

## OLD TIMER DROPS OUT

### Some Theatrical History of the Past

#### Early Days of the Drama and the Part Played Therein by Freddie Breen.

The passing of Freddie Breen might well be taken as the heading of an article upon which columns might be written pertaining to the early history of Dawson and the connection therewith of the theater and things theatrical. If when Breen first landed in the city nearly six years ago he had kept a chronology of the interesting events happening in his life it would have proven today just sufficient ginger to have added zest to the volume. Breen was one of the first of the theatrical celebrities to reach the new camp, though he was by no means the premier along the Yukon river. Theodore Snow and his family were the first to trod the boards for the entertainment of the miners of the interior and there are still a few who will recall their performances assisted by such amateur talent as could be picked up at Fortymile and subsequently at Circle City. Snow was in no sense a song and dance man, but rather was of the old school who scorned anything resembling a nigger act. His specialty was legitimate farces, border dramas, etc., and as far back as '93 he and his family were prime favorites in Juneau, that at a time when square dances were the highest form of social diversion it was possible to procure. Snow came inside in '94 and after remaining a season at Fortymile went to Circle where he was at the time of the Klondike stampede.

Still another name will always be associated with the early theatrical days of the Yukon and that is of the inimitable "Casey" Moran, who enjoys the distinction of having managed the first theatre ever built among the miners of the Yukon river. It was at Circle City and the date was the winter of '96. That fall Oscar Ashby and others had built a two-story log theater and just about the time it was completed "Casey" arrived from the outside in company with Billy Ash. Those backing the enterprise were well known Juneau men where "Casey" had been known to a heavy capacity from an art student to a heavy importer of various commodities and theatrical critic on the leading newspaper of the far north. He was at once engaged as the manager of the new theater, his aggregation of artists embracing a number of people who afterwards became shining stars in the Dawson theatrical firmament. Photographs of the company grouped in front of the theatre, all clad in parkies and muck-lucks. That same winter a copy of the photo was forwarded to the New York Clipper and was published together with a description of the house and the personnel of the company. The following spring they all migrated to the new camp that had been struck at the mouth of the Klondike.

Breen in company with a number of other stars left Juneau in April, '97. He had been there for a year or two previous and was as great a favorite among the miners of Treadwell, Sheep Creek and Silver Bow basin as he ever was here. He brought with him no outfit, only his wardrobe consisting of a box of grease paint, song and dance trousers, a long coat, red whiskers and a battered old silk title. That was sufficient as he still had his face with him. Being a little short of cash he packed his own little bundle over the river arriving at the latter point he sent a letter back by an Indian addressed to a newspaper.

friend in Juneau describing his trip. In it he told of his awful climb up the steep ascent leading to the summit and said that when he finally stood on the top and looked back to see the route over which he had come, if he had slipped and slid to the bottom he would never have attempted the climb again. The crowd with which Breen was traveling arrived in Dawson shortly after the opening of navigation and as soon as the lumber could be procured the erection of the old opera house, that which was burned during the winter of '97, was begun. It was built by Tom Wilson and Gus Bakke who had been prominent saloon men in Juneau, having been connected with "Slim Jim" Winn in the management of the Juneau opera house. "Slim Jim," by the way, was one of the first white men to ever enter the Yukon via the Chilkoot pass, he in company with three others crossing in the spring of '81 and making their way down the river as far as what afterward came to be known as the Cassiar Bar.

As soon as the opera house was completed Breen began an engagement at a salary of \$150 a week which lasted until the theatre burned. That fall there was a great deal of rain and as the demand for a theatre was so great the house was opened before it was really finished, there being for several weeks only tarpaulins for a roof over the main part of the building. After the performance was over the seats would be taken out and then would follow, dancing until morning. If it rained the girls would dance in rubber boots and after each dance a flunkey would sweep the water off the floor.

