

ATHLETES AT HOME

First Meeting in New Building

Enthusiastic Shareholders of the D. A. A. Adopt Constitutions.

That was a great meeting held at the athletic building last night. Not great in point of numbers, but as a representative gathering and one in every way unanimous in its enthusiasm. It represented every kind of sports and athletics among its younger members, and there were not a few with a sprinkling of grey who had long sighed for a social club where they can quietly enjoy a rest in congenial company after the bustle of the day. "Chief" McKinnon was one of these. He has belonged to clubs ever since he was tall enough to hand his two bits into the club box office, and when he puts on all the medals he has won in athletic sport his manly breast is covered as with a cuirass of mail. A compliment from him is therefore "praise from Sir Hubert," and he said that in all his long experience he had never attended a meeting of sports which at its first gathering showed such an enthusiastic unanimity. The whole of the constitution, he observed, had gone through without much discussion, only three minor amendments being made, and no greater compliment could be paid to the committee which had so carefully drafted it than this fact. The whole evening was an interchange of compliments, and the man who received the most, and was the most desiring and the most proud of them, was the promoter of the undertaking, C. B. Burns. He was so suffused with happy blushes that his external torrential eloquence was completely silenced. Of the fifty shareholders present one after another arose to express his surprise that so large a building could have been erected in the short space of less than three weeks; others drew attention to the reception room in which they were gathered, comfortably seated and well lighted, as bright as day with the new Safety Gas Light, and with a collection of pretty prints in the tastefully papered walls that gave the lofty room an appearance of a home firmly established. Other parts of the immense building were littered with benches made this one room look as if the institution might have been coeval with the territory itself. Then there were the rinks, the hockey games that will begin on the large one in a few days, the glad-some yell of "soup, soup," that will distinguish the curlers on the other, the enjoyments of the gym and the Turkish baths, the cosy corners for a quiet read, and the wicker support occasionally. The latter is a nipper for the directors to consider, but a vote was taken upon it last night, as it was held that there might not be so large a meeting of shareholders for a long time and it was desirable that everyone should express his opinion on the subject. Chairman McKay introduced the matter timidly, and the members seemed shy of expressing themselves. But when it was moved that a buffet should be maintained in a quiet, out-of-the-way corner there was not a dissentient voice against it. Upon this as upon all other questions, except the selection of an auditor, there was a wonderful unanimity. Even upon this point the dissent was merely one of friendly rivalry. No less than seven names were placed in nomination, any one of which would have been perfectly satisfactory to the whole of the shareholders and directors, but it was an occasion for showing appreciation and testing personal popularity and the most popular man connected with athletics, Tom Hinton, won the election. D. A. Cameron, the provisional president, being absent on a trip up the Stewart, W. M. McKay was chosen to preside, and looking proud-

ly in the crowd of happy, expectant faces he pointed out the many things upon which they had to congratulate themselves upon, running over some of those which have been mentioned above. When he handed a bouquet to Secretary Burns there was warm applause. The chairman said they had long been talking of an athletic association, but had it not been for the energy put into the undertaking by Mr. Burns they would not have had one for two years at least. He also referred to Joe Boyle, one of the hardest workers both on the building committee and the committee appointed to draft the constitution—there again cheers. Mr. Boyle was then called upon to read the report of the building committee, and said that as the building was not yet complete a full report could not be expected. They had only been at work a little over two weeks, and he was glad there was no creaking and that everybody seemed pleased with the progress made. When the treasurer reported to the committee \$9800 had been paid in to him. Of this the committee had paid \$3000 for the site. Mr. Stauff had asked \$5000 for it but the committee took it up when Mr. Stauff was away hunting and while little Ben was not looking they bought it for \$3000. They had paid for labor \$4482.75, for recording fees \$18.25, and for stationery and incidentals \$29.50. This left a balance of \$1389.50, and since the treasurer's report about \$700 had been paid in, making a total balance in hand of \$2089.50. Mr. Boyle then gave the details of the work of the committee, particularly drawing attention to the fact that each department of the institution was connected with but could be entirely cut off at will from the other departments, and every part of the club was made distinct from the others. He mentioned that when billiard or other rooms were needed they could be supplied by another story instead of having to extend the building, and the plans had been drawn with this object in view. Mr. Boyle was several times applauded and the report was adopted without discussion. Then came the constitution, which was discussed section by section. It divides the membership into two classes, charter members and ordinary members. Shareholders are to be charter members and to pay dues of \$25 annually. Ordinary members are to be elected by ballot and to pay \$10 entrance fee and \$50 annual dues, or \$15 per quarter. To the rink the public will be admitted, and the families of members at a nominal price of admission, to be fixed by the directors. The constitution having been adopted with some few minor amendments, the election of officers followed. A committee was appointed to select a list of names for balloting, and it was instructed that the desire was that each department of the institution should be represented in the directorate chosen. The following were elected: President, D. A. Cameron; first vice president, Mayor Macaulay; second vice president, W. M. McKay; treasurer, E. W. Ward; secretary, C. B. Burns; directors, J. H. Boyle, G. A. Calvert, Dr. A. F. Edwards, T. Lithgow, Charles McKee, M. D. Rainbow, J. A. Segbers, A. E. Tobin, Hugh McKinnon, C. C. McGregor. After some spirited balloting T. H. Hinton was elected auditor and on the suggestion of Chief McKinnon the meeting discussed the appointment of honorary presidents, mentioning the names of the commissioner of the territory and the respected consul of the United States. Duffin Patello asked why not include the Swedish consul, and as he himself occupies that distinguished position there was a hearty laugh. The discussion ended by the officials named being made honorary presidents while holding those positions. On the motion of Secretary Burns a vote of thanks was passed the territorial council for remitting the incorporation fee, and on motion of Mr. Chataway a similar vote was given to the city council for exempting the athletic building from taxation. Other votes of thanks were passed to the building and constitution committee, and Mr. Boyle brought the first meeting of shareholders to a significant end by moving that the full board of directors meet this afternoon, at five o'clock, in the reception room. "To do some work"

