

CHOSE EASIEST WAY OUT OF IT

Namely, Referred Matter of Transportation to Committee

After Many Sensible Views Had Been Advanced—Report Will Be Submitted in Two Weeks.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

It was generally agreed by the members of the Board of Trade present at last night's meeting that the freight rates of the transportation companies and especially of the W. P. & Y. R. are very much higher than the price of commodities will justify. No definite action was taken but a committee consisting of Falcon Joslin, D. Doig, E. B. Condon, H. E. Stumer and A. H. Rogers was appointed to procure data and other information upon the subject and to report back to a meeting of the Board of Trade to be held in two weeks, the advisability of memorializing the government or otherwise as they may see fit.

Before proceeding to the discussion of the question a communication was read from H. C. Macaulay who left yesterday morning for the outside requesting the appointment of some one to take his place on the various committees of which he was a member. On the committee regarding the transient traders the chairman appointed Mr. Hull and on the committee on the retirement of gold dust Mr. J. P. McLennan was appointed.

The chair then announced the question which the meeting was called to consider and requested the opinion of the members on the subject.

Several personal calls from the chair were made before anyone was found who was willing to open the discussion. Secretary Clayton stated that acting under instructions from a previous meeting to get data regarding freight rates, etc., he had procured copies of the transcontinental freight tariffs and that was about all the data he could find.

Mr. Timmins opened the discussion by making a motion that a committee of five be appointed to prepare a memorial to the Yukon council relative to legislation on the subject. In support of his motion he said that he had heard Justice Dugas speak at some length on the subject and from his remarks he would infer that the council would be willing and pleased to act on suggestions from the Board of Trade.

Mr. Doig was opposed to the motion as he was of the opinion that as the Yukon council has no jurisdiction over the matter it would only be a waste of time to memorialize them but the memorial should go straight to the federal government, who only can pass legislation on the matter.

M. Timmins replied that his object in having the matter brought through the council was that they would perhaps give it more weight than if coming merely through the Board of Trade. Here the discussion became general and the motion was lost sight of and did not come before the meeting again.

Mr. Fulda made a request for information on the subject of freight rates, stating that he was ignorant on the subject and if anyone knew anything about it he would be glad to be enlightened.

At this point Mr. Doig produced a general round of laughter by saying that having heard a great deal of complaint about the excessive charges of the banks he wanted to know how it could be helped when they had to pay \$2500 per ton on their gold shipments and got no more security than was given on a shipment of hay, which was only charged \$155 per ton, and he made a motion that instead of the government being petitioned to establish an assay office they be petitioned to start a line of steamers to carry the gold at a reasonable rate to the outside. Seconds to the motion were heard from all parts of the house, but it was not brought to a vote.

Mr. Fulda remarked that there was in great risk and also a large expense shipping gold especially on the river, and cited one instance where one boat with a large treasure shipment went aground and it took two boats one whole day to get her off. "The charges," he said, "should have been \$4000, but it was compromised at \$400. When we send any dust down the river we always send an armed escort with it and we have often paid other companies first-class fare for their passage back besides paying them a good salary for their services." Turning to Mr. Doig he said, "I don't believe you want the government to establish a line of boats on the river," to which Mr. Doig replied that he did as much

as he wanted an assay office established here."

Mr. Joslin was of the opinion that before progress could be made it would be necessary to get more information. He said he supposed that 75 per cent of the business was done by the W. P. & Y. R. and all knew that their rates are excessive. "For the government royalty and freight," he said, "the country is paying 25 per cent of its gross output of the mines. We should take the company rates and the transcontinental tariff rates and make a table of comparison, learn the law on the subject and see if the company's charter cannot be attacked in some way to compel a reduction. Another feature for discussion would be a competing line. Let us encourage the government to grant a charter to another line which I believe is now pending before the provisional parliament."

