

WON BY TWO OUNCES.

A Dawson Champion Pie Eater at the Opera House.

The Victor Meets With a Serious Mishap, but Wins Out—Pie on the Floor and Everywhere Else.

There were five entries in the grand sweepstakes pie-eating at the Opera house Saturday night. The prize was \$25, and the pies were blackberry. Trilby Collins, the ex-champion pie eater of the Pacific coast was chosen referee, because of his knowledge of the fine points of the game, while Jakey Kline officiated as judge.

The hungry contestants were George Delfel, Jule Delfel, Jim Ross (alias Sour Dough), Harry Switzer and Chas. Ober. None of the boys had eaten much lately so as to the better fit them for the test, while Charles Ober was seriously suspected to have been on a diet of sarsaparilla, and iron for a week, so great was his appetite.

The boys were lined up in front of a long table facing the audience. Two hands were tied behind each back and at the firing of a pistol five heads were instantaneously buried in five pies. At the first onslaught Sour Dough shrewdly avoided the center of his pasty and stooping till his mouth was level with the table top proceeded to get the edge of his pie between his teeth and slowly eat his way into the middle and then on through to the opposite edge. This left two fragments—one on each side of his head. They were of such handy size that he choked on the first and was out of the race. Meanwhile the Delfel brothers had eaten down through the soft middle of the pie and had left nothing with which to lubricate the rim crust.

Jule stopped to tell George that he must not conceal any of that dry pie edge and George looked up to tell him to mind his own business and eat his own pie. The altercation lost them both the race. Switzer went at his pie like a stolid negro into a watermelon. All attempts at distracting his attention proved futile. First he ate the dry rim while he was fresh and hungry depending upon the luscious center to find a place for itself even after appetite was sated. For awhile he lost ground with the others and seemed out of it entirely. But many is the pie that Switzer has put away within that plump waistband of his, and toward the end of the contest it was easily seen that he was an old hand at the business.

But it was not Switzer won the contest. Ober proved himself a very king of all pie eaters. Stretching his mouth from ear to ear he worked his pie to the edge of the table and attempted to swallow it whole. With a flop it fell over on the floor, of course top side down.

Here was an accident to discourage a veteran. With an imploring gesture he begged referee Collins to put the pie back on the table since his own hands were tied—A suggestion which the incorruptible referee and judge very sternly and properly refused to harbor for a moment. Down on his knees flopped Ober, and in getting his first bite of the pie his forehead, nose and eyes had to be pressed into the mass of sweetness in the center. There was no help for it; every bite now required him to get his head down on the floor, and every time he raised to breathe—masticating his pie with the jaw-bone agility of a monkey with an almond—the fragments of the pie would be observed sticking now this side of his head and now to that, until it was entirely covered with sticky sweetness even the nape of his neck. But he worked like a Trojan, and swallowed like an ostrich, never stopping to inquire what the other boys were doing up above his range of vision on the table. The crowd cheered the boy on the floor and faster he worked. Switzer stopped once to gaze over the edge of the table at his

perspiring antagonist—and so lost the race; for just then as a triumphant finale, Ober ran out six inches of blackened tongue, licked up the last fragments from the pie-stained floor, sprang to his feet and amidst the uproars of the tumultuous multitude pushed to the judge and referee for a decision. With becoming gravity he was declared the winner, having won by two ounces of pie ahead of the nearest contestant. And now Ober is out with a pie challenge for the territory, barring nothing but heavyweights.

CONDITIONS ON JACK WADE. Afford Opportunities to Make Money This Winter.

Extensive preparations for winter work are now being made in the Jack Wade district. At the present time, there are between 1200 and 1400 men in the district; all of these, with few exceptions, will remain this winter. This number, however, is insufficient to supply the demand for labor. With wages at a dollar per hour, there is a scarcity of workingmen. The government trail from Eagle City has not yet been constructed, and it is doubtful if the road will be built this season.

About two or three miles up from Sam Patch's place, at a point where Jack Wade creek flows into Fortymile river, a small town has been started, which has been christened Jack Wade by the few who live there. As yet, there is only a saloon, one store, and two bunk-houses, in addition to a few miners' cabins; but just as soon as the Fortymile freezes, a restaurant outfit will be taken there. Even now, many transient travelers visit this district, and the number of such will increase as the winter progresses. The summer work on Chicken and Montana creeks has been satisfactory to claim owners. These two creeks will be thoroughly worked this winter; and it is freely predicted at Fortymile that wages in the district will be at least \$1.25 an hour this season.

Thinks the Country is Different.

Editor Nugget: The time when honesty was at home is gone by. A young fellow came to my cabin last night and asked me for a little tea. I gave him the same; he came back after supper and told me that his cabin had been broken open and everything taken, including his winter clothing. About two weeks ago he bought a big lot of provisions and two days after he went up Hunker, returning last night. This poor fellow (his name I think is H. Lueddeke) has had bad luck all along.

This spring he was beat out of his whole last winter's work on Dominion, and when he got to town he found his cabin burnt during the first brush fire on the hill. Then he worked a lay, No. 1 below Hunker, and did not receive anything out of that. I think stealing ought to be punished harder in this country, and those rascals that beat their men out of their wages ought to be made to leave the country; but instead, the biggest rogues are the men that flourish, and the poor workingmen suffer. Things and men have changed since the days of the Sixtymile and Fortymile camp. Yours truly,

HARRY LEMORIE.
Dawson, Oct. 3.

Those Salaries.

