

BREWERY WANTED

To be Owned and Operated by
the Municipality of
Dawson.

BRILLIANT IDEA OF BARNEY SUGRUE

Advanced at the Pro-Incorporation Meeting Last Night.

MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS.

Joe Clarke's Break Regarding Aliens
Committee Selected—Mr. Prudhomme Thanked.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

It was nearly 9 o'clock last night and McDonald hall was less than one-third full, there being only 39 men and 1 woman present, when Convenor C. M. Woodworth, with Dr. Catto, Joe Clarke and Barney Sugrue as his back stops, called to order the meeting which was called to and to which all, irrespective of nationality, were invited for the purpose of considering the proposition of incorporating into a municipality the city of Dawson. The convenor asked the meeting to select a chairman which was done on motion of Barney Sugrue of the Forks, retaining as permanent the temporary incumbent of the chair who, being primed with a speech, took time by the "fetlock" and delivered it before the formality of electing a secretary was disposed of. Before the chairman had finished his speech a delegation had arrived from the Aurora No. 1 which almost filled the hall. The chairman spoke at length and showed in brilliant hues the advantages of incorporation, after which aliens will vote, gambling will be continued wide open, lewd women will pay fines into the treasury and everybody will be happy and gay. He told a Grover Cleveland story and read from the Daily Nugget the petition lately presented to the Yukon council and referred to many of the signatures thereto as being wholly unauthorized. Barney Sugrue ejaculated: "Crazy men, crazy men."

About this time Colonel Reichenbach submitted a resolution and this is when the meeting became aware that it had no secretary. Someone moved the election of Elgin Schoff to that position, but he mildly declined; however, he was elected when he again declined. Barney Sugrue hopped to his feet, and, after accusing Mr. Schoff of attempting "delicate imitations of modesty," moved that Joe Clark be made secretary. Schoff immediately arose and informed Mr. Sugrue that he did not propose to be bulldozed by such as he and that, therefore, just to show that he was not afraid to act as secretary, he would do so. The chair-called order and Barney humbly apologized for his break. Col. Reichenbach's resolution was then read. It was:

Resolved, That we, the people of Dawson, in meeting assembled, are of the opinion that the time for the incorporation of the city of Dawson into a municipality has now arrived.

The resolution was seconded by Thos. Chisholm.

Barney Sugrue wanted to know what Dawson would get if it did incorporate and a stranger called upon John Grant, formerly mayor of Victoria and a recent arrival from that city, to explain the rights and privileges of incorporated towns in Canada. Grant spoke at length and showed that, if incorporated, Dawson would have money to burn after paying all municipal expenses. According to a "menu" prepared by him, Grant had over \$150,000 left for street improvements after all expenses are amply, yea lavishly, provided. His suggestion that aldermen be paid a fair salary met with cries of "hear, hear!" or "here, here," the writer not being able to determine which.

When the next speaker, Elgin Schoff, favored incorporation, but opposed the payment of aldermen for their services, no cries of "here, here!" were heard.

Councilman Alex Prudhomme said that, owing to his position, he did not care to speak on the subject further than to say that he always favors the

time-honored principle of self-government.

Thos. McGowan, by figures obtained from the district comptroller, showed how, without the money obtained from fines, licenses and whisky permits, incorporation would be not only impracticable, but a financial impossibility. E. M. Sullivan is in favor of allowing things to go on as they are, but hadn't thought much about incorporation.

Alex McFarlane said the city would have to sell bonds amounting to \$800,000 to get money to start on if incorporated, therefore he is opposed to the proposition.

J. H. Falconer, late of Bennett, said he always makes a speech when opportunity presents. He favored incorporation and made a forward step in submitting a motion that a committee be appointed to confer with the Yukon council regarding what district money would be turned over to the proposed municipality.

Barney Sugrue, who had been making notes all evening, said the Yukon council is not qualified to administer the affairs of the city. Its members are too busy now and should hire assistance. The town should own its own light and water plants, but would not encourage stealing them from the present owners as the franchises for operating them were stolen from the city. Sugrue made the one big bit of the evening when he said that in addition to the city owning and operating its own light and water plants, it should own and operate a brewery. (Tremendous and continued applause from every bench warmer in the hall.)

The mention of a municipal brewery put the meeting in better humor than it had been and the original resolution presented by Col. Reichenbach, Alex McFarlane's amendment to lay on the table for six months not receiving a second, was put and carried.

About this time Joe Clark, who, for him, had been remarkably quiet during the entire evening, began to show symptoms of wanting to do or say something. He arose and started a tirade about secret meetings being held behind locked doors; that people with alien millions and alien ideas are crowding in through back windows to secret conclaves; that such practices never came from Canada, but are imported.