The winter of '98 Breen took up mining. The year before he had stampeded to Too Much Gold creek and that winter he went out with his partner to rep. sell and endeavor to locate the elusive paystreak. They sank one hole over 50 feet to bedrock and not finding a color gave it up and returned to town where Breen had no trouble in finding an engagement. Of all the comedians who have appeared before Dawson audiences in the past five years none have retained their popularity to such an extent as he. He was the originator of the bulk of his stuff and wrote many parodies on well known songs making the words fit to local conditions. One of his best efforts was that pertaining to the grub scare of '97 and the part played in it by Captain Healy, a song that never failed to make a hit among the miners who were in the country during that eventful time. No one had a more extensive list of acquaintances or a larger circle of friends than he and after amusing thousands during the past six years he has gone out of the country as poor if not poorer in pocket than when he arrived. And the strangest part of it is he never asked for nor received a benefit.

### POLICE AND CIVILS

#### First Regular Hockey Match for Three Weeks.

The hockey players and all those who delight to witness the games should be jubilant when they read this, for it is the announcement of the first game at hockey for the past three weeks. It is one of the games on the regular schedule, and is between the Civil Service and the Mounted Police. Billy Gibson will referee. The police, have recently strengthened their team and a first-class match may therefore be expected.

### FATHER'S FUNERAL

#### Mrs. Harry Jones Leaves Tomorrow for Winnipeg.

The death of Mr. Douglas, one of the prominent citizens of Winnipeg and the father of Mrs. Harry Jones, was announced in the Nugget a few days ago. Mrs. Jones will leave tomorrow for her home, on the White Pass stage, and will probably return before the opening of navigation.

What Happened Jones—Auditorium. Job Printing at Nugget office.

## DAWSON MARKETS

### Cargo Bacon and Butter Over the Ice

#### Onions Advance Slightly and Veal, Mutton and Moose Decline Five Cents.

A quiet market has been that of the past week, the movements being confined almost entirely to the articles necessary for home consumption. With the thermometer for nearly a week dialling about in the vicinity of 50 and 60 below the shipments to outlying points were reduced to a minimum. Few of the miners have not at least a month's supply of provisions on hand and when the weather is so frigid they do not care to make a long trip to town even though their larder may be running low. Yesterday and today things are picking up quite a little and should the weather be favorable next week there is but little doubt but what trade will be considerably improved.

The first goods to arrive over the ice got in yesterday, the consignment consisting of 40 cases of butter and nearly a ton of bacon. Quotations on the new goods have not as yet been made and it is not known whether the importer will put his wares on the market at once or not. With the supply of each article a little short and almost a certainty of the price advancing more or less before the opening of navigation he may conclude to hold his goods for a better figure. They certainly will not now command a better price than the old stock and that will leave a small margin of profit for the 100 mile trip from Whitehorse. There is another cargo of butter on the way from Vancouver that should arrive next week. It is consigned to Desbriay & Co.

The only advance made during the week in staples has been in onions which are now quoted at the same price as potatoes, 11 and 12 1/2. Veal and mutton have both dropped five cents wholesale and moose has slid down the scale the same amount. Beef, pork, ham and bacon remain the same. Cold storage ducks have also fallen five cents. Oranges are becoming very scarce and have advanced to \$20 a case. There is still quite a quantity of home grown vegetables in warm storage, enough probably to last the season out. The variety consists of cabbage, turnips, rutabagas, carrots and beets and the price at which they are quoted is quite reasonable indeed. General quotations for the week are as follows:

#### STAPLES.

Flour, per 100	\$ 3.25	\$ 3.50
Sugar, per 100	6.75	7.00
Beans, per 100	5.00	7.00
Beans, Lima	9.00	10.00
Roller Oats, per 100	15.00	15.00

#### MEATS.

Beef, pound	30	30 1/2
Veal, pound	30	30 1/2
Pork, pound	35	35 1/2
Ham, pound	32 1/2	35
Bacon, fancy	40	50
Mutton, pound	30	30 1/2
Moose	25	25 1/2
Caribou	30	30 1/2

#### BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.

Agnes's butter, 60-lb.	\$30.00	\$ 1.00 can
Elgin butter, 60-lb.	25.00	1.00 can
S. & W., 48-lb.	30.00	1.00 can
Hills Bros.	26.50	1.25 can
Eggs, fresh	25.00	1.00 doz.

