

MEETING A FROST

Was It For or Was It Against
Municipal Incorporation

IS QUESTION IT FAILED TO ANSWER.

Of the Making of Speeches There
Was No End.

McKINNON AFRAID OF YANKS.

“Melica Man Mead Don’t Want Finger
in Pie—“Black” Sullivan’s
Place Filled.

[From Tuesday’s Daily.]

It was an insipid crowd of indifferent people that packed the chilled and desolate Orpheum last night, the ostensible occasion being the holding of a pro-incorporation meeting, but the quality of the meeting was hard to determine as but little enthusiasm was manifested on either side of the question, the majority of those present acting as though they had come simply for the purpose of finding seats. Three speeches or rather “epiols” each 30 minutes long were made besides a number of short talks. The ubiquitous drunken man occupied a front seat and taking it all in all it was a typical meeting at which the convenors looked as though they were wondering “What are we here for, anyway?”

When president of a previously appointed committee on incorporation, C. M. Woodworth, called the meeting to order at 8:30 o’clock every seat in the “refrigerator” was occupied, but it is doubtful if on the first floor there were a dozen men who would pay taxes on any other than a poll system. On calling the meeting to order the chairman invited the various members of the incorporation and other friends of the movement to seats on the stage, which invitation was accepted by J. H. Faloner, Col. MacGregor, Elgin Shoff, Joe Clarke and one or two others who were remarkable for their silence during the meeting. Later Councilman Alex Prudhomme came in and to the rhythm of a few faint cheers took his seat upon the stage. This being the first public meeting held in Dawson during King Edward’s reign “God Save the King” was sung.

Chairman Woodworth stated that the object of the meeting was to hear the report of the committee appointed at a previous meeting to take the necessary steps leading up to incorporation. The committee had been diligent in performing its duties up to the stage of receiving a hearing from the Yukon council, at which stage it had run its automobile against a stump, so to speak, as the council had declined to treat with it in any way on the ground that the voice of the taxpayers of Dawson had been voiced in a petition previously received and setting forth that incorporation is not desired.

The chairman read from a nicely compiled report in which allowing \$70,000 for liquor permits, \$60,000 for liquor licenses and a few other such conservative amounts on the credit side, and \$12,000 for schools, \$10,000 for hospitals, \$5000 for a mayor and a few other items of expense on the debtor side, brought the city out \$60,000 ahead of the game for the first year of incorporation.

The chairman said that under incorporation all aliens who are rate payers would be entitled to vote; that such is allowed in all the country west of Manitoba and would be allowed there but for the fact that Manitoba is behind the times. He said the Yukon council are but tools in the hands of the minister of the interior who is virtually the mayor of Dawson. He referred to the recent order from Ottawa closing dance halls and gambling houses, which he said are not allowed by federal law, but might be overlooked in case of municipal organization. He said if the people who live in the small towns of Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia would see a

house with a red window blind and had it explained to them what sort of place it was they would go crazy.

John Grant, a late arrival from Victoria and a man who has “peregrinated” over the face of “Old mundane” for 45 years, was the next speaker. He said very little, used a great many words and talked 30 minutes. The purport of his speech was that incorporation by general charter is better than incorporation by special charter and that incorporation has always been a good thing for other towns and would be equally good for Dawson. He knew whereof he spoke, for the reason that he had been associated with municipalities for, oh, so long. He is broad-minded and sees no objection to certain laxity in the matter of gambling which, under incorporation, would not be sanctioned by law but might be tolerated.

If gambling is stopped in Dawson there are buildings on First avenue which will not pay one-fourth as much rent as at present and will, therefore, be a dead loss to their owners who have been burned out three or four times, but who, Phoenix like, have rebuilt and are now to be ruined. He insisted that Dawson is probably the most moral place in Canada and that there is more hypocrisy in Toronto in a quarter of a minute—15 seconds—than there is in Dawson in a whole year. He said that if Dawson was incorporated all property holders can vote on municipal affairs and that prosperity will surely follow. He complimented the police and said “they are not bad fellows.”

