

## DAWSON'S FIRST SCHOOL.

Opened Monday by Rev. Father Gendreau.

Eighteen Pupils in Attendance—Non-Sectarian and Tuition Free—A Well-Furnished Schoolhouse.

The Catholic church has the distinction of opening the first public school in the Yukon territory. The building is a commodious one-story structure, 30x40 feet, and is situated at the corner of First avenue and Ninth street. It is furnished with desks, seats and blackboards; it can accommodate comfortably 40 pupils. Father Gendreau superior of the Dawson mission, is the individual to whom may be attributed the establishment of this public institution. It will be conducted under his supervision. Sister Mary Joseph is the teacher. She has been selected by reason of her experience and ability in this line of work. The school was opened on Monday morning with 18 pupils in attendance, whose ages range from 6 to that of 14 years. There are 10 boys and eight girls. The following are the names of the little girl scholars: McEwen, Clark, Farlane, Burton, Wright, Heck and the Day sisters. The boys are: McEwen, Day, Clark, Burton, Buckley, Moore, Farlane, St. Armand and the Ross brothers. The children are not all of the Catholic faith.

Father Gendreau, in speaking of the school, said: "We are glad to offer to the parents of Dawson an opportunity enabling them to send their little children to school. I assure you that our plan is not sectarian. We shall not teach the children religion. Our school is public in every sense of the word. We do not charge anything for tuition. I am gratified with our present attendance, and have every reason to believe that it will steadily increase. I hope that within a short time all the little children of school age will become pupils. We have a few class books, but we need more. I wish that you would make a mention in your paper respecting this fact. Perhaps there are some such books in Dawson, and, if there be, we are desirous of securing them." On Monday afternoon the school-room presented an attractive appearance. The desks and benches were occupied by neat little scholars, who were busily engaged in learning their first lessons.

### Why?

Ordinarily when a man goes up against a sure thing once, the profits by the experience, but such is not the case with the average "sour dough," and the numerous scows hung up on bars and ice jams on the upper Yukon bears out this statement. Why men who are well posted on the uncertainty of the length of the seasons and the date on which the river will close, will wait until August, and in some cases the first of September, before starting for the outside to bring in steam thawing plants and winter supplies, is a question that we have have not yet heard satisfactorily answered. Certainly it is tempting fate, and the present season's temptation has cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, to say nothing of the loss that will be sustained by the many mine owners as they will be unable to profitably operate their properties, owing to the non-arrival of their mining machinery. This does not mean a loss to the mine owners only, but a loss to the entire community, as hundreds of men who would have been employed will be compelled to remain idle during the present winter. Why all this unnecessary risk of life and property when you can place your orders with the Nugget Express? They have a purchasing department in charge of competent and reliable men and they will purchase for you, free of charge, anything you may desire from a paper of pins to a steam thawing plant, and by reason of the extensive business transacted by this department are in a position to secure better terms than would an individual purchaser. The thousands of commissions safely and satisfactorily executed by them during the past season is a record that they may be justly proud of, and we congratulate them on their success.

Nuggets—Genuine and Counterfeit.

[By Ethmar.]

A corner on any provisions cannot be square.

Some people who are trying to get into Dawson's social swim should put on life preservers—but it is a hard propo-

sition to know where to draw the line, isn't it?

Some Sparks fly upwards, others scintillate in all directions.

Snow comes down in the winter and ice goes up in the summer.

Miners up the creeks cannot succeed unless they get down to business.

Dawson's first bricks are like some of the people—"hard pressed for cash."

A man puts up with a good deal in Dawson, and puts up for a good deal more.

Talk is cheap, but somehow gossip, even in Dawson, manages to gain currency.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but the plump girls are getting the most cutter rides.

Talk isn't cheap when you hire a lawyer to do it for you. If you don't believe it, hire one.

Does the reader know of any cross-tongued people in Dawson who think one way and talk another?