#### MILK AND CREAM.

Eagle, case	\$13.50
Reindeer	10.00
Highland, case	9.25
Carnation Cream	9.75
St. Charles	8.00

#### CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.

Broilers, pound	45	60
Chickens	40	60
Turkeys	50	60
Ducks	35	45
Geese	40	50
Ptarmigan	35	50
Grouse	35	50
Rabbits	35	50
Halibut	32 1/2	40
Salmon	27 1/2	40

#### CANNED GOODS.

Roast beef	6.50	2 for 1.00
Mutton	6.50	2 for 1.00
Ox tongue	12.00	1 for 1.25
Sausage meat	4.50	2 for 1.00
Lunch tongue, case	9.00	1 for 1.00
Sliced bacon	5.00	2 for 1.00
Roast turkey	10.00	1 for 1.00
Corned beef	2.50	3 for 1.00
Sliced ham	5.00	2 for 1.00
Salmon, case	11.00	3 for 1.00
Clams, case	9.00	3 for 1.00
Tomatoes	6.00	3 for 1.00
Corn	4.50	6 for 1.00
String beans	5.50	6 for 1.00
Green peas	4.50	6 for 1.00
Cabbage	7.00	3 for 1.00
S. & W. fruits	14.00	2 for 1.50
Simcoe fruit	6.00	4 for 1.00
Choice California Mission	7.50	10 for 1.00
Fruits	7.50	10 for 1.00
Silver Seal	11.50	2 for 1.25
Succotash	7.00	3 for 1.00
Lubeck's potatoes	9.00	4 for 1.00
Beets	5.50	4 for 1.00
Asparagus	9.50	1 for 1.00
Asparagus tips	7.50	3 for 1.00

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Potatoes	11	12 1/2
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Onions	11	12 1/2
Turnips	5	20
Cabbage	17 1/2	20
Carrots	15	20
Beets	12 1/2	15
Lemons, case	12.00	15.00
Oranges, case	18.00	20.00
Apples	7.00	9.00
Oats	5 1/2	5 1/2
Hay	6 1/2	6 1/2
Tobacco, Star	1.10	

### PETITE MARGOT

#### Is Charged With Selling Cigars Without a License.

Mlle Margot Benoit is a petite little French demoiselle who keeps a cigar store on Third avenue in the rear of the postoffice. Last year she had a cigar license as required by the city license bylaw, but this year she has none. Instead, across the face of her old license is written by the license inspector: "This license holds good until new ones are issued by the authority of the city." The original date of the license is December 31 and it expires December 31. This morning the petite Margot was in the police court charged with maintaining a cigar establishment without having the necessary license. She pleaded her old license showing where the extension had been granted by the license inspector and upon that showing an enlargement was taken until tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock. It is understood the license inspector will be called upon to explain by what authority he gave such extension.

At a meeting of the Irish Protestant Society a letter from Lord Roberts was read announcing his inability to visit Canada this year.

What Happened Jones—Auditorium.

## DEBATE AT THE FORKS

### Gentler Sex Stronger in Argument

#### Men Lost and Tonight Will Have to Pay Expenses of Entertainment.

The gentlemen of the Literary and Debating Society at the Forks this evening will have to put up the expenses for an entertainment for the society, and they do so cheerfully. The ladies of the organization got it into their little heads that they could do some debating if they were only given the opportunity, and the gentlemen smiled patronizingly.

Then it came to a fair and square challenge, and two evenings in two separate weeks were set aside to fight it out to an agreeable finish, for the loser was to pay for the entertainment to be given tonight. They had two debates and the umpire declared the game won by points in favor of the ladies on each occasion. The payment of the forfeit is to be made in the Presbyterian church this evening and there is a lengthy but exceedingly interesting literary and musical programme provided, to be followed by refreshments.

Best hot drinks in town—The Slide-board.

