," the girl gravely replied. "You come between the geyser fountain and the zoo."

Jasper laughed.

"And do you come up here to tell me that?" he asked.

"That for one thing," said the girl. "I don't suppose my presence here bothers you in the least, does it?"

"Madam," said Jasper, "I am a reckless user of the truth. Your presence prevents me from attending to my duties."

"Perhaps this is your busy day?" said the girl innocently.

"No."

"Then, of course, it is just as convenient for me to call today as any other day," said the girl.

Jasper looked at her with a comical expression. He was a little near-sighted, and as was his custom with callers, he had scarcely given her an appreciative look when she entered. Now, at shorter range, he saw that she was much prettier than he at first supposed. She certainly was a very charming girl. A troubled look came into Jasper's eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I remind you that you haven't stated your business with me?"

The girl looked into his eyes with a clear, frank gaze. Then she slightly smiled and slowly removed an elastic band that held the small package she bore in one neatly gloved little hand. Jasper took quick advantage of her averted gaze to pull down his cuffs and made a quick pass at his twisted tie.

"I have written something," she said, "and I want to submit it to you."

Jasper felt himself weakening. Ordinarily he would have taken the manuscript and hastily scribbling the writer's address on it, would have tossed it aside with the remark that he would communicate with the writer by mail concerning it—and then he would have resumed his work.

Now he hesitated. His pencil drop-

ped from his fingers. He straightened up a little.

"What is the nature of the article?" he asked in what he fancied was an indifferent tone.

"It isn't an article," said the girl. "Do I look like a person who would write an article?"

She seemed to challenge his scrutiny. Jasper couldn't resist the temptation. He leaned a little farther back.

"It isn't always possible to judge by the appearance," he said.

"But I fancied article writers were always old, and—and fussy, and—and cranky," said the girl.

"There are exceptions," said Jasper. "There must be exceptions."

"I suppose you know," said the girl. "But it isn't an article."

Jasper as the girl spread out the manuscript.

"I think I understand what you mean," she said.

"I'm glad you do," said Jasper. "And I'm afraid your worst fears are confirmed," she said.

Jasper sighed.

"Then it is verses?" he said.

"I supposed it was poetry," said the girl.

"They always do," said Jasper. "The girl looked up at him with a pretty grimace."

"You are not a bit encouraging," she said.

"It's the better way," said Jasper.

"And yet you write verses yourself," said the girl. "And get them printed, too?"

"Perhaps it is because I haven't a friend honest enough to dissuade me," said Jasper. "I have had no time for that sort of nonsense lately, however."

"That's a pity," said the girl.

"Don't think to soften me in that way," said Jasper.

"I like those lines beginning 'She came upon me unawares,'" said the girl. "I know them by heart. 'She came upon me unawares, I turned and she was there.'"

"I beg your pardon," cried Jasper. "It is your lines that are under consideration. Pray produce them."

The girl gave him a side-long glance.

"Did she come upon you unawares, Mr. Dane?"

"Yes."

"Jasper caught the glance and slightly flushed. His look grew troubled again."

"I live in hopes," he said.

"That's enigmatical," laughed the girl. "It shows you are not sure."

"I must object to your manifest intention to throw me into a sentimental mood," said Jasper. "It will not help you."

The girl laughed and passed the manuscript to him.

"I know you will like it," she said.

"Why are you so certain?" Jasper asked.

"Because I haven't written on both sides of the paper," said the girl. "Jasper bent over the manuscript to hide his smile. Then his look changed. The smile faded. He read the lines with great care. Presently he looked up."

"The girl had been regarding him intently. She met his eyes with an inquiring glance."

"You want me to be frank?" he said.

"Of course."

"The lines are quite too sentimental. They are of the old school where sentiment reigned. Nowadays we bluntly call it gush."

"But it's not all bad, as it is," queried the girl.

"By no means," replied Jasper. "The execution is good. If the fripperies and affectations were dropped it would be very passable. If you would heed my advice—they never do—I might be tempted to ask you to try again."

He folded the manuscript and handed it to her.

"Thank you," said the girl.

"I am sorry if my judgment seems harsh," said Jasper.

"It doesn't," said the girl.

"I have tried to treat you as an honest friend should," said Jasper. "Thank you again," said the girl. "I will admit that I hoped to see my verses in your paper."

"Try again," said Jasper.

The girl arose and put out her dainty hand.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Dane," she said. "I have a very dear friend who has sung your praises until I am quite jealous. I was really anxious to meet you, someday. Then she swiftly added with a charming smile, 'I am sure we shall meet again.'"

The smile and the words quite overcame Jasper.

"I hope so," he fairly stammered as he arose to his feet and watched her flutter from the room.

As he resumed his seat a card upon the floor drew his attention. The girl had dropped it. He picked it up caught sight of his name and at once recognized the angular handwriting.

"Dear it aloud."

"Dear Dane—This is my daughter Leonie. Just come home from abroad. What she writes goes, of course."

"Yours, Linas Lamson."

