WAS A GRAND ROSS MEETING

(Continued from page 1.)

of the territory, of the number of schools built and the number in course of construction at the present time, and then of Mr. Ross' strenuous endeavors for representative government, a principle which he had long advocated before he came here and had ever since strenuously pushed forward. His opponents say that he did not obtain a wholly elective Yukon council. Mr. Ross had taken what he could get, which was five members, but that he had not given up his efforts in this direction was shown in the fact that one of the planks in his platform called for a wholly elective Yukon council.

It would take one all night, Mr. Donaghy continued, to state the numerous reforms Mr. Ross had already secured and their importance to the future of the territory. There were others which all knew that he had demanded, and if elected to the Dominion house the people would have a voice there which would be listened to, and which was able to make clear to the legislators of the nation the wants of this territory. (Cheers.) He then pointed out that the laborer was no longer called to pay $15 before he could work on a claim, which was loudly applauded, and he spoke of many other things Mr. Ross had been enabled to do for the miners, including the establishment of a quartz mill where the prospector could have his ore tested at government expense, and the chairman called time and Mr. Donaghy at once took his seat.

Dr. Catto was the next speaker and had scarcely begun, as he said "to speak from the same old text," when Mr. Hagel, from the gallery, asked him to pitch it in a little higher key. He did so. He did not think we wanted a fully elective council; did not think we were ready for it. When he came here in '98 he did not dream that in five years the people of the Yukon would be voting for a member of parliament. What it was said Mr. Ross had done was all very well. They all knew that. But what would he do as member of parliament was the question.

Then he took up the Clarke platform and its demand for a wholly elective council with complete provincial powers. The Clarke men did more than that. They wanted to establish this mining camp as a government of itself, and say who was to be prime minister and who speaker and who page—he supposed Mr. Sparling (laughter). He did not believe though for a moment that he could get such powers (hear, hear). If he went down to Ottawa and asked for such extraordinary powers he would be laughed at. Dawson was really the first large city many of these agitators had ever been in (laughter). Yet they projected this local legislature and argued that it would take its place among the governments of the world. This local legislature with its sergeant-at-arms and its deputy sergeant-at-arms; with Mr. Woodworth as attorney-general, Mr. Beddoe as speaker of the house, Mr. Black as prime minister, Mr. Clarke as minister of finance. (Roars of laughter).

"The whole trouble in regard to this scheme is that we know these men, and we cannot have confidence in them. How then can we expect the outside world to have confidence in a government by such men, having complete provincial powers? The whole thing is simply absurd." Mr. Catto was listened to with interest throughout, and when he concluded was warmly cheered.

Joseph Andrew Clarke came next and began what was really a coarse and abusive and totally illogical harangue. He began with the statement that he had lost the support of the Skagway Alaskan. But he insinuated that the business manager of that paper had obtained a contract from Mr. Robert Lowe, of Whitehorse, out of which the business manager would make $500 and that fired the Alaskan. But that part of the country could be reached by the Juneau Dispatch, "and we will see how far these grafters will go down the coast buying up its newspapers."

"There is a lot being said of Mr. Moses McGregor and Mr. Joseph Gibson. I want you to respect these men. They have suffered all kinds of opposition and oppression and for no cause whatever except they have had the courage of their convictions and have stuck by me. It is charged that I have no support that is visible to the naked eye. I hope my friends will also appreciate the work George Black is putting in my campaign. They have all the money and we have nothing but brains. And I hope my supporters will join with me in hearty thanks for the free, voluntary, able support tendered by Beddoe of the Daily News. (Hoots). The same enthusiasm with which I am greeted here I find all over the territory. At Gold Bottom last night the meeting was absolutely unanimous. Dr. Clendennin was not there to oppose me in his own stronghold. (Someone contradicted and there was hooting and laughter).

"The Sifton candidate has not one vote in four. I can also refer to the grand meeting at Henderson creek, and the feeling on the creeks and the territory is absolutely as one man, and the official element has no status whatever with the people of this territory.

"I have been referred to as a Tammany man, as a Croker. But I have no committee, I have no organization; I have not got a room for any purpose whatever except to sleep in; and no one can find that, for it is up an alley. Therefore I am not a Croker man.

The candidate then referred to the death by accident of three miners, and said that at the time of these "preventable accidents" the government inspector "was at Fortymile guzzling all the hootch he could get in his face."