THE NEW GIRL

The April sun was pouring in through the hall open window and a gentle breeze from the south swayed the long curtains. But there was very little sunshine in Annabel Maitland's heart, and the south wind brought no soothing relief to her flushed brow. She had just cleared away the breakfast things and dusted the library and hall, and now she was standing at the window of the little reception room, looking anxiously out on the street. Presently there were two sharp whirrs at the telephone. Annabel ran back to the instrument. It was a call from George. His Aunt Mary hadn't come. She must have missed the train somewhere. The next train wouldn't be in until 5 o'clock. He would meet it then and bring his aunt home with him. "Any girl yet?" he called. "No," replied Annabel with a little catch in her voice. "That's tough," said George. "But we'll get along some way. Good-bye." Annabel hung up the receiver with a petulant little jerk. "It's all very well to say we'll get along some way," she grumbled, "but what good does that do? George can't lift his finger to do a thing about the house. Poor old dear. And I did want to have everything so nice when his aunt came. Well, I'm to get a few hours' respite, anyway. I'd better be studying that cook book some more, or shall I dust?" And then the telephone bell gave its double whirr again. "This is the Unique Employment Agency," said a voice. "We have a girl that we think would suit you. She has an excellent recommendation. And she says she can take the place at once." "Send her right up, please," said Annabel. "She will be up soon after luncheon," said the voice. This time when Annabel hung up the receiver she smiled. Then she stepped into the library and picking up the cook book, threw it back on the highest book shelf. "I'll take that girl, no matter what she's like," she murmured. Then she hung up the leather duster on its hook in the closet under the front stairway, and after inspecting the kitchen to see that everything was neat and clean, and shining—for Annabel was an excellent housekeeper, despite her culinary limitations—she sought the upper part of the house and busied herself tidying up the room that was set aside as the "girl's room." Annabel felt relieved; so very much relieved that she broke forth in song. It was a song that George had liked before they were married. How the time had flown! It seemed but yesterday that he was leaning over the piano and begging her for another verse. And now they were staid old married people. Married two years last October. She stopped her song just long enough to interpolate a little sigh, and then went on. Probably it was the song that prevented her from hearing the door bell. It rang, and several times, too. And then Annabel was startled by a loud rap at the kitchen door. She hurried down stairs and hastily turned the key and the knob. There stood a neatly garbed woman, a woman of middle age, with a pleasant smile on her motherly face. Annabel smiled, too, when she caught sight of the stranger. "Come right in," she said. "I'm so glad you didn't disappoint me. They telephoned that you wouldn't be up until after luncheon." "Who telephoned?" inquired the stranger, and she still smiled. "Why, the agency people," replied Annabel. "Won't you sit down?" The stranger accepted the invitation and Annabel seated herself before her. "Of course you cook?" she said. The stranger smiled again. "I've had twenty years' experience at it, ma'am," she said, with a queer little twitch to her mouth. "Plain or fancy?" "I think I may say both, ma'am." "I like the modest way you say it," said Annabel. "They most always boast so. Do you make good bread?" "I have been told so, ma'am." "And pies and cakes?" "Yes, ma'am, and cookies." "George likes cookies. Yes, and he likes fried cakes. Do you make fried cakes?" "Yes, ma'am, and johnnycakes, too." "He loves johnnycakes, but we never had a girl who could make it to suit him. What afternoon would you like out?" "I'm not very particular, ma'am," said the stranger. "Perhaps we can arrange that later." "I'm sure we can," said Annabel. "I'll pay \$4 and have a laundress two days in the week." "That is satisfactory, I think," said the stranger. "Have you much company?" "Very little," said Annabel. "And I always help with the work, too. You wouldn't mind my coming into the kitchen, would you?" "Not in the least," said the stranger. "I think I'd rather like it." "Thank you," said Annabel. "And I hope you find the kitchen suits you."

