The Klondike Nugget

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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 Pole.

LETTERS

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

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1901.

$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 same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

TIME FOR ACTION.

It is a singular fact that the men who are the most heavily interested in a community are often the last ones to awaken to a realization of their responsibilities when affairs of government are under consideration. The heeler and wire puller never requires any information concerning an approaching election nor is it necessary to tell him anything respecting prospective candidates or proposed lines of policy. It is his business to know about such things and he keeps far better posted than the average man of affairs.

The latter is usually too engrossed in attending to his private matters to admit of giving time or attention to politics; and more particularly is this the case where municipal affairs are concerned.

Business men say they have no time for such things. They have all the cares and responsibilities they wish to burden themselves with, and they have neither the time nor the inclination to mix in local politics. That is the position in which a number of solid, substantial citizens of Dawson are in today. They sit idly back and deplore the possibility of Dawson falling into the hands of a few professional agitators and politicians but at the same time show small inclination to place their shoulders to the wheel in the effort to avert what nearly all are agreed would prove an unmixed calamiey.

There is work to be done if results are to be accomplished. An organization should be effected, a policy outlined, committees appointed and preparations made to canvass the voters list thoroughly in the interest of good government. There is danger in further delay and that danger momentarily increases.

It makes very little difference what system of government is adopted, provided the reins of authority are placed in charge of responsible, representative men. Incorporation in the hands of the right men would not be a drawback to the town; but under the control of spoilsmen it would prove a curse from which the community would be years in recovering.

The neat sum of $1,250,000 was paid by the White Pass Railroad Company as a commission for securing the sale of the first bonds floated by the company. If the other expenses of the railroad have been on a par with the cost of floating the bonds, it is small wonder that the shareholders have never received a dollar of profit from their investment.

Just at the moment when it appears that the telegraph line is in good working order and everything is going smoothly—presto—a tree falls over the wire and Dawson is again shut off from outside communication. The public must not imagine, however, that the frequent breaks in the line are due to carelessness or negligence on the part of the men who have charge. Of all the various departments of the public service none are in better hands than the telegraph.

It is an old saying that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Likewise it is always found that irresponsible, non-tax paying agitators are always willing to undertake the task of governing a community and disbursing the public funds—if the people will allow them to do so.

If Dawson as a municipality wishes to command the respect of other Canadian cities, the best men in the community must be selected to handle its affairs. If that desideratum can be accomplished, the form of government will not make any particular difference.

The tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, now Prince and Princess of Wales, has formed another link in the chain of Imperial progress. England was never bound by stronger ties to her colonial possessions than she is at the present moment.

The pro-incorporationists have shown excellent judgment in sidetracking the most objectionable of the demagogues concerned in the movement.

Christmas Tree.

Dec. 17, 1901.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—Would you kindly insert the fol,owing announcement:

A Christmas tree entertainment will be held in the Presbyterian church tent at Gold Bottom, an the evening of Christmas day at 7:30. The program will consist of music, instrumental and vocal, recitations, dialogues, etc., by the children and others. Those in the neighborhood having presents to give to friends or children, are invited to place them on the tree. Santa Claus will be in attendance. The affair is free for all and those living on Hunker or tributaries are heartily welcome. There will be a gift on the tree for everyone in the house.

GEORGE PRINGLE,
Minister on Hunker, etc.

SOME HARSH MEASURES

Must Be Employed to Crush Out Boer War.

London, Nov. 19. — Mail advices from Natal say the problem in South Africa is a complicated one, and cannot be grasped by reading the newspapers. The correspondent says the British must be made to understand that they have to deal with a peculiar people whose very elementary education has been directed by their unscrupulous and ambitious leaders to imbuing them with the belief that, as the chosen of God, they are called to the dominion of South Africa. They are taught that the Amalekite Britisher is to be driven into the sea, leaving them the blacks as their hewers of wood and drawers of water, as in the days of the great trek.

In Natal, says the correspondent, the people are either thoroughly loyal or thoroughly rebels, but in Cape Colony thousands of Afrikanders are on the fence.

