

FRED WADE AND HEES

Refutes Every Statement Made by Hees

As to Dawson's Flimsy Buildings, Conditions of Labor and of Gold Output.

Toronto, Oct. 4.—Mr. F. C. Wade returned from the Yukon yesterday, and after spending the day in Toronto, left on the evening train for Ottawa. In answer to a question as to the situation in Dawson, Mr. Wade said that the people there are still very angry over the statements made by Mr. George H. Hees in the August number of Industrial Canada with regard to Dawson city and the Yukon generally. He said:

"I might say the people of the Klondike are justly indignant because there is hardly an allegation made by Mr. Hees which is not either untrue or misleading. In reply to Mr. Hees some weeks ago I expressed the opinion that he could have seen either little or nothing of the country, otherwise he would not have committed himself to such absurdities. I am not going to give you another interview on the wonderful development and possibilities of the Yukon—I am glad to leave that subject in the able hands of Dr. Wicket, who recently visited the north as the accredited representative of the Manufacturers' Association. Dr. Wicket made a very thorough investigation of conditions, and although he is not chairman of the Intelligence Committee of that body, as Mr. Hees is, I feel confident that he is a thorough observer and that his conclusions will commend themselves generally. Mr. Geo. Anderson will also no doubt present his report to the Dominion government shortly, and the great possibilities of the Yukon will no longer be a matter of controversy.

To begin with the smaller matters first, Mr. Hees stated that the people of the Yukon are very proud of their lettuce and radishes, 'but he read these salads few vegetables can ripen before the frost comes.' An obvious reply to this is the exhibit of Klondike vegetables recently seen at the Industrial exhibition at Toronto. At the present time large exhibits of all kinds of vegetables from the Klondike are being shown throughout the United States.

Another of Mr. Hees' statements is that the buildings in Dawson are constructed of light wooden frames, the inside covered with building paper, then cheesecloth and finished with wall paper. He adds that they rest on stone or blocks of wood; that but few, if any, are plastered; that being massed together 'they are mostly considered too hazardous for the insurance companies to take risks on. They have recently inaugurated a paid fire brigade, and now some of the shops are insured. In such cases, I am told, the yearly premium is 10 per cent. and on private dwellings 5 per cent.'

The best answer I can give to this ridiculous statement is this letter from Mr. W. D. Bruce, fire insurance agent at Dawson, representing a number of the leading fire insurance companies of Great Britain and Canada:

Dawson, Y. T., Sept. 10.
 Mr. F. C. Wade, Dawson, Y. T.
 Dear Sir:—I have been shown a copy of the Industrial Canada and have carefully read the mass of what one might term 'inane rot' written by one G. H. Hees and published in the above mentioned paper under date of August 1st. It is really too bad that he should have used gentlemen's names in connection with this letter, thus giving them a prominence I feel sure none of them desired, and the articles an appearance of responsibility. The assertion that faro tables had been converted into ping-pong boards, the forty-mile drive to Grand Forks is only twelve miles, the learning of Mr. Senkler as assistant gold commissioner, Joe Barrett, the gold king and Mr. Newlands the government secretary, all goes to show how absolutely ignorant the writer must have been of everything pertaining to this country. And now as to what more particularly affects me or rather my business—the paragraph relating to insurance matters and the nature of the construction of buildings in Dawson. He says nothing about the T. G. Wilson brick warehouse, which cost \$40,000, or the Dawson Warehouse Company's brick warehouse, which cost \$20,000, and twenty or more private warehouses built of corrugated iron, besides the nineteen of the Northern Commercial Company and many others. As to the rates charged, I have this to say: they run from 2 per cent. to 5 per cent. on this class of business, and 2 per cent. upon dwellings. As to the fire brigade, which he says you only recently organized, I have you herewith a copy of a pamphlet showing all particulars relating thereto and showing it was organized in October, 1898.

Mr. Hees' conclusions on the business prospects and the condition of the labor markets in Dawson are al-

WORKING LOW GRADE QUARTZ

Interesting Article on Treadwell Mines

Improvements Made to the immense Plant Near Juneau Recently.