Mr. R. P. McLennan in response to a call from the chair, said: "Much benefit would result from a competing line. Those of us who are doing a large shipping business know very well that we are today paying more to have our goods brought into Dawson by the W. P. & Y. R. than we did to have them hauled from Dyea to the Canyon, from there over the Chilkoot trail and then by Orr & Tukey's pack train to Bennett and down the river by scows. The price we paid then was six cents per pound from Dyea clear through to Dawson. According to the schedule of the W. P. & Y. R. for 1901 the price ranges from \$125 on shipments of 5 to 10 tons up to \$270, and in some cases it goes over \$400 per ton and it strikes me that the rate is altogether too high. Taking my own business for example, under the new rate we will have to pay for pots and kettles 8 cents per pound, enamelware 13 cents, pig iron, which has the cheapest rate quoted is \$125 per ton, japanware 21 1/2 cents per pound, graniteware 21 cents, window sash 21 1/2 cents; then taking other commodities, pianos will cost 19 1/2 cents, general merchandise 28 1/2 cents, millinery 23 1/2 cents, silk underwear 21 1/2 cents, bath tubs \$150 per ton, linoleum and wall paper \$150, suspenders \$225, pants buttons \$225, coffins \$300, beer and ale \$135 and other things in like manner.

"The great average of all will amount to about \$200 per ton and taking the amount of last year's importation, which was about 30,000 tons, as a fair estimate of this year's business, it will give to the railroad company \$6,000,000 in freight charges; add to that \$8,000,000 for the cost of the goods, \$7,000,000 for royalty, and it leaves \$5,000,000 to be divided between 15,000 people which will give them a little over \$300 each."

The question was further discussed by the gentlemen present when the chairman asked Mr. Rogers to make a statement from the railroad company's point of view, seeing that he was considered the defendant in the case.

He closed his remarks by making reference to the losses of the different steamers by wreckage and asked if anyone could show where the old B. L. & K. line, the Flyer line, the B. A. C. or its successor the D. & W. H. Nav. Co., the Empire line or the B. A. companies ever made any money on their steamboats.

Mr. Rogers had a previously prepared, lengthy but concise address which he delivered, and which tended to show that there are not the profits with the W. P. & Y. R. as many suppose.

His remarks closed the discussion and the motion was put and carried unanimously. The meeting adjourned to meet in two weeks.

EARLY-DAY HISTORY

When the Public Bowd to Transportation Monopoly.

One of the most prominent questions in the public mind is, what will be the effect of monopoly with respect to transportation interests, should the reported combination be consummated? This takes one back to the time when independent merchants in the Yukon district were an unknown quantity. Mr. P. B. Weare, of the N. A. T. & T. Co., tells a story of the difficulty he experienced in the early days in landing his supplies at St. Michael. Even then those who had already secured a footing thought they had some exclusive or inherent rights not possessed by others.

In 1896 there was no store at Circle City doing an independent business. The reason was that no freight could be gotten into the country. The river boats were owned and operated by wealthy corporations who discouraged others, and placed obstacles in the way of their engaging in the mercantile

business. Every old timer knows this. They did business with the big companies because they had to. Once in a while a man brought something more than a grub stake in his boat down the river, but he was swallowed up in the infinite vastness of the country and the little he had made no difference to the total sales of the big 2. After a while if he remained in the country he had to purchase at the same market.

With the birth of Dawson came a change. Of course the original companies established themselves here. They had peculiar facilities for doing so quickly, but this did not last. Dawson is in Canada and native firms felt abundantly able to compete with the foreign ones because they practically had to draw their supplies from the same source, or the duty would be in favor of the Canadian firm.

Following upon this condition came the building of the White Pass & Yukon railway and that great arterial waterway, the Yukon river, was the channel down which commerce passed on its way from a Canadian source to supply the demands of Dawson.

The great richness of the Klondike gold fields was not apparent at the first, but it soon became so. No sooner was it demonstrated that this was a substantial camp and the gold present in large quantities over a considerable area, than the question of better transportation facilities on the up-river route became a question of practical value. It was quickly solved by alert capitalists and as soon as the machinery could be imported into the territory, first one and then another steamboat was added, until the present up-river fleet was busily engaged.

At first the rates were thought to be high—they were high; but the service was such an improvement over the old method of bringing goods down in barges, boats and rats (and the consumer paid it anyway) that the exorbitant figure was overlooked. Following upon this came the competition of the down-river fleet, and the merchant who did not choose to pay the high rate via Whitehorse might take the extra risks and send his goods in by way of St. Michael and the down-river boats.

Owned and operated separately there has been no opportunity of combining upon a high freight rate, and the patronage has been (not calculating the freight each company carried for itself) about equal. Last season 32,000 tons of freight came into Dawson during the short time navigation was open—11,627 tons from St. Michael and 15,477 tons from Whitehorse, exclusive of 5000 tons brought in by barges from Whitehorse.