A resident here who recently married an old flame, says she has a red-hot temper and knows how to use it.

It is nearing the season of the year when day-breaks, but doesn't fall, and the night falls, but doesn't break.

The man who has some scheme to enrich the miner quick usually has patches on the south section of his pants.

Dawson is the only place on earth where the duty and freight make dress goods go up quicker than a mouse can.

Adam had his little troubles, but he never had to worry over Eve's milliner and dressmaker bills, as some Dawson men do.

From the amount of business the police are doing over the wires between here and Bennett they should be made of copper.

There are a number of Dawson girls who are doing their "sleighting" now, but will not do their "slaying" until the wash-up.

Dawson women are like those of all other cities, when they meet they gossip; when the men meet they spell it with one "s."

The Canadian government's white-wash brush on the officials here last year covered a multitude of freckled reputations.

Can you guess why the stage girls stand before the mirror when dressing? To see what's going on—and sometimes it isn't much.

No matter how high some of the Eldorado kings are flying on the outside, they have to come down occasionally for bread and butter.

Many a miner never knew how near death's door he was until he read the advertisements of an electric belt offered for sale up the creeks.

Some people in Dawson are away up in the social scale, simply because they are too light to bring the scale down. Could you mention one or more?

Seven, instead of thirteen, has been an unlucky number in Dawson for a great many, especially where it consisted of Judge Dugas and the jury of six.

The mercury never gets warm in its efforts to lower the record here, yet some of the bare-faced lies told about the winters are old enough to wear full beards.

The ounce of dust you are paying back looks three times as large as the one you borrowed 30 days ago—and perhaps it is if weighed on some of the scales we hear about.

According to the eternal fitness of things a spanking breeze should be found only at the bottom of the sea, and the Shamrock learned to her dismay that when found above it was out of place.

### Big Time at the Forks.

Lovers of the terpsichorean art are promised a great treat for Wednesday night at Grand Forks. The Hotel Butler, which is now under the sole management of Mrs. Showers, will be the scene of gaiety and jollity on the date mentioned. The occasion will be a grand masque ball at which everyone will be welcome and no effort spared to insure a good time to everyone who attends. Mrs. Showers has fitted up the hotel in splendid shape and promises her guests that the house will be their's for the night. The finest brands of liquors are served and the music will be the best. Come early, boys, and avoid the rush.

M. I. Stevens has assumed the agency for the A. C. Co.'s office building. Anyone desiring warm offices will do well to call on him at Room 3.

Beer, ale, porter and wines served to table guests on Sunday at Cafe Royal.

Mackinaw suits \$4 at Mohr & Wilkens'.

## THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Rose Blumkin, a pretty dance hall girl, was one of the passengers on the ill-fated W. S. Stratton, which was wrecked at Selwyn, October 23d. Rose first came to Dawson with Frank Simons' company of variety people. She left here about the middle of September, and has traveled as far east as Cincinnati, Ohio. On the eve of her departure, she wagered a wine supper for four with a well-known man around town that she would return to Dawson before October 20th. On Sunday Rose arrived from Selwyn with a dog team. The bet will be paid on Thursday, but an ardent admirer of the comely Rose will insist on settling the "tab."

H. J. Brand, proprietor of the Club Bath House, tells of a good joke, which was perpetrated on himself soon after his arrival in Dawson last summer.

Brand came to the Yukon territory for the purpose of mining, and, like all "cheechakos," he desired to make some locations immediately after being landed from the steamer. He met an old acquaintance who had rushed to the country in the spring of '97, and who pretended to have an extensive knowledge of the creeks and of unlocated mining property. Brand and his friend at once agreed that it was advisable for the latter to make his locations without delay, and that very night the two started for Dominion. Brand carried a 50-pound pack. At the end of three days, upper discovery was reached and Brand, following the advice of his friend, surreptitiously staked 50-foot "lays" on every creek claim between the two discoveries. His friend was employed on No. 4 below upper.

