

WHO WILL PAY THE EXPENSES

An Authority Says South Africa Must Foot the Bill.

Transvaal Interests, All of Which Are Owned by Capitalists, Will Be Heavily Taxed.

A correspondent, whose able examination in a series of letters published in our columns of the general question of imperial taxation a year ago will doubtless be remembered by all serious students of public affairs, addresses us today upon the more special problem of the taxation involved by the war, says the London Times. The precise amount of new taxation required is, of course, doubtful. Some of the data are obviously imperfect and must so remain for some time to come, while, on the other hand, there is room for some difference of opinion upon the question of how the necessary expenditure, whatever it may be, should be divided between capital and revenue. We need not, therefore, pin ourselves to particular figures. It suffices for the moment to let the figures remain avowedly provisional and to deal with principles. There is one great distinction to be drawn at the outset between expenditure directly due to the war and expenditure arising out of the lessons the war has taught us.

The expenditure directly due to the war ought to be and must be, as Sir Michael Hicks Beach has already intimated, a charge upon the territories involved in the struggle. The exaction of a war indemnity from the vanquished is perhaps the best established principle of modern international relations.

If it be thought inapplicable to a case in which the vanquished governments will cease to exist, then as a plain matter of accountancy the liberated territories must, to the extent of their ability, pay for their liberation. On either principle the cost of the war must be a first charge upon the revenues of the territories now known as the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Happily we know that the wealth of the Transvaal is enormous. Interest and sinking fund upon the war debt is a burden that can easily be borne, and that will prove much lighter than the Transvaal would have had to bear under the sway of the gangs of adventurers who have hitherto misgoverned it.

People who say that this is a capitalists' war will no doubt reflect with pleasure that this is the way to make the capitalists pay their proper share of its cost. Apart from direct war expenditure we have in sight a continuing extra expenditure of apparently at least some ten millions per annum. It is made up of what is called normal increase of the army and navy estimates—say a couple of millions—another couple of millions due to projected additions to the army and six millions for "temporary" measures of home defense. So far as really temporary the cost of these measures ought to count as part of the war cost. But if these particular measures are not made permanent, and some of them, we may hope, will not be persisted in, then other and wiser measures will have to be adopted. Our army is to be satisfactorily maintained on a footing commensurate with the necessities of imperial defense.

Nightmare.

"Strange that we are always so cowardly in nightmares," remarked a New Orleans lawyer who has a taste for the bizarre. "I don't believe anybody ever lived who stood up and made a square stand against the amorphous horror that invariably pursues us in such visions. When I have a nightmare and the usual monster gets on my trail, my blood turns to water, and my conduct would disgrace a sheep. I am beside myself with stark downright fear, and I have no idea left in my head except to run like a rabbit. All pride, self respect, dread of ridicule and even the instinct of self defense are scattered to the winds, and I believe, honestly, I would be capable of any infamy in order to escape. I have no hesitation in confessing this, because, as far as I have been able to find out, everybody acts exactly the same way in the throes of nightmare, and I feel certain I would not make such a pitiable spectacle of myself in real life, no matter what might befall."

"I think that the explanation of the nightmare panic is to be found in the fact that the dream is almost invariably accompanied by a sense of suffocation. It is well established that choking—the shutting off of one's wind, to use

a homely phrase—has an effect upon the mind which is entirely distinct and different from that produced by any other form of pain or peril. It fills the victim with such horror and distraction that he is for the moment insane. He will do anything to get relief. This has been brought out on more than one occasion in the defense of men who have been choked and killed their assailants, and judges have held that the circumstances of such an attack should be given special consideration as extenuating the deed. In dreams the entire nervous system is relaxed, and it is natural to suppose that the mental effect of suffocation would be intensified. At least, that is the best apology I have to offer for my sprinks through nightmare land."—Times-Democrat

Habit Is a Horse's Work.

"When I retired from the contracting business a short time ago," said a well known man, "I had a number of horses that I was anxious to dispose of. Among them was one named Jerry, which for several years had been used to working on a drum. In such work a horse becomes accustomed to lifting his feet high to avoid striking the hoisting ropes. When the horses were put under the hammer, Jerry went to a Harlem grocer."

"About a week later the purchaser of Jerry called at my house and told me that he had a lot of trouble with the horse. He said that Jerry would go a short distance, when he would stop short and lift his feet high, and after doing this would go a little farther, only to repeat it again. I told the grocer why the horse stopped short and lifted his feet and also advised him to look up some contractor and sell the animal to him for hoisting purposes. He did so, notifying me that he received a larger price than he paid me for the horse."—Ex.

The Grubstaked Men.

The grubstaked man from the States is looked upon with suspicion by the old-time miner. His experience with these individuals has taught him a few lessons which all have had to learn since time began and man had to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Generally speaking, it is fair to assume that a person who has not hustle and "go" sufficient to enable him to accumulate enough funds "in the States" to take him to the Alaskan gold fields is of too poor timber to make a successful mine hunter in this northern region. There are many good, ambitious and industrious men in Alaska who have been grubstaked by friends. They are the exceptions, however, and form a different class from the professional "grubstake chaser," who is ever a ne'er-do-well. The "grubstake chaser" is peculiarly the product of the Klondike. That is, he only existed in a mild form before that era of northern mining excitement. There are so many fine points about the business, as now carried on, however, that it may be characterized as a distinct profession, and it requires no little ingenuity on the part of the professional "grubstake chaser" to make a good living out of his calling.

The crop of "grubstake chasers" is always very large and in full evidence wherever and whenever there is a new gold strike. The richer the strike the more numerous the "grubstake chaser." In Alaskan winter camps he flourishes like a green bay tree.