The mines of Treadwell are always referred to for purposes of comparison in the cost of mining and milling low grade ores, and the following statement, from the San Francisco Scientific Press of Oct. 15th, the most recently published statement on the subject, will therefore be of interest to the quartz prospectors of this neighborhood:

It is the intention of Joseph MacDonald, the general superintendent of the Treadwell group of mines, to create a reserve of 1,000,000 tons of ore, and the reason I have been so particular to call the reader's attention to the percentage extracted from the pits and upper levels is the fact that all the machinery in the pits are set on the tripod, and the holes are 11 feet and sometimes 16 feet deep, and half of the machinery on the 110-foot and 220-foot levels are also on the tripod. No machine below the 220 level is on a tripod, and the efficiency of the first is as 80 and 40. The holes in the stopes of the levels average by the tripod 9' and 7 feet. Another reason, the tripod is always set on solid rock, so that necessarily there need be no reserves; but the bar machine in the stope is set up on broken rock, so that when you start a stope below the 220 level you only draw a third of the ore broken until your stope is carried to the level above. So that the new management is only accepting the inevitable in straining every nerve to create a large reserve, and if the late Mr. Duncan's estimate holds good with the bar drill as with the tripod, the new management is to be congratulated on its access by creating in one month over 40,000 tons of a reserve; if no reserve is formed in June, it is a bad omen for the rest of the year, as this month is usually one of the best for producing plenty of power from melting snow, even if the rainfall is light.

A new 20 drill air compressor is to be installed, so as to keep the air pressure at eighty-five pounds. The medium-sized drill has been gradually replaced by one of the newest and heaviest type.

Since January, 1901, the new shaft has been sunk 335 feet and is now 844 feet and still sinking.

The tramping of the 2815 tons hoisted daily is done by horse power on the three upper levels, a horse pulling a train of six cars, on the 440 level an endless wire rope system, operated by steam, hauls a train of two ton cars; formerly all the tramping was done by car men.

The reason the milling tonnage was so low for June, 1900, is that the 240-stamp mill was being torn down and rebuilt.

The London Financial News of March 13, 1902, states that the Treadwell Co. spent \$500,000 on the building of the 3000-stamp mill, the rebuilding of the 240-stamp mill and the erection and equipment of the new hoist—all out of the profits of the mine, besides paying its annual 6 per cent. on its \$5,000,000 capital, and 7 1/2 per cent. of its capital has been paid in dividends to its stockholders.

The same authority gives the cost in 1891, the year after the present company was formed—at \$1.88 per ton, and in a local paper, of date 9th inst., a noted mining expert from Rossland, B. C., who had just been on a visit to Douglas island, gives the cost at the Treadwell for the last year ending May 15 at \$1.28 per ton.

Pawns His Watch.
 New York, Oct. 7.—A New York lawyer has been compelled to pawn his watch here to get a charter for the Whippani & Passie River railroad company, says a Herald dispatch from Trenton, N. J. When the attorney reached the state department he discovered that he had come away without the money for the filing fees, although he had brought \$14,000 for the certificate. He had but a small sum of change in his pockets, and the corporation clerk informed him that without the requisite \$75 there could be no filing of the charter. The lawyer protested that the parties were awaiting a telegram from him, announcing the issuance of the charter, in order that a meeting could be held at once.

The court attaches were obdurate, however, and a visit to the nearest pawn shop was made. Here the situation was realized and the money was procured. A telegram order for money soon arrived and the attorney redeemed his watch. The proposed road is to be seven miles long and is bonded for \$750,000.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

Auditorium—Galley Slave
 Job Printing at Nugget office.

Cappan of Company K.

Twenty-third Infantry; dysentery.

And there ended the career of Louis Tappan, the worthless young man of Buena Vista.

The station agent at Culver, ten miles below Buena Vista, on the Louisville and Nashville, saw the last train 'hesitate' at his door and was getting out his key to lock up when a well-dressed, swarthy young man with a small bag dropped off the rear coach and approached him.

"This is Culver, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where Mrs. Tappan, Mrs. Louis Tappan, lives?"

"Don't live here, leastways not in town. I know 'em all. No Tappans and nothing like that name round here. I'm pretty sure."

"Moved here from Buena Vista," suggested the stranger wistfully, "moved up about a year ago?"

"Oh, hold on, Tappan—oh, her name ain't Tappan no more. She's married to Bill Chesbrough. They was married at Buena Vista a year ago, and come up here to live. Sure I—"

The stranger coughed a few times, looked up and down the tracks and then:

"Her first husband, Patten. Laffan—"

"Tappan," murmured the uneasy visitor.