Thos. McGowan resented the imputation against aliens, said the call for the meeting was regardless of nationality and thought if aliens were invited there to be insulted, they had better go home.

Clarke denied using the term "aliens" but too many ears had heard the word, so he said it would do to stand off the recent affair at the barracks in which the aliens had the best of it.

Chairman Woodworth humbly apologized for Clark's unfortunate break and expressed great contrition that it should have been made.

Oil having thus been poured upon the turbulent waters, Falconer's motion to select a committee to confer with the council was put and carried.

The following is the committee selected from the floor: C. M. Woodworth, Elgin Schoff, Joe Clark, Dr. Thompson, E. M. Sullivan, Barney Sugrue, Thos. Chisholm and John Grant. Later Mr. Sugrue withdrew and J. H. Falconer was appointed in his place.

While it will not be generally believed, it is nevertheless a fact that Col. Donald MacGregor refused to serve on the above mentioned committee.

On motion of Joe Clarke a vote of thanks was tendered the chairman and secretary for their services.

On motion of A. D. Williams, a vote of thanks was tendered Councilman Alex Prudhomme for his distinguished presence at the meeting.

The meeting then filed into the midnight air.

Demented Woman at Large.

Mrs. Grant, a demented woman who is supposed to be looked after and cared for at the Good Samaritan hospital, escaped from that institution yesterday and came down town. The efforts of the hospital people to find her were unavailing and the aid of the police was enlisted. She was finally discovered in a First avenue restaurant. On leaving the hospital the demented woman had sufficient forethought to provide herself with a heavy cape which she picked up in the hall while leaving the hospital.

Gambling House Robbed.

Spokane, Dec. 18.—The Warwick gambling rooms on Riverside avenue, were held up at 1 o'clock this morning and robbed of nearly \$700. The alarm was given and the robber pursued and captured.

Tom Murphy was the robber. He wore a white mask and covered six men with a revolver. He escaped to the Menle hotel. Police Sergeant Sullivan pursued and captured him. The robber showed fight and would have killed Sullivan had not the descending hammer of his revolver caught on the officer's hand.

THE JUDGE AND GOOD FORM

Everything He Did Was Neat and in Order.

His Trip to New York and on the Mediterranean Steamer Were Typical of His Habits.

They called him "Judge" Dale, because in the far west you never "mistake" a man when you can call him "colonel" or "judge." As James Dale looked more like a judge than a colonel, they called him as I have said. He was a mine owner, and when things went wrong he could make hot times for his engineers and foremen, but he didn't do it in a vulgar way. He was always a gentleman even when he cussed the hardest. As a matter of fact, the judge's motto was "good form," and he carried it out in his clothes, his cigars, his dinner and the way he took the news when a fall of rock in the Emma mine buried 12 men at once. What he said on that occasion was, "Please wipe your feet on the rug next time." What he did was to fill out 12 checks for \$1,000 apiece for the respective widows.

I have it on good authority that Judge Dale was not vulgarly startled when he received word from Denver that his handsome wife, to whom he had been married five years and who was visiting friends, had taken an old lover's arm and severed conjugal relations by eloping. Others got the news about the same time, and they couldn't find anything to criticize in his conduct. He went through the daily routine just the same for three or four days, and he had the same placid look and the same even voice as he called his head clerk into the private office and said:

"Thomas, I am going away for a few days, and you will take charge."

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas, and next morning the judge was on his way to Denver. He picked up his clew there without having elbowed anybody or soiled the polish of his shoes. He met friends and talked politics and real estate and mines, and, lighting a fresh cigar, he took a train for the east. Arriving in New York city, he paid a detective to locate the couple, but he didn't lug out a gun and shout at the top of his voice that he was an injured husband, thirsting for gore. He simply threw a couple of big goldpieces on the table to pay for the information and descended to the cafe for lunch. A steamer was sailing for the Mediterranean at the end of the fourth day, and when she departed the judge was one of her passengers. There were more than a hundred others, and as the weather was also stormy for the first two or three days out no one commented on the fact that the passenger who was registered as Major Davis stuck close to his cabin and had his meals brought to him by a steward. Judge Dale had changed his name, but he had no idea of changing his identity. There were laughter and conversation and a clatter of dishes as all the passengers finally gathered for dinner for the first time since leaving Sandy Hook. To the right of the captain sat one of the handsomest ladies and one of the finest looking gentlemen on the list, but taken altogether it was a grand array of wealth and culture. Dinner was fairly under way, and the lady on the captain's right was beaming, when she happened to cast her eyes down the table, and her face went as white as death in a second. Half a dozen people caught her words as she whispered to her supposed husband:

"My God, John, but there is the judge!"