Dane softly whistled.

So this was Lamson's little girl, this splendid young woman! How charming she was, and how friendly!

—Joe Cone, in New York Sun.

GAMBLING UPSTAIRS

Threat of Seattle Police Finally Executed

Monte Carlo Raided, But Others Close Peaceably Upon Orders.

Seattle, Nov. 24.—No games of chance other than the simplest card games are now running in any of the saloons or gambling houses of Seattle on the ground floor. Chief of Police Sullivan yesterday afternoon issued a peremptory order that by 1 o'clock games of roulette, faro, Chinese lottery and the like should move up, if they were not already on the second floor, and that no gambling should be permitted in concert halls and theatres.

When the Monte Carlo gambling house and one or two other places did not comply with the order they were raided, the tables taken, the money gathered in, and the dealers arrested. The move of the police department, Chief of Police Sullivan says, is in accordance with the warning which was given thirty days ago that such an order would be enforced.

The proprietors of gambling houses and concert halls were somewhat surprised that this sudden move should be made. In violation of the instructions they received late in the afternoon, some kept their tables surrounded with men until the very last moment. When the chief ordered half a dozen detectives to undertake a raid it looked as if there were several outfits to be confiscated, but after the Monte Carlo had been stopped the others covered their tables and the dealers slipped away.

When the sound of the patrol wagon was heard the Idaho was running in full blast, but it soon closed. Still other places closed promptly, as they had been ordered.

Outside of the unpaid districts in the vicinity of Fifth avenue and King street, all gambling except simple card games has been confined to the upper floors for several months. In the restricted district to which the worst dives were forced gambling has been permitted any place, but for the sake of convenience most of it was on a level with the street. It was against these resorts that the action of the police department was taken.

The enforcement of the order makes the regulations of the department with respect to gambling uniform in all parts of town.

Though some gambling has been tolerated in the concert halls below Yerkes way, the greater part of this has been carried on in the places about King street and Fourth and Fifth avenues. Hereafter no games of any kind will be tolerated, the chief says, in these places. A dance hall, concert hall or theatre must be conducted as such. There cannot be card games on the ground floor. Upstairs there is no restriction upon the games, they can be as many and as varied as the proprietors choose.

The police officers say poker, blackjack and such forms of amusement will be allowed in the saloons opening upon the sidewalk, just as they are allowed in other parts of the city below Yerkes.

The gamblers assert that they have not been treated fairly in the matter. They say they cannot move to the upper floor without serious inconvenience, if at all. There is no room, they say. They assert that they were given to understand when they went to the restricted district, as formed by the police department, that they would be unmolested. Many went to much expense in fixing their resorts, and they say they have been deceived. With bitterness they attack the department, inferring that influence has been brought to bear to place their particular locality upon the same footing as that of the rest of the city, thus depriving them of any advantage which they might have obtained by moving to the lower district.

The concert hall proprietors did not take kindly to the order that they must keep out gambling altogether. Most of the halls, however, covered up their tables. Though late in the evening one card table was running in the Polly theatre, the place opened by the Clancy's but a few days ago. At the Arcade, the Comique and other theatres there was no apparent trouble. The King street club closed promptly at 1 o'clock.

"Evidently they thought I had forgotten about my warning that they had better get upstairs," said Chief Sullivan last evening. "But I meant it, as I suppose they are learning. They were given a warning, sufficient, had they been inclined to heed it, but they made no move to change their quarters, as far as I know."

Under Detective Tennant and Sergeant Leighton, a large party of detectives was sent to the Monte Carlo about 10 o'clock last night to raid the place, by the direction of the chief of police, who remained at headquarters and gave his orders by telephone. At the Monte Carlo the patrol wagon was filled with tables and

other paraphernalia of a gambling house. There was a scene of excitement when the force marched into the place and ordered the closing of the games. Hundreds of men heard of the raid, and were crowding into the place to see the operation. The detectives found great difficulty in carrying the pieces to the front, there was such a jam.

The dealers of several of the games were arrested, and the money was taken to police headquarters. A. J. Stranger, John Smith, H. Jones and J. J. Ferguson, the proprietor of the place, were booked at the station. The money taken amounted to about \$150. When this place had been quieted for the night, another raid was made, but most of the other resorts had taken the hint that the order of the chief was not given in fun.

Not Satisfied.
Seattle, Nov. 25.—Mrs. Sarah Stanley is not satisfied with the finding of the jury which last week awarded her former daughter-in-law \$3,500 damages for alienating the affections of the plaintiff's husband. She yesterday filed a motion in the superior court alleging numerous reasons why she should be granted a new trial.

Among other things, Mrs. Stanley alleges misconduct on the part of the jury, newly discovered evidence beneficial to the defendant's cause, excessive damages and insufficient evidence upon which to base a verdict for the plaintiff. The defendant does not set forth the nature of the alleged misconduct on the part of the jury which tried the case. The motion will be disposed of on Saturday.

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"What made you give it up?"

"Couldn't remember to attend the lessons."

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