"Of course," said the new maid, with a sympathetic nod. "And you must let me help you get it," said Annabel. The new maid laughed. "You have my most gracious permission," she said. "Oh, I'm not as useless as I look," protested Annabel. "I'm quite sure there is nothing useless about your looks," said the new maid as she put her head a little on one side and glanced admiringly at the pretty face with its flushed cheeks and its bright eyes. "Oh, thank you," cried Annabel and the flush grew deeper. "That's what George would call a barefaced jolt." When Annabel's sharp ears heard George on the porch she was waiting in the library, and ran to throw the door open. George was alone. "Why, where's Aunt Mary?" she cried. "Not on the train," said George. He was much disappointed. "And I don't know where to telegraph. Of course it's barely possible she got off at the upper station by mistake. But she's too old a traveler to get lost or into trouble." "Of course, dear," said Annabel. "I've got such a nice little dinner waiting for her." They she dropped her voice. "We've got a jewel in the kitchen, George." "So you telephoned," said George. "Hope you won't find she's paste." "I only hope she'll stick," laughed Annabel. "It was a dainty little dinner, the joint-production of Annabel and the maid. And how Annabel laughed when George sampled the golden johnnycake. "And how does that compare with Aunt Mary's?" she asked. "It's all right," said George, whose mouth was too well filled to permit of any further eulogy. "The new maid made it," cried Annabel. After they had returned to the library and George had again studied the table of train arrivals in the evening paper, he looked up suddenly and said, "Did you get a reference with this new girl?" Annabel started. "Bless me," she cried. "I forgot all about it!" George shook his head. "That's bad," he said. "We can't be too careful about these strangers. Biscom told me today about a girl they took without a reference. She stayed one night and disappeared with his wife's best brook. I'll see this girl and find out about her." "Don't say anything that will hurt her feelings, dear. Perhaps I'd better go with you." "You stay here," said George. "I'll be right back." "But he didn't come right back. He was gone a long time. Once Annabel thought she heard the sound of laughter in the direction of the kitchen, and pretty soon she grew so fidgety that she determined to follow George and discover what had become of him. She softly entered the dining room and stole across and opened the door into the china closet. The swinging door into the kitchen had glass panels in it and through these Annabel could look without being observed. The new maid was standing by the table, washing dishes, and beside her stood George. He had taken off his coat and there was a big blue apron tied about his neck, and he was wiping the dishes as fast as the new maid washed them. Annabel softly retreated back to the library wondering what it meant. And after a while George returned. "The reference seems to be all right," he said. "I know some of the people she mentioned, and I'll look the matter up more fully tomorrow." "I thought I heard you laughing out there," said Annabel. "Perhaps you did," said George. "She needed a little cheering up. It seems that she's seen better days, or something like that, and comes of a pretty good family, and we've got to try to please her. I found that out right away. She's no ordinary woman, and we must expect to humor her." "Then she thinks she'll stay with us?" said Annabel. "Yes," said George. "She likes you, and she likes the house, and I think she's going to like me. Anyway, she said she meant to stay just as long as we'd make her welcome." "I'm very glad," said Annabel. "I never was so much taken with a stranger before." "Yes," said George, "but don't forget that we have to treat her well. We must let her sleep in the front chamber tonight." "Why, George, that's the guest chamber!" "Yes, I know." "And it's all ready for Aunt Mary." "That can't be helped," said George. "We'll let her—the maid sleep there tonight, and then we can make other arrangements. Sort of let her down easy, you know." "Why, George, I never heard of such a thing! You'll spoil her." "Very well," said George. "I'll take the responsibility. We've got to humor her. I'll go up now and light the gas. The—the maid is tired and wants to retire early—and she has to arise early, too, you know." He paused in the hall doorway and looked around. "Annabel," he softly said. "Well, dear?" "You're a little goose."

And he went up the stairs checking the gas. Annabel did not rise early the next morning. She was tired and sleepy, and a load of responsibility was off her mind. She did not know that George was up at daylight and bustling down stairs and rattling about the range. But after awhile she dimly comprehended that somebody was calling her. Yes, it was George. What was he saying? "Annabel, Annabel, come down, you larybones. Aunt Mary is here and breakfast is waiting." "Aunt Mary come! And the hostess not up to welcome her. Oh, what a shame!" How she hustled on her garments and twisted up her pretty hair. When she tripped into the library she looked about her eagerly. George was standing by the mantle, and in the dining room doorway the new maid looked at her with a smiling face. "Where is Aunt Mary?" she cried. George answered her questioning glance by opening his eyes very wide and then shutting one of them very tight. "The reference proves to be all right, my dear," he said with a comical quaver in his voice. Annabel looked from George to the new maid, and the new maid's smile slowly deepened. Then she suddenly understood. "You—you are Aunt Mary!" she cried. "Oh, oh, how stupid I am!" and two big tears suddenly trembled on her long lashes. "It wasn't a very nice piece of deception, my dear," she said. "But you know how I drifted into it. Besides, it gave me such a nice chance to make your acquaintance. And then I knew this wicked boy would appreciate the little joke so much. You must forgive me, dear." "Your jewel stands the test, my love," laughed George. Then Annabel couldn't help smiling. "Breakfast is waiting," said Aunt Mary.—W. B. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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