The man looked, and the color went out of his cheeks, and his jaw fell. Near the foot of the table sat the man who had taken a new name. He was cool and placid, and only the ghost of a smile hovered around his mouth. He looked the woman and the man full in the eyes for a minute, but made no sign of recognition.

"What is it?" asked the captain as "Mrs. Bemis" shuddered and gasped and seemed on the point of fainting.

"A sudden illness—heart trouble," she stammered as she left the table for her stateroom, followed by her supposed husband.

There were wonder and curiosity, but little was said. "Good form" demands that such incidents be passed over as easily as possible. There were those who thought it might be heart trouble and others who suspected the presence of the "major" had something to do with it, but that was no place to compare notes. Neither of the pair was seen again that evening, though Major Davis was very much in evidence until a late hour. At breakfast next morning Mr. Bemis appeared alone. His wife was better, thank you, was his reply to inquirers, but thought it best to remain quiet for a day or two. Not once did he let his eyes roam around the table, but he knew that Major Davis was there among the rest. He knew that a pair of steel blue eyes were scanning his troubled face and that a pair of soft white hands

were aching to grip his throat. After breakfast, as the men sought the smoking room, Mr. Bemis started to act on a plan which had doubtless been talked over with his wife. He walked straight up to Major Davis and began:

"Judge, I don't know what I can say in extenuation, but I—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the other, "but you have evidently made a mistake. I think the gentleman called the judge has passed into the salon."

Mr. Bemis looked at the major, like a man seeing the face of death in a nightmare, and beads of perspiration started out on his forehead.

"Your—your wife is better this morning, I think I heard you say?" queried the major in courteous tones.

"Y-yes!"

"Glad to hear it. She should beware of overexcitement. Weather seems to have settled, and we are making a fine run of it. Have a light? No? Well, I'll walk a little."

Mr. Bemis stared after him as if seeing a ghost, and his breath came in sobs as he finally turned away. He had seen the man whose home he had despoiled a dozen times or more, and he believed that Judge Dale stood before him. Still there might be a chance that it was simply a wonderful resemblance. Such things had been known. It must have been this faint hope that buoyed up the wife to appear that afternoon. A wife should be able to identify the face, figure and speech of the husband of even a fortnight, but the elopers hoped for a miracle. Major Davis had made several acquaintances, and Mrs. Bemis had no sooner appeared than he was ready to be introduced. "I am honored," he said as he made his bow. "Permit me to offer my sincere congratulations on your speedy recovery."

"I—I thank you."

"It was your husband I met this morning, I believe, and for a moment he took me for some one else. It is queer how you'll often find two people looking so much alike as to deceive you at first glance."

"Y-yes, it is!" she stammered, leaning on the back of a chair for support and speaking through bloodless lips.

"You do not find in me a resemblance to any gentleman called the judge?" he queried as he looked her full in the face.

"N-no—that is—"

"But I am keeping you. Pray, be seated, and I think I see your husband coming this way. Hope the fine weather will put you in good spirits."

At every meal Major Davis faced the guilty pair. Some of the passengers suspected nothing, but others insisted that there was a queer mystery afoot. The major gave nothing away. It wouldn't have been good form. The woman avoided him as far as possible, but two or three times a day he found excuse to speak to her. If she had hoped for a miracle, her hopes were dashed at the first close sight of him. Major Davis was Judge Dale, and Judge Dale was the husband she had fled from and disgraced. She knew him for a quiet man, but also for an implacable one. He was torturing them at the stake, but that would not be revenge enough. In his desperation Bemis again attempted to approach the man he had wronged. He couldn't plead for himself, but he would plead for the woman.

"Judge, it was my fault, and on me should fall your vengeance," he said as he cornered his man.

"Mistaken again. Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the major. "Really, but I shall come to think that I am your judge's twin brother. See what a cloudless sky and how beautiful the sea. I trust that your wife has had no more trouble with her heart. She is not looking at all well."

"God! God! But what a man!" gasped Bemis as he turned away with a hunted look in his eyes.

The steamer was to call at the Azores. One morning about 10 o'clock she made harbor, and it was given out aboard that she would not get away before midnight. Everybody was anxious for a brief run ashore—everybody but Mrs. Bemis. She feared that she might overexert and bring on another attack of heart trouble. Mr. Bemis had decided to stay with her when Major Davis hunted him out and said:

"I trust you will make one of a little party going ashore, and that you will bring your revolver along, as I shall mine?"

