

The Klondike Nugget

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1920.

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"Are You a Mason?" Standard—Vaudeville.

JUDGE HIM BY HIS RECORD.

Much has been said during the progress of the campaign regarding the matter of personality. The Nugget has contended that the question is of prime importance, so much so, in fact, that it overshadows every other issue before the electors. We have shown that the two platforms upon which the opposing candidates are soliciting the support of the people differ so slightly in essential features that it is impossible to defend either one without saying a good word for the other.

There are certain great fundamental needs which by universal consent of the entire district are required at the hands of the Dominion parliament. Discussion continuing over a period of four years has solidified and unified public opinion with respect to these measures until a point has been reached when there are no dissenting voices raised contrary thereto.

The coming election does not involve, therefore, discussion of any generic principle upon which the people of this territory are divided in opinion—for the simple but entirely adequate reason that no such principle exists.

The voters are required to determine upon a man who in their judgment is best suited to accomplish certain ends in respect to the advisability of which the people of the territory are practically of one opinion.

It is this aspect of the situation which demands the prominence be given to the personal side of the candidates, but in emphasizing this feature of the campaign it should be noted that the Nugget deals only with the public records of the men. Every individual who seeks preferment at the hands of a constituency must do so with the expectation that his every act will be subject to close and searching scrutiny. It is only through such scrutiny that the public is assured that the duties which are entrusted to public servants are properly carried out.

As an exponent of public opinion charged with an obligation to see that fit and suitable men only are placed in position of public responsibility, it has become the duty of this paper to refer in harsh language to the record made by Joe Clarke while in the government service.

We maintain that we have the right to measure Clarke by the standard which he himself set up during such time as he was a government employe. To gauge the man by promises which he makes for the future is inconsistent with common sense and wholly contrary to accepted usage.

Judged upon this basis Clarke is as totally unfit for the important duties resting upon a member of parliament as a man possibly could be. In every position he has occupied he has failed signally to acquit himself with anything like dignity or honor. To such an extent was this true during the time he was employed in the gold commissioner's office that Mr. Ogilvie found it necessary to recom-

mend his discharge to the department at Ottawa.

We maintain, therefore, that Clarke is not a man suited or entitled to become the representative of this territory in the house of commons. We ask the voters to judge the man by what he has been and what he has done while in government service and to place no credence upon his promises for the future. Let the matter be decided purely upon merit and we have no fear for the result.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE.

The meetings which have been and are being held on the creeks for the purpose of discussing the political issues have been productive of a vast change in public sentiment. The feeling which manifested itself in the early stages of the campaign that any candidate was good enough so long as he stood in opposition to the government has rapidly given away before the calm, forceful, dispassionate presentation of the truth that has come from the Ross speakers.

The voters are now thoroughly alive to the fact that Clarke's appeal to passion and prejudice is an empty waste of words calculated merely to ratch votes and offering nothing in the way of substantial results. They realize now that in many particulars the future of the territory is bound up in the decision to be rendered by them on the second day of December, and they are determined that no mistake shall be made. The practical side of the election is forcing itself upon the electors and they are asking of themselves what benefits can possibly be derived from the selection of a man such as Joseph A. Clarke to represent the people at the federal capital.

There are important reforms which the Yukon demands at the hands of parliament and it is the part of wisdom to see that those reforms are placed in charge of a man who not only is faithful and loyal to the constituency but who possesses the ability to make his wants known in a manner that will ensure him a hearing and be a guarantee of success. It is not contended even by Clarke's most active advocates that he possesses any of the required qualifications. They say that he will revenge the wrongs the Yukon suffered in by-gone years and when they have said that their ammunition has been entirely expended.

On the other hand in Mr. Ross they have the absolute and indisputable knowledge that they will be represented by a man who is worthy of the office—one who will faithfully and stoutly fight their battles and in whose keeping the sacred charge of guarding the interests of the territory at Ottawa will be perfectly safe.

Therefore, it is that voters are deserting Clarke by the score and flocking to the standard of Mr. Ross as the man who of all men in the Yukon is most admirably suited to the requirements of the situation.

The money spent yearly on shaving by people in the United Kingdom is estimated at £2,100,000. The farm of Merfield, near Plympton, has 150 milch cows. This is supposed to be a record number for an English farm.

Whip-cracking by drivers of vehicles has become such a nuisance in some German towns that special by-laws have had to be passed against it. A pious Liverpool lady has devoted her odd moments to writing out all the books of the Bible. A local preacher in the Midlands has three times written out the whole contents of the New Testament.

The aqueduct which conveys water from Thrimthorpe to Manchester is the longest in the world. That from Lake Vrnay to Liverpool (sixty-seven miles) comes second, and the aqueduct of Marseilles is third.

