

The Klondike Nugget

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ALLEN BRONSON, Publishers

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NOTICE.
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 Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1901.

THE NEWS' BOOMERANG.

According to a statement which appeared in the News of last evening that paper "has been waiting" for an opportunity to get even with the Nugget for the numerous "scoops" which this paper has scored over its contemporary the last few months.

The waiting process has probably become tiresome to the News, for last evening it fired a random shot at the Nugget which a glance at the first page of this paper will clearly indicate is nothing more nor less than a boomerang.

Our second-hand neighbor from Tacoma has been writhing in agony for months by reason of the fact that the Nugget's enterprise and superior facilities for securing news matter have enabled this paper to scoop its contemporary on countless occasions. So accustomed has the News become to receiving defeats at the hands of the Nugget that a short time ago it admitted editorially that in order to get the news, it is compelled frequently to wait until after the Nugget has appeared on the streets, and plaintively asked its few remaining readers to "wait for the News."

The Nugget gave the first returns of the election in the United States; the first news of the Dominion elections; the first news of Queen Victoria's death and the ceremonies attending her funeral, and on the 7th inst. published a telegram giving in detail the inauguration of President McKinley. All these matters were handled by the News from twenty-four to forty-eight hours after they had appeared in the Nugget, and while our contemporary was probably saved a good many dollars in telegraph expenses, it lost very heavily in prestige.

The News stated last evening that the Nugget's account of the inauguration of President McKinley was "a fake, prepared in the Nugget office." We pronounce the statement an absolute lie—the only expression in the English language which properly meets the emergency—and in proof of this we point to Manager Clegg's statement on the first page of this paper. The simple fact of the matter is that the News, having done nothing but a "faking" business itself ever since it began publication, is unable to comprehend honesty in another paper. The News has been led into the error of applying its own standard in measuring the Nugget and of course with results disastrous to itself.

Where the News has practiced dishonest methods the Nugget has confined itself to legitimate journalistic enterprise and while the "News has been waiting" to get in a body blow at the Nugget, this paper has busied itself with publishing the news, with results which have been eminently satisfactory to us, however disappointing they may have been to the News. It is now due for the News "explanation editor" to take another grip on his pencil and see by what means he can wriggle out of this last ditch in which he is foundering.

The Nugget paid to the Dominion government the sum of twenty dollars

for transmitting the telegram which the News says was prepared and written in the Nugget office. As a matter of fact the Nugget is the heaviest patron of the line in Dawson.

INSPECTION NECESSARY.

The death of another man resulting from dirt falling from the top of a drift, recalls the fact that there are no regular inspectors of mines in the territory. The duties of the mining inspectors, so called, do not include at the present time any such work as their title suggests. They are concerned mainly with the collection of royalty and similar duties, and are not necessarily practical miners.

The extensive lines upon which mining is now carried on, and the large number of men employed call for some provision for regular and systematic inspection.

Mine owners are apt to become careless in such matters and experience in other mining communities has amply proven that the only safe plan for securing protection to laborers is through inspection on the part of duly authorized officers of the law. At the same time attention should be drawn to the matter of boilers now in such common use on the creeks. It would be well if all such machinery were inspected occasionally. Care should also be taken to see that none but competent men are employed in running boilers and engines.

In fact it may be said that the appointment of competent inspectors for the various purposes indicated above has come to be an absolute necessity.

CORONER'S INQUEST

Brings Commendable Action Regarding Unsafe Mine.

An inquest over the remains of Samuel Nelson who was killed Monday afternoon on 41 above Bonanza was held at the Forks Tuesday afternoon by coroner McDonald. After hearing the evidence of several witnesses the following verdict was rendered:

"We consider that the deceased came to his death from the falling of a quantity of frozen earth from the face of the drift and do not consider any responsibility is attached to the claim owner from the falling of this particular piece of earth, but we consider the mine at present, from what we have seen, in an unsafe condition and not fit for men to be working in. We recommend that work be at once stopped until a proper and competent man inspects the mine. We consider that the government should appoint practical mining inspectors to examine the mines in the country at least once a month."

