

The Klondike Nugget

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Daily.
Yearly, advance, \$10.00
Per month by carrier in advance 85c
Single copies, 25c
Yearly, in advance, \$24.00
Six months, 12.00
Three months, 6.00
Per month by carrier in advance 25c
Single copies, 25c

NOTES.
When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." The Klondike Nugget asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Fork.

LETTERS.
And Small Packages can be sent to the Yukon by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Tumbler, Dominion, Gold Run, Siphon, Quartz and Canyon.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1913.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one securing copies of the Daily or Semi-weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

AN ILL-ADVISED ORDER.

The wisdom of the peremptory order respecting the closing of gambling is open to question. Every such action, no matter how justifiable it may appear upon its face, should be taken only after its probable effects have been well weighed and considered.

The Nugget's position on the gambling question is well known. When the order from Ottawa censuring all gambling was received and announced, we made it clear that it would be placed in effect on June 1st last, the Nugget heartily endorsed and applauded the plan.

We believed at that time, and we still hold to the same opinion, that open gambling is not a thing to be upheld or tolerated.

But we likewise believe that the gambling question as all other kindred evils, should be treated as a practical matter.

The situation briefly summed up amounts to this: By virtue of the tacit consent of the authorities the order of last June was modified and a number of games have since been permitted to run without hindrance or molestation. The reason for this action did not appear at the time nor does it affect the merits of the present situation. The games were permitted to run and have continued to run under quasi official protection.

Employed in one capacity or another about the games, and directly or indirectly deriving a livelihood therefrom, are a large number of men variously estimated at from 250 to 300.

When the order closing all games goes into effect these men, with almost no warning of any kind, are thrown out of employment and will become a charge upon the community until they can be sent or driven out of the country.

The fact that the order comes at the close of navigation, when travel is practically impossible, only aggravates the situation. It has been stated that the recent hold up at the Dominion saloon is the immediate reason for closing all gambling at this time and it is assumed that as a result, the town will be rid of all undesirable characters.

In the opinion of this paper an opposite effect will be produced.

Closing the gambling games merely signifies that the men who have been drawing their livelihood therefrom will be forced to turn to other means for support. It is a physical impossibility for them to leave the country, and many of them, undoubtedly, are lacking the means of doing even though the ice would admit of travel. They must eat and they must find a place to live, and with their occupation and source of revenue gone, acts of lawlessness may clearly be anticipated. The great mistake was made when the order of June last was not strictly enforced, but the inconsistency of the action taken at this time is not relieved by the severity of the order which goes into effect tomorrow night.

The Nugget has favored and supported every reasonable step that has been taken in the direction of suppressing gambling, but we believe that the action taken by the authorities at this particular time is hasty and ill-considered, even though it may accomplish an object with which under ordinary circumstances we should be in complete sympathy.

Grand Forks has set an example to Dawson and availed itself of such

privileges in the way of self government as it is entitled to under the law. There being no members of the local government located at the Forks, our thriving little neighbor has naturally been more or less neglected. Hereafter, it will be able to look out for itself and without doubt the affairs of the town will be handled with much more satisfaction in the future than has been the case in the past.

Theatrical ventures in Dawson have not as a rule resulted profitably to their promoters—owing principally to the fact that as a usual thing there have been too many of them in the field. There is just about enough patronage in this city to support one good theatre. When two or three of them are competing for public favor, there is no money to be made by any.

The bakers of Dawson have formed a combination. If the new combine furnishes a guarantee that nothing but free materials will be allowed to enter into the manufacture of the various food stuffs offered for sale, there will be no particular complaint from the public.

The Senator is the latest steamer to strike a rock on the Seattle-Skagway run. As a matter of fact there are very few of the boats plying the inside passage which have not a record in the same connection.

We are forced to admit that our idea of turning Dawson into a winter resort has certain drawbacks. Klondike weather is altogether too fickle.

The people of Dawson have looked so long and anxiously for mail that even the tax notices were welcome visitors.

Bad Habits.
I have a lot of habits bad, I'm ready to confess;
To banish them I would be glad, They give me much distress.

To some of these I meant to say In firmest accents "Scat!"
But, ah, to drive them all away, I couldn't promise that.

I like to smoke a mild cigar, I fear I smoke a lot.
To claim my liking goes too far, But though I very freely say
A swear off might be paid, Or just a cut to twelve a day,
I couldn't promise that.