St. Mary's, Frinton-on-Sea, has only accommodation for thirty persons, and a church at Wastdale Head has only eight pews. Another church, at Haugh, Lincolnshire, is very small, but it seats the whole population, which only numbers about thirty, all told.

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Stroller's Column.

A friend of the Stroller who has just returned from a long trip on the other side of the Rockies, contributes the following picturesque sketch of Indian life in the great Mackenzie basin.

Gluck, gluck, rang out shrilly on the clear frosty air, as a swarm of black-eyed, bronze-skinned children clustered round a hole in the ground. There they were, trying to poke the poor squirrel out, boys and girls, bare of chest and head, laughing and pushing one another in their efforts to get at and destroy the poor little red-coated quarry, all eager to kill.

Close by the smoke rose straight up in thin blue columns from a group of teepees, till it reached the treetops where the columns merged, forming a cloud that floated lazily away to the north.

The skins of moose, caribou, and sheep were piled on caches or hung over poles to dry, for game was plenty at that time, and the dogs in good condition fought with one another, or lay curled up on the beds of moose hair that had been clipped from the hides by the women, who were kept busy dressing them for the moccasins and coat. The men were cached well up out of the way of the dogs, though not out of the way of the whiskey jacks, for could you not hear the tap-lap of their bills as they pecked into the frozen carcasses, keeping an eye at the same time on the lookout for the deadly cartridge-tipped arrow that was sure to be cast at them from the birch-bow of some little son of the land of his people.

The cries of children and snarl of dogs was intermingled with the nasal crooning whine of women who had nurslings to lull to sleep, that they might fashion the garment that was to clothe them.

In one teepee sat a woman who was expecting her man. Though with them she was not of them, their country lay between the great Mackenzie and the mighty Yukon; hers was divided by the great Mackenzie itself. Ten, ay, twenty "summer times" ago a young Loneheaux brave who hankered after the knowing what was beyond the pass, had gone to the great waters of the north, where he tracked the snow, and packed the grub for the Hudson Bay masters, and came back with a woman, and rifle "just same like white man."

In days before her heart had ached to get back to the land of the Slavey where first she sprang on all fours as she tried to reach the marrow bone of the moose. She felt lonesome when her man went on the trail to get the meat, the tongues of Loneheaux were strange, but as time went on and the bare-brood that talked like the rest she ceased to care. As she sewed with the sinew, and heated the meat, she had no thought of retrospect.

When the snows that year had been melted by sun and chitook and run down into the Peel, tearing out the ice, smoothing the rapids, and making plenty of water, she had helped her man with his skin boat, he had longed once again for the white man, for had not the Hudson Bay master been good to him that time he brought back his woman, and another time when he went by La Peire house and down the Porcupine to Circle City, he had seen plenty white man miner, who made lots of fun, and danced and cried "balance on the corner, and all hands around."

"He had heart just same like white man, no like Indian; what the matter, you think?" When he went he told her he would be back after the caribou run. Plenty, oh, plenty caribou that year, and his people had followed them. She had to go too, till she was away past Sheep mountain, where she hoped to take the dry moccasins off the babiche line to put on the feet of her man, who would be plenty cold when he came back.

The caribou had come and gone on away up to the Mahoney country at the head of the Stewart, but her man had come not. Her firstborn had asked a maiden to boil the meat and make the moccasins; she would, so he raised a teepee and took unto himself a woman, whom he had to look after, and he thought, "What for father no come back and hunt the moose and caribou; me got my own teepee," so her cache was not piled as high as the rest, as her other boy could only get the squirrel and ptarmigan, and sometimes the partridge.

But she waited. By and bye he came, then plenty meat on cache and tea, and maybe sugar. "What you think Bonnet Plume see camp tonight?" Bonnet Plume stood with inscrutable face, as he scanned the country round for a sign that would tell him where his Slavey woman, and where his little Peal, would come to him to make the bow and arrow.

The big flat at the foot of Sheep mountain did not show the toboggan track where the women had hauled the meat, for plenty snow had come since they were there. "Go on where else," so on they went, these two, they had travelled far together, having met at Red river on the Mackenzie.

The white man, a queen's subject from the "north country," had also hankered to know what was beyond the pass. The fever of gold had entered his veins, and coursed through his blood, and was not that blood

the blood of the Saxon, they who in the past had made the world small, and in the future would make it as but a span, and gladly pay the price. His share of the price threatened to be high just then. They had left Red river for the Loneheaux country when the salmon berries were yellow, and the nestlings of ptarmigan flew by the mother bird away from danger while the intruder with broken wing invited capture but keeping out of reach, until getting his would-be captor where he wanted him, he with a loud cackle rose strong and rocketed to the bosom of his family a good hundred yards away.