Numerous instances are known of his operations in Nome last winter, where the said individual and a few friends work the graft very successfully. They would build a cabin a long distance up or down the beach or back in the hills somewhere. Then they would strike for a grubstake on which to "mush" and stake claims! The grubstake obtained they would retire to their cabins and live on good grub until the grubstake was exhausted. Then they would return with a lot of filled out location notices of claims, which claims, and often the creeks, too, only existed in the fertile imagination of the "grubstake chaser." These would be turned over to the grubstaker, who dreamed the long winter through of vast wealth when summer came. Periodically the "grubstake chaser" repeated this operation and the recorder's books have on them hundreds and hundreds of these bogus locations, for which some person has put up the expense.

There are some people in Nome who are not now grubstaking as many "grubstake chasers" as formerly.—Nome Gold Digger.

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If we haven't got what you want we'll send for it. Hammell's, the Forks.

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WE are pleasantly surprised at the ready sale of these goods. It shows an appreciation of an extra effort on our part as the stock of overcoats recently brought in by us were most carefully selected for style, texture and cut. They are all serviceable garments with no trash among them. Call and try one on.

WE HAVE YOUR SIZE

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The Reliable Seattle Clothier

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The place of honor at a Chinese banquet is at the host's left hand.

A pet Maltese cat belonging to a lady in England has been successfully provided with spectacles to counteract failing eyesight. A picture of a mouse was used by the oculist to test the cat's eyes.

A young girl in Missouri was taken to an insane asylum the other day suffering from the remarkable delusion that she is compelled to sit on a red hot stove and peel potatoes. She has been working in a hotel kitchen.

Millions have been spent in civilized countries in futile efforts to preserve grapes. The Chinese have known the secret for many centuries, and millions more have been vainly used in the effort to drag from them the recipe.

An expert says that if the supply of asphalt at Trinidad should become exhausted a still greater bed which underlies a vast area of ground near Fort Duchesne, Utah, may be drawn upon. The ground is now part of an Indian reservation.

Easy to Explain.

They were sitting in the club and discussing plays and plots and actors and actresses and hoc genus omne. Said he: "I rather like these ingenious, intricate plots. Now, for instance, I have a great idea for a plot. Two men are in love with two girls. Charlie is in love with Edith and Jack is enamored of Nellie, but Nellie loves Charlie and Edith loves Jack. That is simple, isn't it?"

The friend said it was. "Well, they all go to a masked ball. Charlie is to wear the disguise of a harlequin, Jack that of a Boer. Edith will appear as Spring and Nellie as Mary, Queen of Scots. Before the ball they all get to know somehow what the disguises of the others will be. Then at the last moment they reverse the characters, each couple exchanging their dresses. Do you follow?"

The friend gasped a reply. "This means to say that Charlie, who was going as a harlequin, really goes as a Boer, and so on. Well, Charlie, as a Boer, makes love to Nellie, who was going as Spring, but who takes the part of a harlequin, devotes himself to Edith, who should have gone as Spring, but who has taken Nellie's part of Mary, Queen of Scots. Now, to make this plain, you will see that I have drawn all the characters on paper, and if you will follow these lines which I have made you will see also that, supposing they change dresses before the time of unmasking, everything will appear to be right when they come face to face. Isn't that so?"

No answer came. "So that Charlie, who was in the disguise of a Boer, now appears as a harlequin and makes love to Edith, who was Mary, Queen of Scots, but is now Spring; while Jack, who was a harlequin, is now a Boer, and spoons with Nellie, who was Spring, but has now taken her right costume of Mary, Queen of Scots. Well, when they unmask Charlie, who was a Boer, and who is now a harlequin, can't make out why or how Edith, who was to appear as Spring and appeared as Mary, Queen of Scots—why, where on earth has he gone to?"

The friend had fled from the simplest plot in the world, but he may be seen in a certain ward muttering to himself: "Now, Charlie went as a Boer and Jack ought to have gone as a harlequin, and Edith went as Spring, and—Oh, my poor head!"—Ex.

Nita's First.

"Nita's First," a farcical comedy by T. G. Warren was the attraction at the Standard last evening, and enjoyed the patronage of the usual large attendance of first nighters.

Irascible Fizzleton, as portrayed by Alf Layne, was a whole comedy in himself, and Frank Gardner as his son, the

I hereby certify that I am a citizen of the United States and fully qualified to vote in the approaching presidential election. My choice for the offices of president and vice-president is as indicated below:

REPUBLICAN TICKET.	
FOR PRESIDENT	
WILLIAM McKINLEY	
VICE-PRESIDENT	
THEODORE ROOSEVELT	
DEMOCRATIC TICKET.	
FOR PRESIDENT	
WM. JENNINGS BRYAN	
VICE-PRESIDENT	
ADLAI E. STEVENSON	

SIGNED

Instructions: Mark your ticket thus, X in the space opposite the names of the candidates for whom you wish to vote. Each voter is entitled to one vote only. Place ballot in sealed envelope and mail or send to Nugget office.

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CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

Tom Chisholm, Prop.

younger Fizzleton whose troubles with the baby, Nita's First, go a long way towards making the piece go, was a decided success.

Miss Prim, a maiden lady, was presented by the character veteran, Julia Walcott, and that she made a hit is a matter that can be taken for granted.

Corinne Gray played Nita and got all the fun there was in the part out of it to the enjoyment of the audience, and so the whole cast might be gone through with and no fault found with the work of anyone. The piece itself is funny, and would get a laugh out of any audience if the lines were merely read. There is little or no plot to it, and its chief attraction lies in the humor and wit with which it abounds. "Nita's First" is a good thing and those who miss seeing it miss the chief theatrical attraction of the week.

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.

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Pack Train will there connect for transfer of baggage.