"Tappan, he died in the Philippines. He was a no-good bum and deserted her and the kid, so she ups and marries Bill Chesbrough. Bill is rich, owns all them quarries over to Hopeton. I'll show you where they live, take you right past the door."

"No-oo," mused the visitor, half aloud, and fumbling in his pocket.

"I guess I won't go up, I—what did you say her first name was, Lucy?"

"Yes, that's her. She was Miss Lucy Harding, daughter of old 'Skitflint' Harding, down to Buena Vista, richer'n—and meaner still. He—"

"Yes, I know," was the interruption, "but you're going past the house, her house?"

"Yep."

"Would you mind stepping in with this?" handing over a photograph.

"It's a picture of Tappan for the boy, his boy. You see we, Tappan and I, were in the same regiment and when he got sick, he asked for me to—for the boy, you know; his daddy's picture. I promised to give it to him."

"Oh, the Tappan kid, the one by her first husband, he—"

"Yes, that's the one. How is he? Does he look like—"

"Oh, that one died the first week they come here, diphtheria got him. He just—"

But the newcomer was out of earshot before the station agent could finish. Down the tracks he went toward the east walking like fury, with his head down and his little bag swinging in the dim light of the yard lamps till the night swallowed him.

The station agent whistled a note of wonder, looked at the photograph he yet held in his hand, saw it was

what Louis called "a holler" about his bill.

That settled the young man with Papa Harding. A month's notice, a threat of starvation and a mumbled appreciation were what the bookkeeper got with his next pay envelope. After he was out of his position he made a few feeble efforts to find work; he made a trip to Chicago, and in a weak way determined to take his wife and make a home for himself elsewhere. But somehow the world seemed to have suddenly grown very narrow and selfish. His comrades of dissipated days and nights couldn't "help him round all right" and buy another drink. Harding didn't come round. He ignored his son-in-law when they met on the street, and only when the child was born did he insist on taking charge of Lucy. After she was taken to the Harding home Louis' heart began to fail him. He discovered that he was fond and apt to grow fonder of the child—a boy. Broken in spirit and pocket, he swore he'd mend his ways and find work. But there was none.

He went to Chicago, met an old companion, forgot his troubles for a night and a day and came to his dreary senses in the blue, ill fitting uniform of a "rookie."

He had a vague idea that he would "win his way" as a soldier in the war which had just begun; visions of coming home a stern and famous officer—captain at least—crowded his boyish mind, and with his hopes thus mingled, stinging sweet, the sense that at last he might have brought home to Lucy and her people a realization of the fact that he was not all bad. He even imagined the old "grouch" pitying him, and in the thought was the grim satisfaction that now at least he had martyred himself. He swore softly to himself that he would never drink nor gamble again, and when he left for Chickamauga with his regiment he had not fallen from grace.

A scribbled note on a postal card telling Lucy that he was "gone into the army"—was all they heard about him at Buena Vista for three years after that. The Hardings read all the war news with eager curiosity at first, hoping to get some news of Louis, but their interest waned again and again, to be faintly renewed with the actual beginning of the fight. But there was not a word about Louis, not even his name among the wounded, sick or dead; much less notice of his gallantry or promotion. Not till the Cuban and earlier Philippine campaigns had dwindled down into intermittent skirmishes in far parts of the islands did there come a hint that he was yet on earth. Then just a line in the list of "dead from disease."

"Tappan, private Company K,

of a young soldier standing bravely at salute and turned it over. On the back was written:

"For Louis Tappan's little boy."

The station agent shoved it into his overcoat pocket.

"I'll bet that chap was a bug," he mused as he walked toward Chesbrough's house, "but I guess I'd better give the picture to Mrs. Chesbrough—oo, come to think of it, I guess I'd better not. Tappan is dead, the kid is dead and old Bill Chesbrough is jealous as an old maid."

He tore the photograph into small bits after another look and flicked the pieces into the air as he walked homeward.—John H. Raftery in Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Naggs (at telephone)—Is my husband in the office?
 Office Boy—No, ma'am.
 Mrs. Naggs—When will he be in?
 Office Boy—I can't say.
 Mrs. Naggs—Why can't you?
 Office Boy—Because he told me not to.—Chicago Daily News.

Galley Slave—Auditorium.

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