In 15 years Dawson will be a second Raand on account of a large amount of quartz that is going to be discovered. The speaker had owned property in the Yukon for the past 27 years, but has none in Dawson at present and is not personally caring whether the town is incorporated or not. However, he suggested that an ordinance providing for incorporation be drawn and that the Yukon council be asked to pass it. That with incorporation the Yukon council would have nothing to do with ought but territorial affairs and the police while in the city would be as civilians. (Voice from the rear of the hall, “What would become of the woodpile?”) The question was ignored by the speaker who resumed his seat, having spoken 30 minutes.

Elgin Shoff, secretary of the committee having in charge the matter of urging incorporation, was the next speaker and another 30 minutes was ticked off and laid away on the shelf of eternity before his say had been said. No one could accuse Mr. Shoff of not meaning what he says any more than a sick man could be accused of finding enjoyment in the eating of cold potatoes. Mr. Shoff is very earnest and if he is making a mistake in the matter of incorporation it is an error of the head and not of the heart. He ridiculed the assertion made in the taxpayers’ petition to the effect that Dawson is not a permanent city and at the same time many of the signers of it have and are investing hundreds of thousands of dollars here. He accused Dawson of having been asleep, a la Rip Van Winkle, for the past three years. It ought to have been incorporated fully three years ago to have been stable (to put horses in said a rear-end voice).

Mr. Shoff said any man who owns \$200 worth of property in the city can have a voice in municipal matters and the ubiquitous drunk man on the front seat said “Izb zat sho?”

The speaker admonished those present to resist, not with muskets, to the uttermost all efforts of the Yukon council to collect and use taxes as it sees fit. He then went over the same table of revenues, incomes, bills and expenditures as had been presented by the chairman and closed with presenting the following motions:

“That the question of incorporation of the city of Dawson be left to a vote of the people able to qualify under the laws of the Northwest territory.”

Councilman Alex Prudhomme was the next speaker and broke the record by saying all he had to say in five minutes, a most refreshing departure from the previous order. He gave it as his opinion that the miners have borne the expense of the Yukon sufficiently long, while the big companies have been getting rich; that Dawson should now bear her own expenses and the way to do it is to incorporate and if a bill providing for incorporation comes before the council he will do all he can to have it passed. He said the council is not to blame for the recent order from Ottawa, but that if the council had its way such an order would not have been issued at this time. Mr. Prudhomme was enthusiastically cheered in taking his seat.

The chairman extended an invitation to Messrs. Mizner, Delaney, Fulda, McGowan and others opposed to incorporation to come forward and express

their views but the invitation was not accepted.

Joe Clarke was the next speaker and he prefaced his address by the assertion “The big companies are getting rich at our expense.” He seconded Mr. Shoff’s motion but instead of speaking thereto, branched off and said that the matter of incorporation should be settled at once for the reason that it had become a QUESTION OF BREAD AND BUTTER.

Mr. Clarke seriously objected to the press referring to the movers in the matter of incorporation as “office-seekers,” “broken-down politicians,” etc. Especially does he object to the term “cheap politicians” being applied to members of the committee. He said that while Dawson is governed by Ottawa, which is 4000 miles away, the managers of the big companies are governed by men still further away from Dawson.

When Joseph had composed himself in his seat there were loud cries for Attorney Noel who came down from a box and disclaimed all intention of having come to the meeting cocked and primed with a speech. But he could not let pass the very great error made by the chairman that the law might continue to be violated in Dawson through “toleration.” British people are not the kind who should violate law when they know it is forbidden by federal statute. The speaker was amazed, dumbfounded, astonished, paralyzed, sunstruck at the bold assertion from the chair to an audience of law-abiding people and on British soil. It was awful.

Mr. Noel does not believe in agitation. Dawson’s populace is too migratory for incorporation and he is opposed to it. He was vigorously applauded on taking his seat.

Attorney McKinnon had but little to say, “being a new comer; but he would oppose to the death the idea of allowing “Yankees” to vote. No, sir-ee! No Yankees for Mr. McKinnon. He is afraid of them and their tricks. Why, if Yankees are permitted to vote, then he would insist that all Swedes, Scowwegians, Italians, Portuguese, Japs and everything else be allowed to vote. (“That is the intention,” said John Grant, Elgin Shoff and Joe Clarke in concert.) The speaker did not believe Americans want to vote, and a voice that sounded like Joe Clarke said he was making a bid for votes for himself as candidate for a seat from the Yukon in the Dominion parliament.