Thus it will be seen that a very small amount per ton represents a considerable sum of money to the transportation companies.

The question is, what proportion of this 32,000 tons was brought in for the use of the companies said to be in the combination, and what proportion was carried for other institutions. Whatever it is, that is the amount that would have to be provided for in the event of there being a movement on foot for the purpose of combining with the view of maintaining high transportation charges.

The Nugget has no hesitation in saying that there will be sufficient for the use of independent traders and individuals to provide a large remunerative business for several steamers either up or down the river as may be decided upon. There is a way out of the difficulty, if those interested desire to avail themselves of it. If they don't, well and good.

A Toper's Dinner.

Instead of going to their work one Monday a number of workmen entered a public house determined to spend the day there.

About noon a woman looked in and said addressing one of the party:

"I suppose you are not coming home to dinner today, so I have brought you your share."

So saying, she placed a dish and plate carefully tied up, in front of the toper and went away.

"Looks well after you, your wife does," said a mate. "Suppose we taste and see what it's like?"

"Aye, let us have a taste," said the husband as he untied the bundle.

But the plates were empty, and there was a note with them which ran as follows:

"I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is the same as myself and the children are having at home."—London Answers.

His Rendition of Curfew.

"Imitation, you know, is the sincerest flattery."

"Not always. I happened to overhear Miss Wattells imitating the way I read that poem at our Chasing Dish Club the other night, and I can assure you it wasn't at all flattering."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Tom L. Gear from Hunker is in town for a few days.

WHALE CALLED SAM PATCH.

Had Good Cause for Grudge Against Whaler Davids,

Whom He Followed With Six Harpoons in His Body for Three Years Before Getting His Prey.

We were bound for Alijos island, off the coast of Lower California, in the bark Dolphin, to look for an old wreck of 40 years before. One day, when yet 200 miles to the north of the island, a whale suddenly breached within 300 feet of our craft, which was making only about three knots an hour under a light breeze. The monster of the deep shot to the surface and above it as if propelled by an engine of 1000-horse power. At least forty feet of his great body was in the air when he came down with a crash, and the fall kicked up such a sea that the bark was boarded by three waves in succession. Instead of sinking out of sight or making off the whale kept company with the vessel and gradually edged down toward us until a man could have tossed his cap over the rail on the broad back covered with patches of barnacles. Almost as the whale shot up from the depths of the sea our mate, whose name was Davids, cried out:

"Before heaven, but that's old Sam Patch, and he's after me!"

We had come out of a California port with a picked crew, excepting the mate. I mean by that that Capt. Chambers knew his men personally, most of whom had sailed with him before. At the last moment the old mate of the bark had met with an accident, and Davids had been given the berth at an hour's notice. He had been found to be a man who thoroughly knew his business, and it was understood that he was an old whaler. He had spun no yarns of his adventures, however, and now for the first time, as the whale kept pace with us and the frightened crew tiptoed about the decks, the mate gave us a brief outline. He had been whaling in every sea, both in sail and steam vessels, and had been ashore after his last cruise only a month when joining us. Three years before in a whaler out of London they had lowered for a monster whale off the Maderias and fought him for four hours. The leviathan had smashed two boats and killed five men. Davids in his boat had got him fast, but the whale sounded so deep they had to cut the line and let him go. Three months later 700 miles to the north the whaler encountered the same fish and had another boat destroyed and two men killed. Again Davids got fast, but after being towed 15 miles to windward had to cut loose. Six months later, down off the coast of Brazil, he had his third fight with the same whale and got in a third harpoon.

During the next two years Davids sighted that whale, which had come to be known as Sam Patch, off the Cape of Good Hope, off the coast of Peru and off the coast of Mexico, and on each and every occasion at least one boat was smashed and some one killed, and the mate also made fast and had to let go again. The whale had scars by which he could easily be identified. He had always been known as a wild fish, and that he should rise so near our bark and keep company with us for hours was more than a mystery to the mate.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said after leaning his elbows on the rail and taking a long look at the vast bulk almost rubbing our starboard side; "that whale is after me. He knows I'm aboard here. Six of my harpoons are rusting in his carcass, and though I'm not after him on this voyage he wants revenge."