There has been too much sentimental humbug, declares the correspondent. He insists that the inhabitants must be thoroughly "smashed," and made to feel that they are "smashed" for the sake of the future quiet of South Africa. Then will be the time for the British to be generous. After peace comes the burghers can be handled easily, if the scales of justice are evenly held.

A Laugh Saved a Life.

The Rev. George Harvest, rector of Thames Ditton, England, was very absent minded so that on one occasion he went into a friend's house, and, seeing no servant, he rambled over it, finally entering the room of an old lady ill of a quinzy. He stumbled over a clothe-horse, and his awkwardness made the patient burst into such a fit of laughter that the quinzy broke, and she lived many years to thank him.

Don't fail to see the cartoons at the Pioneer saloon.

More Christmas Bargains

Japanese Silk Wrappers,	$12.50
Japanese Silk Dressing Jackets,	7.00
Eiderdown Wrappers,	6.00
Eiderdown Jackets,	3.50
Felt Slippers,	1.00

J. P. McLENNAN.

OBADIAH'S BUCKSAW TEST

Determines Whether or Not the Hobo Shall Eat.

Hannah Now Has Plenty of Wood While the Old Man Talks National Affairs.

I thought I'd write you a few lines to let you know where we are, and what we are doing. We moved to Hoaxville about two months ago, and are agetting along fine. Of course Hannah and we has a spat once in awhile, but that ain't nothing new. You see, we live next to the railroad, and when we first came here Hannah she'd feed every hobo that come along. Well, now, I couldn't stand that you know, and so I says one day, says I: "Hannah, you've got to quit bringing them fellers in and afeeding of 'em; we can't afford it, and if you keep it up, we'll have to go to the poorhouse ourselves."

"Obediah," says she, "ain't you a Christian? Don't you know I'm adoing missionary work with them poor lost souls?"

Hannah she belongs to the Women's Society for the Uplifting of Humanity and she's always giving a tract to somebody or something.

"Well, now," says I, "that's all right, but they're agetting too numerous, and it's a sin to encourage their laziness, and I ain't agoing to stand it no longer."

"Obediah," says she, "you're just jealous that's all."

Jehosaphat! Mr. Editor, you know that was a whopper. Nobody would be jealous of Hannah, especially if they'd a known her as long as I have, but she's so sot in her way that there's no use trying to argue the matter, so I said in my most commanding tone: "If you're bound to waste your sobstance you can put 'em up a bite in a paper, but they shan't come in the house and get a regular meal any more."

"What does the Bible say about entertainibg strangers," says she. "Don't it say they're sometimes angels unawares?"

"Yes," says I, "it does, and it tells somewheres about fallen angels and casting pearls before swine. These men don't want to work, and they hadn't ought to be be fed."

"Well, Obediah," says she, "you have a right to your opinion, I s'pose, and since you are so set against it I'll not ask 'em in anymore, but I will feed 'em, for it ain't Christian like to refuse."

She went into the other room asinging "Rescue the Perishing," and I went out to the woodshed to cut my night's wood. A thought struck me all of a sudden that the bucksaw is an instrument of equalization. I just kept on thinking that night, and the next morning I kind awatched around the back door after the freight train pulled in, and the first hobo that wanted something to eat I set to sawing wood while I went in the house.

"Hannah," says I, "there's a poor poor fellow out here as wants a bite to eat; put him up something, can't you?"

Sh kind a bunged out her eyes, and started to say something, but changed her mind, and put a temperance tract in the paper sack with some grub. I waited until I thought he'd earned his breakfast. Then I took it out to him, and told him I was much obliged for his work as I had the rheumatics powerful bad at times.

He said he was just out of the hospital in Portland himself, and so forth and so on...

Well, since then I hain't sawed any wood to speak of. I've got it all corded up in four foot lengths in the woodshed out of sight, and all I have to do is to kind a watch when the freight trains come. The rest of the time I spend mostly at the grocery helping my feller citizens decide where Sampson was when Schley took a hand in receiving the Spanish fleet down there at Santiago.