Col. MacGregor had not come to make a speech but had a few words to say.

“Then let’er go,” said a voice in the gallery.

The colonel said he had been on earth a long time and had been with John Grant when there was considerable powder around.

“Royal or Price’s?” said the same gallery disturber.

The colonel cut his few remarks short and moved the adoption of the report as read by the chairman a couple of hours or so before. The motion was seconded and almost unanimously carried, the motion of Elgin Shoff having previously prevailed.

Mr. Mead, a First avenue merchant of considerable avordupois and a happy looking face, wended his way from the back part of the hall to the stage for the purpose of denying the imputation cast by Mr. McKinnon upon Yankees, which he did in a very pleasing manner. As an American Mr. Mead has no desire to vote in English territory nor does he think any other self-respecting American has. If he does, he should take out papers of allegiance. The heartiest applause of the evening was accorded to Mr. Mead.

Calls for Dr. Thompson, Barney Sugrue, Casey Moran, Dick Brown, Jim Post and many others failed to elicit responses.

The chairman announced that E. M. Sullivan had left the city leaving a vacancy on the committee. As Sullivan is a very large man, Dan Rose, Harry Edwards and Tom Kirkpatrick were elected to fill his place.

And without the formality of a motion to adjourn and without singing the national anthem, the meeting filed into the night, the question being “has this been a pro or anti-incorporation meeting?”

Headless Body.

Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 13.—The headless body of a man was found in a vault in the rear of Charles Henson’s saloon early today. The body had been badly hacked by a knife, the head, however, being cleanly severed. There was no clue to the identity of the dead man.

Embezzlers Arrested.

Chicago, Feb. 12.—John F. Kern and Alfred Foley were arrested yesterday on the charge of embezzling \$10,000 from Fleming, Revell & Co., book publishers. Both men confessed to the crime with which they are charged and to other charges.

NEW ENGLAND HOBO DINNER

One Hundred and Twenty Enjoyed Thanksgiving.

But the Stuffing Was Too Much for Them—T. Quad’s Kindhearted Matron.

“I was up in New England last year when Thanksgiving came around,” said the tramp as a look of pain crossed his face. “There was a woman in a New Hampshire town who had always wanted to do something big when the day came around, and on this occasion some one suggested to her to give a tramps’ dinner. She liked the idea, and for a week before Thanksgiving she was sending word for 20 miles around. The town officers agreed not to interfere, and 120 of us showed up. We was all in good health and had our appetites with us. The dinner was laid in a hall, and there was a clean hundred turkeys on the board, saying nothing of bushels of doughnuts, barrels of cider and pumpkin pies stacked to feet high. It was all for tramps and for nobody else, and when that woman had asked a blessing she told us to pitch in.

“Say, now, did you ever see a tramp turn himself loose for all that his stomach would hold? I reckon not, for he don’t have the chance more’n once in a lifetime. The 120 of us was lank and empty and chewing bark to keep hunger off. We got to work at jest noon, and we didn’t mean to leave a thing on that table. It took us three hours to finish off to the last doughnut, and the folks looked on and cheered us and said how glad they was that we had been blessed. We was nothing but shadders when we sat down, but the 120 who riz up looked like so many aldermen. We was getting ready to scatter out of town and go without eating all the rest of the winter when we begun to fall sick. One after another was knocked out with bilious colic till the whole of us was laid on the shelf.

“Mebbe that town wasn’t upst! Lord alive, but they had to send for doctors for 10 miles around, and about all the houses was turned into hospitals. It was the stuffing that brought on the colic, and, while nobody actually died, not one of us got on our legs again for a week. About 20 of the fellows got such a twist that they didn’t get over it for a month or more. I reckon that dinner cost that town \$500, and everybody said the woman ought to have known better, and I’ll bet dollars to cents they are fighting over the bills yet. They was so anxious to get rid of the lot of us that they gave a dollar apiece and paid our railroad fares out of the state.

“No; I ain’t looking for Thanksgiving, Christmas or New Year’s spreads. They are mighty good eating while they last, but when a feller who’s got along on old crusts and weak coffee for the rest of the year begins to heave in turkey and pie consequences have got to follow. If anybody feels sorry for me and wants to lay up treasure in heaven, jest let ’em pass me a quarter instead of a holiday spread. I’ll git two beers, a sandwich and a bed out of it, an when I wake up next morning I won’t be in the hands of two doctors and an undertaker at the door.”