A. E. C. M'DONALD, Cor.
COLIN C. M'CALLUM,
JAMES NEILSON,
EMILE LARIN,
JOHN H. MATHESON,
GEO. MURRAY,
SIMON PRASER,

The claim on which the accident occurred is owned by C. E. Carboneau, who immediately after the inquest stopped all work on the claim, as ordered by Coroner McDonald, until some competent mining man had examined and reported the claim as being in a safe condition to work. Mr. Powers of the N. A. T. & T. Co., was asked to examine the claim which he will do today.

Round steak 50c at P. O. Market.

Local dealers report that hay and oats have taken a jump, the latter being particularly firm.

Beef, chechako, 33c by the side, at P. O. Market, Third street.

**Grass
Flower
Vegetable
SEEDS**

..J. P. McLENNAN..



VALE! KNIGHTS OF THE GREEN CLOTH

We must say that we are sorry for your going, but if it is a case of "mush on" you might as well be a good actor and dress your part.

.... PUT ON A GOOD FRONT!

At our store you can buy all the necessities for a long journey in the way of Clothing, Hats, Shoes or Underwear.

HERSHBERG The Reliable Seattle Clothiers
Opposite C. D. Co.'s Dock

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Last Saturday afternoon the Stroller called at 22 places of business at four of which the mad dog question was being discussed; in another place a heated discussion was on as to who discovered the Island of Madagascar; at the next place the subject of foreclosure was being ably handled by a Presbyterian and an infidel while next door two gentlemen from Arkansas were in danger of coming to blows over the point as to whether or not a dog with a trace of bull in him ever makes a good possum hunter. At two places the subject of incorporation was on tap, leaving thirteen other places where the theme of conversation and discussion was the same, to wit: What will be the probable outcome of the McConnell case.

"Say, boys, did any of you ever learn tell of Enoch Arden? You didn't? Well, I'll just tell you that I am the Enoch of modern times"

The speaker was a man ten years past middle life and the place was the general office and loafing room of one of Dawson's many second grade lodging houses that advertise "beds 50 cents and up."

"Well," continued the man who had begun with the question, "Enoch Arden had a roving disposition and he left his wife and a hull flock of children at home while he went off to some old time Klondike or some sich place to make a fortune. Something or rather happened to him and he didn't write nor show up at home for a number of years. Finally he got in shape to go home and when he lit off the train at the old depot it was about dusk. He slowly sauntered out the road to his old home expectin' to arrive 'bout supper time and take his wife and kids by surprise. As he neared the house he seed a man washin' of his hands out on the back porch and he heard a woman in whom he recognized his wife's voice say: 'Husband, are you ready for supper?' Then Enoch tuck a tumble to hisself and realized that durin' the nearly 20 years he had been away his ole woman had given him up for dead an' had done gone and married 'nother chap, an ole bachelor that Enoch had knowed all his life; they havin' gone to school together in the days of barefooted boyhood. When Enoch heard his wife call his ole bachelor friend husband, he paused to think and shore 'nuff he didn't blame his wife but laid the hull blame on hisself and he soliloquized thusly: 'She is his'n an' he is a better husband to her than me, so I'll scoot, an' he scooted an' went back to the station an' ketched the midnight express to the west an' his wife never knowed she was a bigamist, but lived to be 84 years ole and died happy with her bloomin' head on Enoch's bachelor friend's shoulder.