"The party is—is!" began Mr. Bemis as his face blanched.

"A very exclusive one—just the two of us, you see. You have a pistol, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Ah, of course! We may find game, you know. Do you wish to speak to your wife first?"

"No."

"She's gone to lie down, eh? Well, let's be off."

The two engaged a boat as soon as landing and pulled away to a wooded cape, and two hours later a dead man was brought back in the boat. It was Mr. Bemis. He had accidentally shot himself while shooting at a bird, or at least the major said so, and no one doubted his word. He told his tale without excitement. He was cool and serene as he announced that he would remain and see the body placed in its grave. He came aboard the steamer with the personal effects of the deceased, but he did not ask to see Mrs. Bemis. He delivered everything to the captain, and as he added the sum of

\$5,000 in gold it is probable that he told at least a part of his story. When the accident became known, and it was found that Mrs. Bemis was to go on with the ship instead of ashore to see her husband to his last resting place, there was an outcry over her want of feeling, but it did not reach her ears. She was in her stateroom under the doctor's care, and none of the passengers saw her again. When the major had finished his work at the island, he took a steamer for New York and home, and upon entering his office at the usual hour and in the usual way he said to his chief clerk:

"Thomas, I am back and feeling better. Bring me the balance sheets for the last four weeks."

Mrs. Crane Visits New York.

The following which appeared in the New York World of December 9th will be read with a mixture of interest and amusement here in Dawson, where Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane is so well known. Since leaving here last summer Mrs. Crane has been defendant in a suit brought by her husband at Los Angeles, Cal., for divorce; but that fact probably troubled the intrepid "mining magnate" but little. Here is what the World produces regarding Mrs. Crane:

"They call me the richest woman in the Klondike, but I'm hardly that, except, perhaps, in health and ambition. It's true that I needn't work any more unless I want to, but I suppose I will keep at it as long as I live."

Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane, president and general manager of the Los Angeles and Yukon Mining Company and the reputed owner of a fortune estimated at between \$400,000 and \$500,000, was the speaker.

Mrs. Crane is about 45 years of age, of medium height and good figure, the glow of her face telling of her splendid health. She is on her way to Washington to urge the passage of a bill for the colonization of American territory in the Alaskan region of the Yukon, and is now at the St. Denis hotel.

"But few gold seekers," she said, "have ventured to Dawson within the last year or so, which is very fortunate, because the city is overcrowded with idle, disappointed men."

"Provisions are still unreasonably high, so much so as to justify the belief that they are controlled by a trust. Watermelons are sold at \$5 apiece; cucumbers, 50 cents each; oranges from 25 cents to 50 cents each; beef, \$1.75 per pound; bread, 50 cents a loaf. All the small stores are under the control of the big corporations."

"Individual mining no longer pays. With a steam hoist we can scoop up 525 buckets a day out of each shaft, whereas, the most a single individual can raise is about a hundred. Hundreds of miners are giving up the struggle in despair because of lack of means to develop their claims."

"Typhoid fever, pneumonia and scurvy are the diseases from which our people principally suffer, and the death rate is something horrible to contemplate."

"What about the women of Dawson?"

"To be frank, I think we have nearly as many women as men, and all are trying to outdo one another in the matter of dress."

"Many of the miners who have made money are sending for their families, and the result can be seen in improved school facilities and a betterment of morals."

"What of yourself?"

"I have no hard luck stories to tell. I left Los Angeles in the winter of 1897, and, unattended, except by hired help, made the winter trip from Dyea to Lake Bennett, where I contracted my outfit through to Dawson and went ahead. The day after landing in Dawson, in July, 1898, I staked a claim in Eldorado creek, and it has proved very profitable. I have now—speaking for myself and those I represent—a controlling interest in several valuable properties, and we are not complaining. "Since I left Dawson, on July 1, I have travelled about 25,000 miles, stopping among other places, at Cape Nome, which is a picture of wretchedness. I would advise no one to go there, unless civilization has lost all attraction."

Killed Two Mexicans.

Chicago, Dec. 18.—A special to the Record from Parral, Mexico, says:

G. E. Kerns was going out to his mine, 20 miles from Parral, Friday to pay off his employees. He had about \$3000 in Mexican currency, which he tied firmly to the bottom of his wagon, put his pistol in his coat sleeve and started out. When he had gone about half way two Mexicans suddenly halted him and ordered him to get out of the wagon. He obeyed and the bandits searched his person with no effect. Knowing he must have some money they proceeded to search his baggage and other effects. While they were at this task Kerns drew his revolver from his coat sleeve and fired. His attack was so sudden the men did not have time to act and both were instantly killed.