I like a seat within a car, I always hate to stand;
I hate the swaying and the jar, I don't know where I'll land.
To dames who stand I ought to yield, The place where I have sat,
But, ah, my heart is firmly steeled, I couldn't promise that.

Sometimes I say a naughty word About the "busy" line,
Such things, you know, are often heard,
They come without design, Of course it is an awful bore,
Just when I want to chat;
But, ah, to darn it nevermore, I couldn't promise that.

I really ought to make a list And set my follies down,
Though some of them might ne'er be missed,
And some should make me frown, To pick them out would be no fun,
The job would tumble flat;
To really squelch a single one, I couldn't promise that.

Color.
Pocahontas consulted freely with her fiancée touching the details of her approaching wedding.
"Tell me, dearest," quoth she one day, "what is the most suitable color for a bride?"
"Red!" replied Smith promptly.
For he was not only a man of pluck, but a facile liar as well.—Detroit Journal.

From Trunk to Twig.
"What is a family tree?" asked the young person.
"A family tree," answered Miss Cayenne, "is much like other trees—very sturdy near the roots, but becoming more and more frail and unsubstantial as it branches out."—Washington Star.

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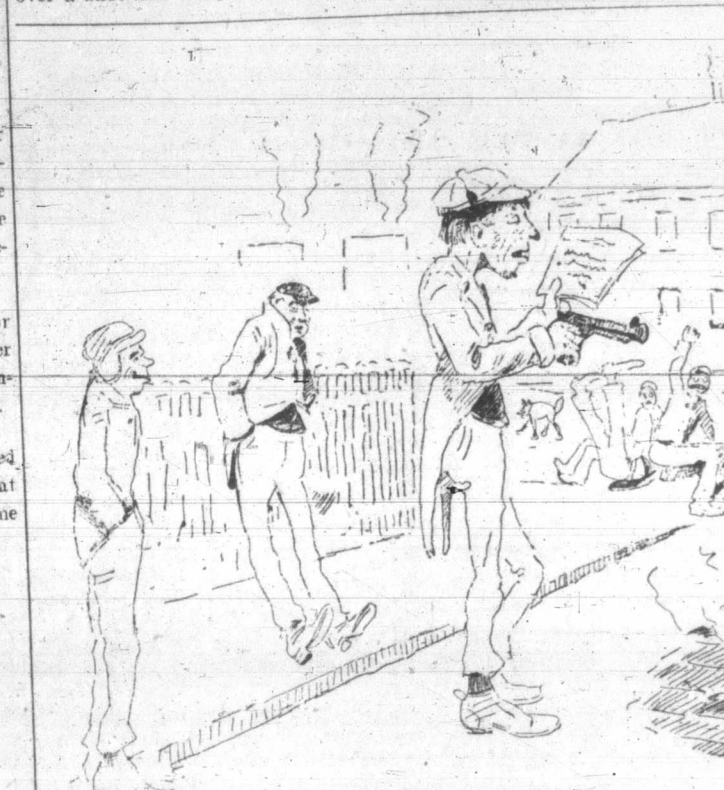
Stroller's Column.

Shortly after dark last night the following notice etched by a trembling hand on scraps of wall paper was handed around town:

"To all ex-members of the one-time Boosters Union an' to all guys in the boostin' perfix, greeting:
"Youse is hereby notified dat a meetin' is called fer tonight at 2:30 o'clock on the bare place on de street betwixt de A. C. mess house an' de Rochester saloon where de scapin' steam from de sub rosa pipe mingled de severity of de wedder."
Signed,
"Shirtless Kid, Convenor."

It was half an hour after the hour named in the call before over a quorum was present, but at 2:15 this morning 40 forms were counted on the bare place on the street, all answering to the name of Kid except Hype Jimmie, Billie the Rat and Hitt Cakes.

After a number of fights had taken place regarding the right to stand over a knot hole from which consider-



IF WE SAW WOOD, IT WILL BE WHEN WE'RE IS CONVICTED.

able steam was escaping, the Shirtless Kid walked over to the sidewalk, returned with an empty cracker box, sat it down close to the knot hole and said:

"De meetin' is now met, but owing to de abruptness of de weather, youse kin keep on yer hats."
It was probably due to absentmindedness, but at this stage of the proceedings the Blow Back Kid pulled out a package of tobacco and some cigarette papers and no further business was transacted until everybody was smoking. The chairman then said:

"No guy what can't show a blue tickle handed ter him widin de past tree days is entitled ter participate in dis meetin'." See?