"Well, my case is a counterpart to Enoch's. In '92 I left my wife an' four children back in Idaho. I was dead sot on minin' an' had been stuck on comin' to Alaska for nigh onto a year fore I got started. Well, I finally came and started prospectin' way down in the Rampart country. Fer four years I writ regular to the folks at home an' in '94 sent out \$500 in cash to 'em to pay off the mortgage on the ole cow ranch. Thinkin' I'd done my duty by 'em I didn't write very often after that but still I always kept 'em knowin' I was still alive. Well, things drifted on 'till last fall an' with sumptin' over \$40,000 in drafts sowed in the linin' of my vest I went out an' went home. What do you reckon I found? No, my wife warn't married agin, but she had tuck the \$500 I had sent her six years ago an' instead of payin' off the mortgage on the cow ranch had invested it in Boise City real estate an' had sold out durin' a boom for \$18,000 spot cash. Then she had continued to invest 'till she had more money than I had an' it had made her feel so sot up that she had quit wearin'

her sunbonnet at the table and growled because I et pie with a knife. She had tuck to ridin' a bicycle and was troubled in the mornings with what she called 'enwee.' My children had tuck to sayin' cyether and neyther an' my oldest darter was always smellin' of something she called a 'longyet' whenever I started to tell her about Dawson dance halls. Well, the long an' short of it was I stood it fer three or four months an then broke away an' here I am—just in over the ice. I won't suffer no divorce; fact is, I wouldn't need one here even if I tuck a notion to get gay; but the ole woman can have one any time she axes for it as I won't bother to contest the suit. An' this is why I say a man can be an Enoch Arden 'thout havin' his wife gobbled up by a bachelor friend."

"If I was running a paper in Dawson now do you know what I'd do?" said a merchant to the Stroller yesterday forenoon; and on being informed that the Stroller had not the most vague apprehension of what he would or would not do, the merchant continued: "Why, I would get in and roast this order closing up gambling houses. I would come out flat-footed and stand pat for the gamblers for they are the people that support newspapers and

without them there will be short pickin' round here and don't you forget it." Half a block further along the street the Stroller encountered another man who had ideas of his own about the way a newspaper should be conducted. "Just let me tell you," said he, "I was holding down an editorial chair in this town I would write some hot stuff in answer to the argument that gamblers make a good town. I would insist on knowing why half a dozen or ten men should work out on the creeks for the purpose of supporting one gambler in town. They may buy a paper every evening but it never costs them anything. They just take a two-bit piece off the table. You never see one of them go down in his own pocket to buy a paper. Such arguments as that gamblers make a town lively make me ache."

And thus it is. Every man not engaged in the newspaper business knows ten times more about how a paper should be run than the man who has followed the business until he has grown crow's feet and gray hairs. No one man in 50 would presume to enter a store and tell a merchant how to run his business, or a saloon and tell the proprietor to use less water in his whisky or comment on the newness of its taste. No; none but the newspaper man is overwhelmed with advice about how to conduct his own business.



House Cleaning

WITH the advent of spring we are disposing of many lines of staple goods at a great reduction in prices. An immense invoice will replace them upon the arrival of our boats. Just now we are cleaning out our stock of

KITCHEN UTENSILS

Of which we have an endless variety at Specially Low Prices.

See Our Display Windows

S-Y. T. Co. Second Avenue
TELEPHONE 39

AMUSEMENTS

SAVOY THEATRE Week of March 11

Edwin R. Lang's **FITZSIMMONS**
RIP VAN WINKLE and **JEFFRIES**
Projected by Prof. Parkes and the Wondrouscope.
ADMISSION 50 Cents RESERVED SEATS \$1.00

The Standard Theatre Week of March 11th

A THREE ACT COMEDY-DRAMA,
Thursday Night, Ladies Night, Magnificent Scenic Effects.
...Bob...
The Debutant

ORPHEUM THEATRE

ALEC PANTAGES, MANAGER
GRAND RE-OPENING MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 11
HEARDE & DOLAN'S MASTODON MINSTRELS
JNO. FLYNN'S BOSTON GAIETY GIRLS
Introducing JENNIE GUICHARD, Queen of Burlesque.
New Living Pictures, Stars and Stripes Quartette.
22 NEW ARTISTS. 3 BIG SHOWS IN ONE. See Our Grand Street Parade Monday