## FORMER AND PRESETT RIGHTS OF PRINCES

The runaway kinsman of Abdul Hamid tells a good story about a court dragon, calling the Sultan's attention to the pamphlet tracing a faint of madness in ever reigning family of Europe.

"Well, who doubts it?" snorted His Majesty, "the time is near when only lunatics can be induced to accept a throne."

A monarch of the Plantagenet brand would probably have indorsed that view. From century to century the prerogatives of royalty have been curtailed till they have got almost reduced to the privilege of leading the procession of etiquette.

Time was when sovereign Princes could take liberties, and generally did take them to the extent of leaving nothing for the rest of the population. No matter how grievously the available supply of freedom might have been reduced by national distress, the autocrat contrived to help himself till he swelled and bristled with franchises. They filled his cupboards, they dropped from his bulging pockets, and vigilant attendants now and then could pick them up in the form of remarkable articles.

Louis XV's letters de cachet were kept on file ready signed for the convenience of court favorites who might wish to remove a personal enemy at short notice.

"Ask no questions and answer none," were the instructions of the police in such cases, and if a man was dragged abruptly to jail he could only surmise that one of his enemies must have a friend in court, and that under the circumstances, he had no right to complain. "Right," too, being a royal monopoly, unless the appeal could be enforced with military arguments.

Like witches, Kings and Queens could laugh at ordinary obstacles.

"By roads she goes."

That no one knows.

There was no saying by what short cuts the anointed would reach their end. The sails of royalty were lashed by a breeze of freedom and ease that insured rapid transit in any direction. In 1528, when John III. of Portugal had some difficulty in negotiating a state loan, he ordered his marines to sack the city of Lagos, and soon found himself able to pocket what our trust magnates would call a "surplus" of 800,000 milreis. The damage claims of several crippled citizens were settled with equal facility. Some 20 of the most obstreperous plaintiffs were jailed by a court of inquiry that finally released them upon their own request, upon a pledge of future good conduct.

The King's namesake, John Lackland, of South Britain, levied loans by capturing the leading Hebrew financiers and warning them that the promptness of their contributions would obviate the visits of a prominent dentist. A tooth a day was a method that rarely failed to result in the extraction of the desired promise.

Phillip of Hesse, surnamed the Magnanimous, had already pledged his hand to a wealthy Princess when he fell in love with a prettier girl, and would have decided in her favor if his first love had not offered to withdraw her claims, thus proving the possession of a merit of two bed-side money. How could an ordinary mortal have solved that dilemma? knowing that the time for deliberation might be limited, but also—

That Helong and unavailing regrets.

awaited the end of his detention in Magdeburg Prison. "Don't know," said he, "probably would have shot myself—shooting them couldn't have mended matters." His Majesty, the Emperor Domitian, did know. Returning from a journey of inspection and finding one of his girl friends in the possession of Aelius Lamia, he calmly dictated a message warning the benedict to rectify the mistake. And, as the friend of a friend, he also advised him to hold his tongue, in the interest of his health.

Seeing a squad of soldiers at his gate, the horrified senator hastened to comply, and actually, turned over his wife, dowry and all, together with sundry re-marriage presents of his own. The emperor seemed satisfied, but, being a man of his word, took his predecessor's life, too, at the first whisper of a complaint.

Aelius Lamia, jurist, scholar and litterateur, it seems, was something of a vocalist, too, and being complimented on the compass of his voice turned his eyes in the direction of the Imperial Palace. "Hes! taceo!" he sighed, "Alas! I'm mute—what's the use of a good voice if a fellow has to keep his mouth shut."

That mere hint sufficed to provoke the usque that silenced him forever. But even the strictest silence did not save Robert Molay, the Grand Master of the Templars, when Philip the Fair, of France, ascertained the value of his real estate. Learning that the King's emissaries were camping on his trail, he withdrew to an island castle and for months avoided the topic of politics, but was tricked back to terra firma and arrested on the ever-ready charge of misbelief. Fifty-two of his brother knights were—slain at the same time, despite of their vehement protests and long list of witnesses for the defense. Fortune did the rest, and in less than four months His Majesty had "their hides in the smoke."