Every man present produced a ticket and some of them as many as four each. It was decided to make the one who had the most orders to leave town secretary. This honor fell to Billie the Rat.

The chairman then addressed the meeting as follows:

"We is here probably fer de last time. In 48 hours from now de sun will have set on us. De curtain will be rung down on us not only as a union, once strong an' powerful, but as individuals. See? Any member havin' any ting ter say kin now make his speel."

Nearly every member present spoke, and each one in unmistakable language condemned the hold-up of Friday morning as the cause of the recent order closing all games Wednesday night. The evagorated Kid went so far as to say the perpetrators of the hold-up should be put on the wood pile, but for mentioning that word he was laid down and used for a seat as many as could occupy him.

After nearly every member present had presented his views the Skykidd Kid made a motion to adjourn on the ground that, having no socks, his feet were getting cold, but the motion fell flat as it was apparent that all old time members of the union knew that the heavy part of the proceedings was yet to come. Every voice was hushed and all eyes turned to Hypo Jimmie. He slowly rose and both his hands came simultane-

ously from his pockets. In one he held a roll of paper and in the other a 40-82 Colts revolver. Stepping slightly outside the circle where he could see to read by a street light he shook the manuscript at his audience and said:

"Gentlemen! (Don't tink dat word includes mor'n de half of youse, fer it don't!) Der is sompin' in dis yung won't like, but dere is also sompin' in dis (moving de gun) dat youse don't like neder, but de fust man vot interfers wid de readin' of de Gofmer will be made de recipient of de contents of de latter."
"Knowing the desperate character of the man before them, all breathing was suspended on the part of the audience and the reading began:
Whereas, de jig is up, an' whereas, dis deplorable state of affairs was brought about by de hold-up of a club house an' a robbery in which gone of us did'nt get no cut, an'
Whereas, we is trowed out'en all visible means of support by de greed of two or three men what won't

20th is the time selected for such a thing, in 2 or every 10 times, 20 with 'em in back Jacks. Only one number beats it and that is 21. And yus November 21 will be a loser. In fact, at 10 o'clock squelch the government will take a back Jack and what we want, and the chances are away by the time it takes the deal all the other players will have dropped out of the game.

It was a hard blow to the man who has been impatiently waiting for nearly two weeks for the mail to arrive to go to the postoffice after it did arrive yesterday, and get nothing but a notice from Tax Collector, Wm. Smith to the effect that his taxes are now due.

Dominion Creek, Nov. 16.

Dear Stroller:
You will probably remember that I wrote you some time ago relative to my husband snoring, and you suggested fitting a mask to his face with a hose attachment leading out to an adjoining claim. I tried the scheme and it worked like a charm and our cup of happiness was complete, for, barring his snoring, which is not equaled by a malarious chorus, he is the greatest dove of a man in

New Westminister, Oct. 25.—That the wild scenes and daring deeds from the life of the western cowboy are not past-history yet has had picturesque demonstration up-country. Only the other day, an illustration of the free life of this fast disappearing type of manhood in the wild and woolly west, and which is so often pictured in comic papers, was enacted with all its startling and exciting touches of the early days, not many miles from New Westminister.

Joseph Williams, a Nicola cowboy, was the star of the tragic drama, and Corrigan's hotel in the town of 1,000 which was famous in the mining days of 1858 was the scene of the enactment.

Williams has been living at Hope with his wife for some time past. On Tuesday morning Larry Yates, an old chum who had been away for over a year, arrived in Hope, and went at once to find his bosom friend, whom he had not seen for many months.

Each was jubilant to meet the other, and the result was that the new arrival suggested that they go and have a drink. This they did. Then they purchased several flasks of fire-water they mounted their bronchos, started on a ride around town on a grand celebration.

Finally the stock of fire-water was exhausted. By this time it was well on in the evening, and Williams and Yates thought they would go to the saloon, which, by the way, is the only one in the town, and procure a fresh supply. By this time both of the riders were in a hilarious mood. They agreed that Williams should go in to the fresh supply.

So he spurred up his cayuse and started on a wild ride for the saloon with his revolver in hand.