The wholesale raise of salaries in government circles is as yet unconfirmed. The rumor was founded upon an article in a Victoria paper of September 25th. It stated that the gold commissioner's salary was to be raised to \$5000 per year, and the legal adviser to the same figure. Private advices from Ottawa also include Commissioner Ogilvie amongst the lucky ones, and \$6000 is the figure given for that gentleman. A few days at most will lift the officials off the ragged edge of suspense, for it is believed that Mr. Clement will bring in the order in council, which is to put officials upon a basis with the smaller of our merchants.

Removal Notice.

Dr. Lee, dentist, has removed from the Bodega block to the V. Y. T block, upstairs.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

The "French Kid" registered a winning of \$1000 against faro bank Friday night. During the succeeding 24 hours, he and his coterie of friends enjoyed a hot old time. They stacked chips so high on the "layout" that the dealers cut them down. They played with the dance hall girls against "alaman-left," and drank whisky enough to float the Reindeer. By 7 o'clock Saturday night the "Kid" had become so helpless that he was incapable of rolling a cigarette. His furious time had dissipated all his winnings. He succeeded in grape-vining his way to a chair near an unused card table in the Dominion and there passed into a state of innocuous desuetude.

Frank Kelly, the rag-time song and dance comedian at the Opera house, had the misfortune to loose his trunks at Whitehorse. He checked them through from Bennett to Dawson, but carelessly neglected to personally attend to their transfer at Whitehorse. The steamboat company assures him that the luggage will arrive before the river freezes, but Kelley may save himself much worry by concluding that he will be lucky if he receives the trunks next summer, without being compelled to pay any winter storage. At present, he is having some trouble in securing a suitable make-up.

It seems strange that the Yukon council is so dilatory in the matter of enlarging the present quarters of the territorial court. Crown Prosecutor F. C. Wade, a member of the council, is decidedly in favor of this improvement.

Judge Dugas has signified his approval by representing, some time ago, to Commissioner Ogilvie, that the partition now separating the territorial court room from the police court room could be torn down and the whole space thus afforded, be given to the use of the territorial court. This seems like a feasible plan, for it ought not to be difficult to find for the police magistrate such small accommodations as he requires. The facility which should attend the transactions of the territorial court business, is now hindered by exasperating inconvenience.

The beneficial effect of the rush to Nome is evident to any one who is acquainted with conditions, as they were a year ago this time. Then the gambling houses and saloons were crowded with hundreds of idle men, who had no permanent places to sleep nor eat. After 1 o'clock in the morning, every chair, every available space on the tops of unused gambling tables, were occupied by persons who passed the nights in saloons, and who ate where and when opportunity permitted. This is not the condition of affairs now. Many of those who spent last winter in this way have departed from the country. Some succeeded in obtaining enough money to go to Nome, or to the outside, and the absence of some others may be attributed to the police department; but the number of all such is small, when compared to those that are still here, who were idle and who lived around the saloons during the past winter. The fact is that the departure of many who had employment last season, has created some demand for labor, and most of the unlucky ones of a year ago have secured work.

Corinne B. Gray, a vaudeville artist and dance hall girl, departed for the outside on the 2nd of this month; she engaged passage on the steamboat Sybil. Before leaving she executed a bill of sale, conveying to Uncle Hoffman, in consideration of \$90, all of her household furniture. After the boat left, Mine Uncle went to Corinne's cabin and found that every piece of furniture had been removed, excepting a bedroom suite, which was being held under an attachment for rent. The swindle was reported to the police, who at-

tempted to intercept the gay fairy at Whitehorse by telegraph; but no news of her arrest has reached Dawson, and it is thought that she has succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the officers. Uncle Hoffman seems to be an easy mark, and Corinne evidently knew a good thing when she should.

THE STROLLER.

Crazy Thomas.
Corporal Wilson left Dawson on the steamer Ora on Thursday afternoon to accompany D. L. Thomas to the insane asylum at New Westminster, B. C.

The corporal's term of enlistment in the N. W. M. P. expires in three months, and he is entitled to his discharge outside at the place of his enlistment. He hopes to get a leave of absence when he arrives outside in which to visit his home in the North of England, by which time his term will expire.

The corporal has been the charge de affairs of the town station since the illness of Corporal Belcher last winter. His gentlemanly manner and strict attention to duty, coupled with an unpretentious manner of approaching people has earned him the good will of all in town.

Corporal McPhail arrived from Selkirk Wednesday evening to assume control of the town police in place of Wilson, and has already assumed charge. McPhail was on the town force for many months and is a tried and trusted officer.

Cold and Warm Storage.

The public should know that I have now completed an extensive warehouse of the above description near the corner of Third street south and Fifth avenue. Terms are reasonable, and will be given upon application. Goods guaranteed.

FRANK E. WOLFE.

Change of Address.

Take notice that Albert Mayer, the popular jeweler has removed from Second street on to Front street, in the Monte Carlo building.

You can get stationery in big variety at the Pioneer Drug Store. E. Shoff, chemist.

Have you Paid Your Taxes

On the Property Which You Own in the States?

The Nugget Express

Makes a Specialty of Attending to Such Matters

You Pay the Money We'll do the Rest.

THEATRES.

THE **Monte Carlo** THEATRE...

CROWDED TO THE DOORS EACH NIGHT.

Entire Change of Program Every Week...

SEE OUR NEW PEOPLE.

The Monte Carlo has recently been newly refitted and is now the handsomest theatre in the northwest. Drop in and have some fun.