Water could be made to answer a similar purpose. King Wenzel, of Bohemia, twice dismissed the delegates of a reform committee with the advice to mind their own business, and roused himself to action when he learned that they had drawn up a formal indictment charging him with outrages of drunkenness and disorderly conduct in less than a month. The strange retort, known as the Edict of Prague, set them all running for dear life.

"Guilty of trying to enforce a diet of water upon His Majesty, who has decided to treat them to a dose of their own medicine"—or similar hints at preparations for a Filipino water cure. The would-be reformers were chased by cavalry, but allowed to escape, after their leader had actually been bound hand and foot and flung into a whirlpool of the Moldau river.

If a King, of the good old times wanted to get drunk he could encomp among hogsheads till distinction became difficult. If he wanted to hunt he could pursue his game across fields

The green-eyed monster is no respecter of persons, but its approaches to a throne were always apt to be attended with unexpected results. Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau had paid several visits to the house of a humble citizen whose daughter had found favor in his eyes, and one day asked "her measure for a betrothal ring." The arrival of the ring itself being delayed his inamorata turned sour, and at the advice of a professional coquette at last tried the fatal plan of inviting a former admirer. The very next day Prince Leopold appeared on the street and stopped within a few steps of his sweetheart's door to discuss a bargain for the remnants of a cavalry regiment.

"Who's that stranger in Bertha's room, I wonder?" muttered one of his friends—perhaps an emissary of the conspirators—"that fellow close to the window, watching us all the time," thus drawing the Prince's attention to the existence of his rival. Leopold turned, saw and changed color, but continued to take poses and talk horse for nearly five minutes.

"Business first—fun after," was a rule he enforced upon his subordinates. The plotters at the window were getting afraid that their scheme had failed.

"Excuse me, gentlemen—be back in a minute or two," said the Prince, putting his hand on one of the trader's shoulder. Then kicking the snow off his boots ascended his Ducine's porch, pushed open the door and entered the parlor pistol in hand. The shoeing-horn visitor made a rush for the rear when the first shot set him reeling, and before he could regain his balance a second bullet pierced his head from temple to temple.

Bertha fell on her knees.

"Don't let me disturb you, dear," said her lover, quietly replacing his pistol. "I only came to ask what time you will be home this evening?" Moaning women filled the room. The paterfamilias came in, pale and silent, though resolved to make the best of the situation, but Prince Leopold was already on the street corner again, discussing remounts, as if nothing had happened.

"What would have done if she had gone and married another?" a friend asked Baron Trenck when he renewed his attentions to a girl who had

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SARGENT & PINSKA SECOND AVENUE

and gardens and fine farmers for attempting to put up a horse-proof fence. Eight thousand wild hogs and countless deer of Augustus the Strong of Saxony, roamed the country at large, and had to be tolerated under penalty of ruinous fines.

Nay, under the protection of a large standing army crowned hipids of our species have now and then braved the consequences of candor. "Allow me to announce a signal victory achieved by the defenders of my native land," said a Serbian envoy, galloping into the presence of Amurath III.

"What the hades," growled the successor of the prophet, "do you really suppose I care if the pig eats the pup or the pup eats the pig?"

And 30 years later a Mingrelian chief dismissed a bullying representative of the Sublime Porte with the remark that his countrymen "preferred indisputable pork and war to the possibility of peace and paradise."

But times have changed, and mess pork perquisites alone reward legitimate monarch for a ceaseless round of drudgery and ceremonies.

"Gaunt famine has not approached the throne. Though Ireland starve Great George weighs fifteen stone."

The rest is frippery, tassels and gar-

tures of titles that once had meaning. Archduke Leopold of Austria probably knew what he was about when he exchanged his royal residence for a comfortable room in a Geneva suburb hotel.

"Nature has marked you for a genuine sovereign," said the spokesman of the committee that urged Charles-Napier to accept the throne of Greece.

"Sorry to disappoint you," said the old campaigner, "but a few many crowns nowadays are worth only the fourth part of a genuine sovereign."

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E. J. WHITE, Editor and Publisher.