"I have spent my time and my money (oh, oh,) in the interests of the people. At the time I worked for Mr. Wilson he thought sufficient of my work to say that he would be glad to introduce anything in the council that he properly could. He thought I would be hunting some typewriter job." Mr. Clarke then told at length the introduction by Mr. Wilson of the bill fiving the wages of government laborers at $5 a day and board.

"Not one of the so-called 'Kid' committee is now supporting me except Mr. James H. McKinnon, and had that committee won I should have received absolutely no advantage in the victory. Before Dr. Thompson was nominated we were told that Charles Macdonald would take the town and be elected by acclamation. We were told that if we would allow him to take the mayoralty we could name the entire slate and control the city. And we repudiated that bargain without hesitancy or question. That shows we were not after any Tammany snap. (A voice: Let's hear about Ottawa).

"I am surprised to see Mr. J. K. Sparling cartooned in such a fashion, and more surprised that Dr. Catto should take it up. Mr. Sparling did not support me in the convention, and I have never said one word to him on politics from that day 6to this."

The audience by this time was getting impatient for Mr. Clarke to talk politics, and said so. Evidently with a view to liven up things he then turned his attention to his personal quarrels with Barney Sugrue. The real reason of the split, he said, was because Barney thought he was "stony broke," but he was not. The first dispute was in the Gold Hill saloon. From this he got on to the Irish question, and said the people ought to know how their member would vote on that question when he got to Ottawa (oh, oh, and laughter).

He referred to his whilom friend Sugrue and Mr. Noel, who was to follow him in speaking, as "the leading team of the jerkwater outfit of Dan McKinnon." He next spoke of Sugrue at Ottawa amid cries of "Give us politics" and hooting "time," "time." Mr. Clarke said that it was a shame for a man to be interrupted when he was holding their end up, but when he got on the floor of the house he would not be restricted to half an hour; he would speak until he had finished. It was said they must not vote for Joe Clarke because he did not know the rules of decorum and etiquette. They must not vote for Joe because he was not long on ping-pong etiquette.

Then he switched off to American politics, called out the names of Roosevelt, Bryan and Tom Johnson, and was rewarded with cheers. He complained that his portrait had been placed side by side with that of Czolosky, the assassin of McKinley and expressed a hope that enough of Amerieans would take out their papers to make the government lose its deposit. Next he made the statement that Ralph Smith was to be brought in to spellbind the labor vote, and as a further piece of news stated that Mr. Ross was coming in (tremendous cheers) and that he would be here on Nov. 20th. Then the Ross party would promise everything in sight and turn the money loose.

"I defy any man to say that we have in any way referred to any part of the private life of Mr. Ross. We have never referred to him as being drunk or sober in Seattle; we have never referred to him—" and a long string of scurrilous inuendoes that could not be heard for the hooting and "sit down," sit dawn." The mayor at this point informed Mr. Clarke that he had already exceeded his time by fifteen minutes, and Clarke answered that he had two supporters who would give him their time and went on to speak of this as a hootch campaign, and was again hooted. He said perhaps Mr. Beddoe would take Mr. Ross' word before his as he had known Mr. Ross longer. His (the speaker's) connection with Mr. Beddoe had been absolutely confined to this campaign.

"You have heard a lot about me, and I am surprised to find you think as much about me as you do. You are going to hear more tonight from Mr. Noel, a lot more." One lie was choked down his throat at the last campaign, when he made one statement in French and another in English (uproar). He is here to defend Judge Dugas, and to abuse me because Mr. Dugas will not sit upon the bench if I am elected to Ottawa. He is the greatest disgrace to the French Canadians of this territory, and Mr. Noel is as great a disgrace." The rest was lost in a wild protest of the audience and the tumult lasted some time. Clarke said: "You don't want it. I don't blame you." Yells of "sit down, sit down."

Both of the Noels were seated on the platform and both jumped up and took off their coats. The mayor again insisted that Mr. Clarke had taken up more time than could fairly be allowed him. Clarke, in the midst of the uproar, continued to yell the most obscene inuendoes as to Mr. Noel, and there were cries from the audience "ladies, ladies," referring to the many ladies in front of the galleries. Clarke kept on, villifying the Noels, the Dugas, and also the mayor's cousin without stating the name, but the continuous hooting at length silenced him, and he stepped back to turn with this last shot at Judge Dugas: "Whose last act was to become sponsor for Frank Slavin as an enumerator," and this broke down the patience of the audience altogether and they gave hearty cheers for "Frank" in which the supporters of Mr. Ross and indeed the whole house heartily joined.