Brand worked 18 days in securing his locations, and then returned to Dawson.

He and the government recorder had a wordy altercation, but Brand did not succeed in placing his "lays" on record. He bought the drinks when his friend visited Dawson some months later.

"Dead Eye" Dick is a character well known around town, as a vender of candy, apples, tobacco, etc. He is writing a play, which, when finished, will be submitted to Dave Bogart, manager of the Opera house theater.

Dick is reticent respecting the plot, but some of its details have become known. The scenes of the drama occur in Dawson. The characters are depicted from real life; and it is the intention of the author to secure, if possible, the individuals whose peculiar qualities are portrayed, to act as players at the initial production.

"Dock" Tack will open the entertainment with a sketch entitled "Oriental pastimes."

"Policy" Rob will sing the ballad, "How I Won and Lost the Last One."

Nellie Holgate will exhibit her empty wine bottles, and tell green room yarns.

"Maxie" will appear in a monologue act, and reveal his secret of success.

Numerous others, whose names are unknown, have been requested to appear. The play will conclude with a faithful reproduction of the "Single O Kid" drawing out on a beef stew.

"Say," said Ed Scroggy, "Did you ever think what could be done by using intelligent enterprise on a mule. Of course, I admit a mule is a hard proposition if tackled in the wrong direction, but I did something with a mule that I think is worth the telling."

In the spring of '98 our firm was packing from Crater Lake to Bennett and among other consignments were a lot of Peterborough canoes. The trail would throw a goat, and a big jack packed with a large Peterborough refused to take chances, and would not budge an inch. There was a steep declivity from the trail to Long lake, where this incident occurred, and I thought it might be all right to make the mule swim while I followed on the shore. So I gave the jack a push and started him sliding to the lake. Instead of falling with the boat on top, to my astonishment there he was floating along with his legs in the air. It looked good to me so I took a "mantle" for a foresail, bent it on the starboard front forward legs of the mule, and using his tail for a rudder, sailed majestically on into the unknown, and—

"Good night!" said the unhappy Nugget man.

The partition which formerly separated the territorial court from the police court has been removed, and the entire place is now devoted to the use of the superior court. The police court is now held in the main barracks building.

The Nugget Express will start a dog team for Cape Nome and intermediate points after the freeze-up. Letters and small packages may be left at office on Boyle's wharf.

## ORR & TUKEY,

Freighters and Forwarders  
Pack Trains and Freight Teams.  
TEAMING IN TOWN.  
DEALERS IN WOOD.  
All kinds of freight contracted for to any of the creeks and removed safely and quickly. Prompt and reliable.  
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Why not? Shirts, Collars, Cuffs laundered in the highest style of the art.

Try the CASCADE STEAM LAUNDRY  
Second Avenue, near Fourth street.  
Laundry called for and delivered free. Abbott & Curtis, agents at the Forks.  
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Alaskan Views, Outdoor Portraiture. Finishing and Supplies for amateurs.

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A FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT  
Regular Dinner, \$1.00.  
Short orders a specialty. Everything strictly first class. Clean and palatable.  
Connecting with the Green Tree, Front Street.  
BRUCE & HALL, Props.

## To Nome Over the Ice.

The Nugget Express has secured the services of that veteran musher Jack Carr for a trip over the ice to Nome in the near future. About December 1st he will start on the long, weary trip, and if there is any man in Dawson more fitted by experience and training for the journey than Jack Carr, his name has not yet appeared in Dawson history. Carr is particularly fitted for the trip, he having in the winter of 1897-8 made the trip up the river almost from its mouth, when for many hundreds of miles he must needs break his own trail. His many trips have been uniformly successful, thus giving him the unqualified confidence of the people that what he undertakes to do he will accomplish. Having made the trip of the lower river, he is acquainted and will make a cutoff to Nome a considerable distance before Anvik is reached.

The Cascade Laundry has established a branch at the Forks. Abbott & Curtis, agents.