M. QUAD.

Greatness a Luxury.

“Mebbe you’d be willin to do me a favor?” said the old chap with a carpetbag to a policeman who found him sauntering about a Boston railroad depot the other afternoon.

“Well, what is it?” was asked.

“I’m waitin around fur my train to start and meet up with a lot of adventures. Fustly, a feller comes up and shakes hands with me and calls me Shakespeare and wants to know all about my family. I’m not Shakespeare, of course, but I kinder hated to tell him so and I bought him a drink and treated him white. Nextly a feller comes up and calls me Cicero and wants to know if all the folks was well. I’m

not Cicero, of course, but he was so sure of it I bought him a drink and let him talk on. The next feller calls me Columbus and pats me on the back fur diskuverin America. He was way off, of course, but I bought him a drink and let him down easy.”

“And the fourth man?” asked the officer.

“He called me gov’nor and got a drink. The fifth one took me fur a judge and the sixth one fur a congressman.”

“Well, what can I do for you?”

“Jes kinder hang around fur awhile and explain matters. When the seventh chap comes up and calls me George Washington and wants to know if the old woman has got over her rheumatiz and the baby has cut its back teeth, I’d like you to take him to one side and tell him I’m only Thomas White and the biggest thing I ever did in all my life was to shoulder a barrel of flour on a bet of 50 cents. Durn this greatness! In the first place, I don’t want it, and in the next I’ll only have about a dollar left when I git home, and the old woman will either gobble on to that or raise a family row to give me cold feet all the rest of the winter.”

M. QUAD.

A Minister Shot.

New York, Feb. 3.—The Rev. John Keller, secretary to Right Rev. Bishop Stark, pastor of Trinity Episcopal mission, in Arlington, N. J., and chaplain of the First New Jersey regiment, was shot and seriously wounded by Thomas G. Barker, on Arlington street today. Keller had just left the house of John S. Sands, where he had his meals, when Barker, who was at the door, opened fire. One bullet went through the right side of the face, destroying the sight of the right eye. Another bullet shattered the fingers of the right hand, and another passed through the clergyman’s hat. Another went wide of its mark. The shooting is said to be the result of a disclosure made by Mr. Barker’s wife, although Mr. Keller denies the accusation against him. Barker, after the shooting, surrendered to the police and was locked up. He will have a hearing tomorrow. Mr. Keller was carried into Sands’ house, where doctors say he has even chances of life. Mr. Keller said after the shooting that he did not know who shot him. He refused to sign a complaint.

According to a story told by Barker to several friends after the shooting, his wife told him that the illness from which she has suffered for nearly a year and which caused the Barkers to break up their home and get to boarding, was due to an assault committed on her at her home by the Rev. Mr. Keller. The assault, it was said, was committed after a hard struggle, during which Mrs. Barker became unconscious. The Barkers and the minister were very friendly, and had continued apparently friendly. Mrs. Barker was a member of Mr. Keller’s church, but Barker was not. When Barker heard his wife’s story he waited until morning and then lay in waiting for the minister and shot him. He is about 40 years of age, and for many years has been in the employ of the Commercial Cable Company, being in charge of one of the departments of New York. The Rev. Mr. Keller is about 38 years of age and a native of Philadelphia. He was graduated from the General Theological Seminary in New York in 1886, and the same year was made deacon. In 1888 Mr. Keller was made chaplain to Bishop Stark, and in 1896 was made chaplain of the First regiment, but at the solicitation of the bishop did not go with the regiment when it was called out to go to Cuba. Two years ago he was made secretary of the diocese, and still holds that position.

COMING AND GOING.

The stamperers are still coming in and keep the employees in the gold commissioner’s office busy. Yesterday and this morning there were 50 applications for property on Ophir creek received and over 100 from other creeks. The recent throwing open of the reserves will be of great benefit to the country and will aid in its rapid development.

There will be a regular meeting of the Yukon council Thursday night.

The money order department of the postoffice sold over \$3000 worth of money orders today before 10 o’clock.

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