Arriving there he never pulled a gun, but drove the horse into the barroom, firearm in hand.

He entered the door with a "Whip-lash-ay."

Bang, bang, bang, went the shots, and in a moment mirrors and glasses all shattered to the floor.

The intruder explained he was just looking the several waiters in the saloon how rear he could shoot to the hip and through their hats, without hitting them, and not to fear there was no danger.

However, they did not appreciate the situation and desired for safety behind doors, under the bar, or any other handy place of refuge. In a long series of them narrowly escaped being shot dead.

Williams, when he had finished his target practice, saw cowboy style, drove up to the bar and coolly asked for a flask of whisky.

James Corrigan, a son of the Emerald Isle, is the proprietor of the saloon, and although true to the tenets of his country, and has a deep sense of humor, he was unable to see the harmless side of the joke and refused to appear and wait on his customer.

The hero of the exploit escapade thereupon helped himself and while doing so he told the proprietor what he thought of him in rather emphatic tones.

He then rode out of the doorway un molested, and as he started off in search of his friend, he fired a bullet through the window of the saloon as a parting salute.

He was still letting any one within range know that he was having a royal good time as he disappeared in the darkness, his fiery steed traveling at a racing speed.

Slowly the several persons who were in the saloon at the time, crept from their places of cover, and when they realized there was no further danger they began to discuss what had happened.

Corrigan, the proprietor, has a natural dislike to pistols and revolvers, especially when they are loaded, and in the hands of a person who has little or no respect for the cost of the cartridges.

The result was that a plan was hatched to have Williams arrested as early a date as possible.

Nothing could be found of him that night, and in fact no one was partic-

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OWNED TOWN TEMPORARILY

N. W. Westminister Visited by Old Fashioned Cowboy

Who Rode His Horse Into Saloon & Shot Out Lights and Otherwise Took Entire Possession.

New Westminister, Oct. 25.—That the wild scenes and daring deeds from the life of the western cowboy are not past-history yet has had picturesque demonstration up-country. Only the other day, an illustration of the free life of this fast disappearing type of manhood in the wild and woolly west, and which is so often pictured in comic papers, was enacted with all its startling and exciting touches of the early days, not many miles from New Westminister.

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BOWSER'S BIG U
We Would Use Hot
Locate North

Experimented
Had Them Sit in
Picked Him Up in

"Do you know," began after dinner, the other knew what problem reaching the north pole "several things," replied, who, being the the look it that the query

"Yes, several things because of the cold, awful temperature it was could easily over-kill allies. When registers 100 degrees below of the strong gale. He must be

"Well, what of it?" "That of it," he replied. "If you over-kill the poles, you have to overcome the cold. It is no wonder what you are going to do with a lot of shipped around you. A temperature of 100 degrees below zero is a bear about it."

"Being as you are a man as every woman, I can overlook your way of encouraging a week for fame is the best originates."

"I had a wife like you content would have a paradise for wood nothing but ride in reply, I will, have quite or two. Suppose you did with a temperature of his body 30."

"That would offend Mrs. Bowser. Your head is not hot after all. Yes, that way, and don't you meet the cold of the simply keep on raising it. It's the simple world, and yet nobody thought of it. Mrs. the north pole as a

"He stepped back and discovered by the cat came to lounge and squint whether it was mouse or mouse."

"Yes, but how can the temperature be lowered degrees of Mrs. Bowser."

"Just as easy as do you use these for less than ten ingredients, including two of them are the blood fairly boiling temperature around the an August day. Shall at once consult about sending out an government provide Bowser's loungers."

"But you haven't No, but I am a wonder if the cook and then sit on a sidewalk and see how your course like with your there are a couple of tramps right for a quarter of them in at apartment under w

"You'd-gould be altered as he started why wait?" he said night, with his hand for experiment. It is to be sent of start in the spring.

"But it will end in the north pole and no better letter from Columbus. You are in no run this thing put on his

"It did not take to find a couple of shod about their the country. When he wanted and his they both cheerfully as they stood with in the winter, normal and then a yard. Their against the fence, and sat, then, cold, night, of such an experience "Now, then," he was ready.

"We'd-o!" replied, through the "That is a difference between your of the weather each of you take month and let it a few minutes your the same tempera are you ought to be around you."

"As Mr. Bowser on himself be

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