Mr. Auguste Noel was highly workeed up but as he came to the footlights he cooled down and began his address very quietly, stating that he would first speak in English and then in French. Then he mgde one of the most stirring addressed of the evening. He produced the records of Clarke, from the time he deserted the Mounted Police and broke into a stable and took two horses with which to escape over the boundary, to the incidents of the ten dollar door and Clarke's own statements in regard thereto. The attempt to extradite Clarke for horse stealing he told very sarcastically. He said Mr. Clarke relied somewhat on the popularity he was supposed to have gained from the position he had taken in regard to gambling. He turned round and asked Mr. Clarke to state then and there if he was not in favor of gambling. Mr. Clarke hesitated for a moment, and then responded: "I am in favor of square gambling."

Mr. Noel then boldly stated that the reason Mr. Clarke did not accept the $1000 per month which he boasted at the last meeting had been offered to him as a bribe by the gamblers, was because he had held out for $1500 per month. He turned to face Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Clarke smiled.

Mr. Noel then produced an application signed by Clarke for a concession on Mayo creek, and Clarke remarked: "But I didn't get it." He had sneered at the lawyers, said Mr. Noel, and this was because ne would himself like to be a lawyer but was plucked. "When a man cannot get a thing he always says he doesn't want it, and we know exactly what he means." (Laughter). Mr. Noel proceeded in this sarcastic but parliamentary fashion for some time, and at his conclusion said exactly the same things in French, and was loudly cheered by the large number of French speaking people present.

James H. McKinnon, the man whom Clarke had stated was the only one of his old friends who had stuck to him, made some rambling remarks and concluded: "We will send Joe Clarke to Ottawa and then we will get up a monster petition, which 99 out of every 100 in the Yukon will sign, to have Mr. Ross sent back to Dawson as commissioner."

Mr. Beddoe was next introduced and spoke entirely in the first person singular. He told of what he had done for the Yukon; he told what he was doing now for the people of ithe Yukon, and some one asked: "Are you going to keep the river open all winter." The personal pronoun was continually bobbing up, and every time was greeted with laughter. But he sailed calmly on until he unfortunately told of his having kept the ridge road open all winter, how "I" had taken the matter up, how "I" had sent to Major Wood, and he had immediately granted "my" request on behalf of the people of the creeks. But this was too much for Mr. Diamond, of Sulphur. He rose and flatly contradicted Mr. Beddoe. "I presented the petition from the people of Sulphur," he said. I presented it to Major Wood, and when he consented that the government would keep the Ridge road open all winter I telephoned the fact to the people of Sulphur. Now you take the credit for it."

Mr. Beddoe said the gentleman was perfectly right. There was a petition from Sulphur, and he impudently went on to say how "I" had influenced the decision of Major Wood. The audience roared with laughter. "I had already taken steps to have the road kept open" he said. Someone again called out, "Well, are you going to keep the river open?"

John F. Sugrue had a most enthusiastic reception and although once or twice interrupted by the Clarke boosters he kept the attention of the audience with ease to the close of his clever address. It was ten minutes to twelve when he was called upon to speak, and he therefore did not waste time. He began by a little sarcasm of Mr. Beddoe which caught the house at once. Mr. Beddoe, he said, was there in an attempt to secure their votes for Mr. Clarke, and yet he had distinctly told them that everything that had been done in the Yukon of which they knew anything, and lots of things that had been done that they had never heard of, were due solely to Mr. Beddoe and not to Mr. Clarke.

Most of the points raised by Clarke he took up and answered, and he said that Clarke's strong point, the scurrilous abuse of every one who had any reputation, would no more be suffered in the house of commons than it was in Dawson. There were men in the Dominion house who would not touch Clarke with a twenty foot pole. He said:

"It is easier to sway men with passion than with reason. But passion is the flare of the moment. Reason will live long after the impressions of passion have died away and when you reason over the appearance of the opposition candidate here tonight, and what he has said to you, it will not lead you to think any the better of him." This was marked by warm applause.

George Black followed Mr. Sugrue, nnd attempted to defend Clarke in applying for a concession upon Mayo creek on the ground that the creek was no good anyway. It was easy for Mr. Noel to say that if Clarke had got $1500 a month he would have let up on the gambling, but did Clarke get it? Sugrue told them that when they got home and thought it over they would be entirely disgusted with Clarke (hear, hear and be in ecstacies with Ross (cheers). If Mr. Clarke and his supporters were driven to it they would have a campaign of personalities, and he thought they were able to hold their end in that line.