Hannah says the other day, says she: "Obediah, I believe that liver medicine is adoing you good; you ain't half so ugly as you was awhile back."

"Verk likely it is," says I, but between you and me, Mr. Editor, it's just getting out of cutting wood that ails me.

Hannah wants the leaves raked off the yard, and I s'pose I'll have to do it tomorrow, unless an "angel unawares" happens around about dinner time and I see him before Hannah does. Yours truly,

OBADIAH OVERAT OLDWAY.

P. S.—If you want to try my plan, Mr. Editor, you can always tell a good "angel unawares" by the way he handles the bucksaw. If he goes at it like he's been there before, I feed him; if he don't I don't. Hannah says there won't be any bucksaws in heaven. I'm thankful for that, for there won't be any hobos, either.—Obadiah Oldway in Oregonian.

The Class and the Idol's Nose.

The teacher was instructing a class of infants in the Sunday school and was letting the children finish her sentences to make sure they were understood.

"The idol had eyes," she said, "but it couldn't—"

"See," cried the children.

"It had ears, but it couldn't—"

"Hear," said the class.

"It had lips, but it couldn't—"

"Speak," said the children.

"It had a nose, but it couldn't—"

"Wipe it," shouted the little ones, and the teacher had to pause in her lesson in order to recover her composure.—Tit-Bits.

A Christmas present will be given away to every child in the Klondike holiday week at Gandolfo's.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

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In the form of a Souvenir of Dawson. 200 Handsomely Executed Designs of the City and Surrounding Territory.....

Goetzman's Souvenir

FORMERLY $5.00

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THE GAME OF WHIST

As it Is Now Played by the Crack New York Teams.

The watchword in the modern game of whist, as developed in New York and vicinity during the past three or four years is "freedom," freedom from the restraint of old-time conventionality. The Eagle has all along taken this attitude that this fundamental idea is a good thing, that, under certain conditions it leads and will lead to a truer development of good all around whist ability, better than can be attained by even the most careful and conscientious study of American leds or any other conventionalities.

The two standards by which it seems fairest to judge a man s game of whist are: First, accuracy, and, second adaptability. Accuracy is the necessary groundwork for any and every good game of whist. Adaptability is the quality which brings success after accuracy has been mastered. Adaptability implies accuracy in card reading and in the understanding af different systems of play, both partners and opponents. It implies a freedom from bias against systenatized play and a readiness of perception and appreciation which enable the really first-class player to meet the new conditions which constantly arise, from errors, both of partner and of opponenets; in the one case to ward off evil results, in the other, to make the error as costly as possible. In short, adaptability is but another way of expressing the freedom from restraint which has become the ideal of metropolitan whist.

But—and it is a very large and positive in this instance—there is a great danger in attempting to acquire adaptability without first making certain the groundwork of accuracy. In whist, as in everything else, the way to freedom is through the law.

In civic life freedom without a knowledge of the law, leads to anarchy, disorder and crime. The crimes of whist are not in the penal code, but, in the eyes of the votaries of the game, they are as real as those in daily life.

The attempt to exercise freedom from restraint in whist without a knowledge of the law is sure to result in anarchy and disorder, and in New York today this state of affairs exists.

The poem, which was published in the Eagle of last week by some western whist player, was a fair criticism of the game as it is played locally by the class of players referred to who have forgotten to build upon the foundation of accuracy. The state of affairs described is deplorably too true.

A large percentage of the men who play at local clubs when asked what game they play say with more than suspicion of pride: "Oh, we haven't any conventions. We play from the drop of the cards." If the seeker for knowledge pursues the inquiry further and asks: "Do you play long suit?" the answer is usually given hesitatingly in some phrase like this: "Well, ye—es, in a way."

The game goes on. One of the alleged long suiters pick up his hand and after some deliberation in which he is presumably plotting out the hand before him, leads a deuce of spades as an opening lead. Subsequent play developes the fact that he has led from deuce, seven and eight!