The lower waters of the Mackenzie and Peel were friendly to these two in a canoe, and progress was good. But by and bye the Peel grew ugly of breast, rapid and swift water made it sore for arm and back, "till this morning's camp was just like old woman's walk from tonight's camp," so that before Castle canon, that is half way, came in sight, the honk of the goose could be heard in the air, and the ice began to spit from the stiller waters.

object, only to have it pushed aside by Bonnet, who grunted "woman." And woman it was, carrying a load of precious meat on her head, followed by two or three dogs, also pack-saddled with the life-saving burdens. A shout, a few short words, an order, all quickly given, and the woman led the way. Soon were heard the words in piping childish tones, "gluck, gluck." The squirrel was trying to keep that which these two had struggled so hard to preserve—life.

Suddenly nothing was heard but the shuffle of frozen moccasins feet as they went over the trail. The signal had been given to the Slavey woman, but an ominous silence followed it. Bill staggered on for the teepees were in sight, and did they not mean salvation?

But four silent figures barred his way, then a harsh voice broke the quietness. "You have white man with you?" "Yes." "No, he my good friend." Bill tried to comprehend. The questions put to and answered by Bonnet Plume were in the language of the Loneheaux, and strange to him, but the language of action and gesture is universally understood. Bill saw that the hand of friendship was not to be put forth. A just of blood seized him, and dashing a hand across his frost-burnt eyes, he brought his gun down. He would have company on the great-unknown trail.

Again the calm, even voice of Bonnet sounded, as he stepped in front of Bill. "What you call yourself to make that speak? What for my friend Aytoun no come in? He very near see the Great God, me Christian, me know. He plenty hungry and tired, and you want to send him away. Where he go?"

One of the four again replied. "We never mind, he come and take our women, he have two face, and bad in the heart, and make crooked speak to women, by and bye he go away, and women no look at man when he ask her to go to his teepee." "Huh! Aytoun no do that, he my good friend and come my teepee. He no do that, Bonnet Plume he go too an' tomorrow morning the wolves get him an' me. Then the great white queen across the big, big lake will send plenty soldier, who will say to the Loneheaux, what you done with Aytoun? What Loneheaux say? Nothing but just like wolf not look in the eye, but hang the head. Then what soldier do? He kill all Loneheaux. Then who look after women and children? Women and children plenty hungry then."

The four sullenly swung aside. Bonnet, grasping Aytoun by the shoulder, led him on, saying, "Me boss my own teepee." And Aytoun wore that night the moccasins that hung on the babiche line.

The trail leading to Aytoun's teepee which stood alone a short distance from the rest, never showed the moccasins track of other than Bonnet and himself. The small track of the woman and the smaller of the children was not seen there.

The white man was not looked upon with kindly eye by any but his friend. They wished to put him where the wolves would get him. But the power of the great white queen across the seas they feared "might reach them."

What for white man stay in Indian camp and kill the moose and caribou? He no business in their country; moose and caribou Indian cache just same flour and bacon white man cache. White man catch Indian steal him cache, white man shoot Indian all right. Indian catch white man steal moose and caribou Indian shoot white man, all right too! White man not go soon he die.

Bonnet Plume's many years and the wisdom he showed in the counsel was all that kept them from lifting the wicked hand against Aytoun. But he was only one, and they were many. It would be done and Bonnet Plume not find out, then white queen no send soldier. But Bonnet Plume he must tell white man to go.

So a few sleepers after Aytoun got a dog team from his friend to go back for his grub cached on the Peel, and as he came back when near camp he met an Indian maiden on the trail who returned his greeting of "Hid do?" with a quick glance of her black eye.

Two sleeps and then he would go away from the country of the Loneheaux. So the next day he took small bundles of grub and tobacco to make present and friend with all Indian before he go.

The first teepee he entered showed him his business would be thrown away. His offering was received with "No say making, and never look," all but two—Bonnet Plume's and another. When he went into her father's teepee he found the maiden who had glanced at him on the trail. She glanced at him again with favor, then dropped her gaze to the fire in front of which she sat roasting the meat for pemmican. The grub went into her lap instead of on the ground.

"Bill then went into Bonnet's teepee and told him what he had done, after giving present, also telling Indian not make good friend. His friend gave no sign that he had ears, but after a long time these two had smoked together Bonnet told him, "No do that, just make Indian plenty wicked."

The sun dogs showed that day, and the snow came and the wind it blow plenty. Next morning in the little light

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ter season to play the piano, therefore there will be no question about the music being the very best.

AFTER THE VAGS

Freeman Anderson's Case is Enlarged to Friday.

There was another evidence at the police court this morning that the authorities are not relaxing their efforts to send out of town those who have no visible means of support just because navigation happens to be closed. Freeman Anderson, an intelligent looking man, was in the police court this morning on this charge, but he applied for an enlargement until Friday, and Sergeant Smith also desired an enlargement until the same date.

Auditorium—"Are You a Mason?"

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