It was ten minutes to one this morning when Mr. Congdon brilliantly summed up the speeches of the opposition. It was well, he said, that hard words broke no bones, or there would be many fractures as incidents of this evening. "Peanut politics! Peanut politics! (cheers). Are these the petty things which are to decide the contest on the 2nd of December? (Cheers). If so, I think they made a mistake in giving parliamentary representation to the Yukon. They should have left it to the efficient management of Mr. Beddoe (laughter). I think we should take Mr. Beddoe at his word. There has been no need for a representative of the Yukon. Mr. Beddoe has done everything that he wanted, and everything that the miner wanted to have done, and therefore where is the necessity of any change? (renewed laughter). I think that the electors will look to the past, will look to the future, and let those two views determine their votes for the best interests of the Yukon."

He then eloquently sketched the career of Mr. Ross in the Yukon but only in connection with the principles at issue, and scathingly referred to the wild schemes put forward by Mr. Clarke, a man who did not know what he wanted and was incapable of formulating a policy for the territory.

A vote of thanks to the mayor for presiding with such fairness was then proposed and carried, a small shout for Joe Clarke and a tremendous cheer for Ross, and the meeting ended shortly after one o'clock.

Last Call

The third and last call on the shareholders (25 per cent.) of the Dawson Amateur Athletic Association is now due, and is payable to the treasurer Mr. E. W. Ward, or to the clerk in charge of office as Association building.

C. B. BURNS,
Secretary D.A.A.A.

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THE GOOD FELLOW

Just how Henrietta Vane Chalmers managed to jump in one leap from the staff of a country newspaper to the society editorship of the Times-Star doesn't matter except that the feat proved that she had both ability and nerve. She appeared as a surprise to the other women of the staff because she didn't look half as smart as she was. In the matter of smartness the thing usually works the other way. Then she was neither young nor pretty, which means that her body was scrawny, her face thin and her years nearer to 30 than 20. If she had been beautiful and young as well as courageous and clever the other women would doubtless have driven her into exile or disfavor with the infallible weapons of envious rivalry, but as they did not perceive her less apparent attributes till long after they had agreed on her physical shortcomings, she was well intrenched in her position within a fortnight.

Then she began to "do things." The society columns began to scintillate. Photographs of inaccessible debutantes, dowagers and millionaires began to appear with startling frequency. The managing editor realized that Henrietta was a "find," and thereafter there was no stopping her. But it wasn't her professional success that worried the other women; it was the sudden and astonishing glories of her wardrobe. She burgeoned forth each day with some new, ultra-fashionable trick in hats, boots or jackets. The worst of it was that she wore them with consummate ease and ignored the envious glances and whispered criticisms of the others. The clever ones made caricatures of her skinny face, sketched her gawkish shape with cruel mimicry and exaggerated the crow-like projection of her truly ugly nose. Miss Knox, who was a prim beauty of no particular ability, then began to discover that Henrietta was becoming wonderfully confidential with the reporters, that she called the elevator man "Bill" and that she had no particular horror of the staff drunkard, the "fight editor" or any of the other shocking characters about the office. That settled her with the women. They commenced hostilities with frigid "how do's" and rapidly congealed into stupid silence when the despised society editor was present.

The indomitable old maid (being near 30 and homely, she was an old maid, you know), refused to be discomfited by the hostility of her women associates. Her brave little heart was strong enough to keep the smile alert upon her pinched face and there was a song on her lips every time she came into the enemy's camp. She was hurt, deeply, grievously hurt, but she didn't show it, striving rather to gain comfort from the thought that every male creature about the place, even the yellow tom cat, was her friend.

And it was so. From "the old man" down to the most hardened and unromantic police reporter, every man on the Herald allowed that she was "a good fellow." The sporting editor called her "Hetty," the city editor took her to dinner witn him, the elevator boy waited for her, and even the inexorable copy readers handled her "stuff" with a consideration born of personal esteem for the flat-chested but radiant Miss Chalmers. All this gentleness from the rude sex was balm to the starved little heart of Henrietta and she repaid it with royal generosity, but—

Even the hungry heart cannot thrive upon balm and incense only. There was no tenderness in the rough and ready friendship of the men, who agreed that Hetty was "a good fellow." Motherless, alone in her silent rooms, tired of a year's hard work, conscious of the hatred of the women, yearning for the sole possession of some strong, loving companion, she found the Yuletide crowding upon her, and felt a few stinging tears trickle down to the point of her long nose. She thought of each and all the dear, honest, faithful rolicking chaps at the office, and wondered which of them might have cherished some dearer, nearer name for her than "good fellow." None had gone so far as to squeeze her bony hand. She blushed as she found herself regretting that no man had ever shocked her impregnably virtuous soul with even a flash of unmistakable passion. Kisses? She remembered only those her own people had given her long years ago. She wondered whether she lacked some womanly quality.