Shades of Cavendish and Pole! Whiter does the liberal, the 'free adaptable game" lead? This lead actually occurred during the tournament of the New Jersey Whist Association in the first match for the Metropolitan trophy, which took place on Thursday night. And the teams entered were supposed to be the best available representatives of the clubs they came from. And this was only one of a dozen equally weird plays made in that match.

"We play from the drop of the cards. Long suits are the basis of our system, but we have no iron-clad rules," said the opener, when the writer questioned him in regard to the opening. Words fail the situation.

But to bring the question more nearly home, how many players who play the old fashioned fourth best, long suit game know the meaning of fourth best and the reason for it? Most of them have heard of the eleventh rule and if asked what that rule is, would say, "Subtract the spots on the card led from eleven and you will get the number of cards outside the leader's hand which will beat the one led."

So far they go and no further. All of the beautiful possibilities of definite card reading from this system of play are lost. They are but hazy suspicions, distant dreams and exaltations.

And it is really surprising that, lacking a knowledge of the reasons for so valuable a rule the player, while complying with the external forms of the system, should fail in realizing the value of its application.

To illustrate: At one of the local clubs it was suggested last winter that many of the newer players would benefit by drill in fourth best American leads. A veteran of the game, who has stuck to Cavendish through thick and thin for 25 years, never varying his fourth best leads, volunteered to give instructions to the "dubs." They met and in his first lesson the veteran enunciated the rule of eleven. Some innocent asked the obvious question. "Why is that so?" The veteran said, "Why,—" and then stopped. He failed completely to give any explanation of the simple mathematical calculation which is the basis of the rule.

The explanation is the simplest thing in the world, and there is nothing which stimulates accuracy in card counting so strongly as a firm grasp upon it. The statement of the circulation upon which the rule is based is here given as a suggestive line of thought. It may be a work of supererogation, but the writer thinks not.

At whist the cards of each suit range in value from 2 to 14, the ace representing the latter figure. If a card is led, the number of spots on the card substracted from 14 will give the total number of cards out which will beat the one led. If the card led is fourth best it is evident that three of the total number out are in the leader's hand. Subtract these three from 14 and we get 11. Subtract the spots on the card led from 11 and we get the number of cards outside the leader's hand to beat the one led.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Identified as Pat Crowe.

Butte, Mont., Dec. 2.—A special to the Butte Miner from Cascade, a small camp near here, says Fred Dawkins, a ranchman, has been shot by a man who he claims is Pat Crowe, the kidnapper of young Cudahy, of Omaha. Dawkins says that for weeks he has been been following the man, whom he knows is the kidnaper, and the latter has been continually trying to evade him.

Today in pursuit of him the alleged abductor suddenly arose, apparently from beneath a flat car, under which he had been hiding, and, pressing a revolver against Dawkins, who was close upon his heels, fired. Dawkins said that he fell and Crowe ran a few feet, but returned and, aiming a revolver at him, said: "I intended giving you more lead, but I guess that one has fixed you."

The man whom Dawkins described was arrested a few hours later by the sheriff. He gives the names of J. H. McBride, Harry Evingston and J. B. McGuire, and has served a term in the county jail here.

The prisoner will be held pending thorough investigation by officers of Montana. Dawkins is in a critical condition and may die.

Omaha, Dec. 2. — Chief Donahue thinks there is no chance of the man who did the shooting at Cascade, Mont., being Pat Crowe. He says if the man had been in jail any length of time in Montana under the supposition that he was Pat Crowe the police here would have been notified of the fact. He thinks Pat Crowe's brother, who lives near Butte, may have been the cause of the mistaken identification.

McGovern-Corbett Fight.

New York, Dec. 2.—Representatives of Terry McGovern and "Young Corbett" will meet in this city next Saturday to decide the question of a return match between the featherweight pugilists. Two offers have been made for a fight, one of which was a $10,000 purse.

(In a first match McGovern was put out by Corbett.)

Artist: "Now, give me your candid opinion of this picture."

Critic: "It is utterly worthless."

Artist: "Yes, I know your opinion is utterly worthless, but I am curious to hear it, nevertheless."

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