We laughed at the idea, but the mate clung to it. He was an intelligent, fairly educated man, and it was evident that he fully believed in his own words. Perhaps it was his earnestness that made us also come to believe that there might be something in it, although it looked absurd at first sight. When the whale had been keeping company with us for three hours, we let the bark go four points off her course, thinking to quietly steal away from him, but he changed his course and kept with her. Then we shortened sail, but he slowed up. For an hour we worked to part company, but he was up to all our tricks. For seven long hours he hung to us, and then of a sudden he sank out of sight without so much as a splash. We argued that he had gone for good, and it was a weight off our minds, but Davids shook his head in a mournful way and replied:

"Sam Patch came here after me, and

he won't leave for good till he gets me. He's only off to feed."

We reached the island without having seen more of him, however. As we came within a mile of the north shore the bark was thrown into the wind, the boat lowered, and Davids was to be rowed in to sound the depth and find a safe anchorage. Three sailors took their places at the oars, and the boat shoved off. It was a sunny sky and a calm sea, with never a thought of danger, but the yawl had not pulled above a cable's length from us and every man in the bark had his eye on her when she suddenly rose in the air with a crashing, rending noise. Below her appeared the great head of Sam Patch, and it was thrust upward until the stove boat was lifted 30 feet high and then slid off. When ten feet more of the body was exposed to view, the whale fell over with a mighty swash, rolled his great body over and over three or four times and then disappeared beneath the surface.

We had a second boat down in no time to pick up the men, but while four had gone in the boat there were only three to rescue. The trio were more or less knocked about and almost frightened to death, but they had come off better than the mate. Whether the whale seized him in its mouth or drowned him as it rolled we could not say, but our search for the body was in vain, and Sam Patch disappeared to trouble us no more.

M. QUAD.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr.

"Do you see that man with the dark mustache?" said Sherlock Holmes, jr.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I never saw him before. He is married. He ought to live in a flat, but doesn't. His wife is afraid of the hired girl, and he is left handed."

"Mr. Holmes, you are an everlasting marvel. How can you tell that about a man you don't know and whom you never saw before?"

"Look at the second knuckle on his left hand. You see, it is badly skinned."

Also there is a black mark on his left cuff. Now let us see what we must make of this. When a left handed man pokes up the furnace fire, how does he do it? By putting his left hand forward, of course. Thus it happened that it was his left hand which scraped against the furnace door. The blackened cuff shows that it was a furnace door. Having this foundation to work upon, the rest is easy. If he lived in a flat, he would have no furnace to look after, and his wife were not afraid of the hired girl they would make the latter do the poking up. It is all very simple if one's perceptive faculties are properly trained. He can't really afford to live in a house, because if he could he would have a man to look after the furnace. Therefore he ought to live in a flat."

"But hold on. How do you know the man is married? He can't be over 30 at the most. Why may it not be possible that he lives at home with his widowed mother?"

"My dear sir," said Sherlock Holmes, jr., "I am surprised at your lack of perspicacity. If he lived at home with his widowed mother, he would permit her to tend to the furnace herself."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Jes' Common Ole Misery.

The boy's name is Rufus, and he was busily engaged in polishing the doctor's shoes while he was being shaved. As was his custom, the doctor said, "How are you feeling, Rufus?"

"I ain't much. Kindly pohly, thank you, doctah," answered the boy.

"What's the matter?"

"Paralysis."

"What?"

"Paralysis."

Had the doctor not been so well acquainted with the negro race, he might have allowed himself to show astonishment. As it was, he determined to see what would result from further inquiries.

"Where's your paralysis?" he asked kindly.

Rufus was drawing a rag swiftly across the left shoe.

"In the right hip, doctah," he answered.

"It's probably rheumatism," suggested the physician.

"No, indeed. It's paralysis. I reckon I knows rheumatism and I knows paralysis. This is suttunly paralysis."

The doctor drew a good sized pin from the lapel of his coat.

"Well, Rufus," he said seriously, "there is only one way to tell. Come here. I'm going to jab this pin in your hip. If it hurts, then you have rheumatism. If you don't feel it, then you are right, and you have paralysis."

The boy did not rise, but drew the rag thoughtfully across the shoe.

Finally he said:

"Doctah, I reckon you mus' know more about them things than I do. I know it ain't nothin but jes' common ole misery."