"Surely," she murmured to her looking-glass, "surely homely women have been wooed and won and prized for the qualities of their minds and hearts."

"She lighted another gas jet and preened the masses of her red-brown hair. That, at least, was beautiful. She tried some rouge powder on her thin cheeks and pinched her blue nose till it was red, but the cosmetic looked garish to her honest eyes and she sighed admission that no amount of pinching could lend beauty to her indescribable beak. Then she lolled gloomily back to her Morris chair and sought comfort in an old book of poetry. Reading "Under the Mistletoe Bough," she dozed away and dreamed that the sporting editor and the elevator boy had both caught her under a branch of mistletoe and were struggling for the first kiss, when—

Of course she woke. * * *

Henrietta Vane Chalmers appeared at the office on Christmas eve arrayed in her bravest. Her plain face was transfigured with the joy which a glimpse of her desk gave her. It was covered with Christmas parcels already. She whistled a little carol to herself as she read the cards and opened the packages. "Merry Xmas to Hetty," "From Your Pal," "The Dog Editor Greets the Society Editor," etc., etc. She turned them over and over and in them all found not a word of love. Then she took off her hat and Miss Knox, eyeing her across a pile of exchanges, almost gasped aloud when she saw topping the billows of Hetty's hair, a sprig of mistletoe.

"The indecent minx," she snarled to herself.

The word spread like a scandal.

"Wonder if she really expects anyone to kiss her. Never saw such barefaced nerve in my life."

The women talked like that among themselves, and then sought out a plan to warn the men.

"Have you kissed Miss Chalmers yet?" asked Miss Knox of the city editor. "No? Why not? Haven't you seen her 'under the mistletoe'?"

When she flitted into his office after a while to thank him for his gifts, his eyes wandered uneasily as if striving to evade the green challenge in her coiffure, but he did avoid looking at the mistletoe till she was going—her back toward him. Then he shook his head and murmured:

"The poor thing! I hope Jenkins will take ner on. I hope there's somebody gamer than I am."

She met the sporting editor in the hall. He grabbed her hand as if he were going to tell one of his long stories, but his quick eye fell upon the mistletoe, he coughed nervously, blurted "Good day — I mean Merry Christmas, Het — Miss Chalmers!" and fled. Poor Hetty was game if the men weren't. She stuck to her desk most of the day. She looked flushed, determined, hopeful, almost defiant. The office boy, one of her pets, came in once, gave her a letter, and thanked her for the silver dollar she put into his chapped fist. Then he stared at the mistletoe, put his tongue in his cheek and slunk away. It was like that all day. Her friends, the men, the loyal, hearty "good fellows" looked downcast before her or avoided her altogether, and when night came and the worn little woman took her smart seal coat out of the locker she knew that she never could be anything more to a man than "a good fellow."

She saw a look of scarcely repressed delight in the beautiful eyes of Miss Knox, but even the apprehensive Hetty was not prepared for the shock which came when the other woman rushed over, and with well-feigned cordiality gurgled:

"Why, Miss Chalmers, I didn't see it!"

Hetty felt Miss Knox's plump arms flung round her thin neck; she felt the quick kiss upon her lips, and then the ready tears as the other drew away smiling felinely as she said:

"You're under the mistletoe, and that means you want everybody to kiss you, don't you see?"

Hetty saw, and when she went through the dark hall she dropped the hateful cluster of leaves and berries upon the floor and ground them with her heel.—John H. Raftery in Chicago Record-Herald.

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Kills Snow-White Deer

Grant's Pass, Cal., Oct. 11. — G. W. Donnell while hunting in Cow creek canyon today started, and afterwards killed, a snow white deer. The quarry is the first of this description ever killed in this portion of the country.

"Papa," began the young hopeful, "where does the sea go?"

"It doesn't go anywhere, my son," responded irritated papa. "Why do you ask such foolish questions?"

"Well, if it doesn't go anywhere, why do they say sailors 'follow the sea?'"

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