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### Absent-Minded Dentist.

The reading of the premises in a Chicago suit which may be looked at by the curious will disclose what is probably the strangest foundation for a suit at law that has ever been used to support a claim. When it is known that the plaintiff is a woman it is not at all unlikely that the reader of the statement of the reasons for the suit may find in it something of humor. Epitomized the recital of the case runs somewhat like this:

"A suit by Mary Nevins, widow, to recover \$10,000 damages from Dr. Giles Forceps, dentist, for lasting pain and injury to the plaintiff's jaw because of having imposed upon it for a long period of time an inhibition to exercise."

There is little doubt that in his defense Dr. Forceps will urge that the bill does not truly set forth the facts in the case because, as his answer will say, the widow Nevins during the period of so-called silence had her mouth constantly open. There is a bit of shrewdness in the doctor's defense plan, for surely he argues no jury can conceive of a woman with her mouth open who is not indulging freely in jaw exercise.

Well, the whole thing came out of Dr. Forceps' well known absent-mindedness. He has been noted for years as the most forgetful man in the city of Chicago. Unless he has a subject well under hand and eye his wits are always wool-gathering. People have heard often of men forgetting their own names, but it is a pretty safe wager that Dr. Forceps' case is the only one of forgetfulness of name that can be backed up by affidavits. The doctor has a grown son who does not stand particularly in awe of his father, and who, through long and weary trials, has become annoyed to the pass of irritability at his father's memory shortcomings. It is one of R. R. Donnelley Sons' directory name gatherers who will make affidavit to the doctor's forgetting his own name. The dentist's operating room is in his residence upstairs. The directory man called and was shown up to the place where the doctor was plugging away at a patient's tooth.

"Dr. Forceps," said the directory man, "will you please tell me your first name?"

The doctor looked at the questioner, scratched his head, hemmed a little and then, going to the bannisters leaned over and howled down to his son, "James, what's my Christian name?"

In a roar impregnated with disgust and irreverence there came from below stairs the answer, "Giles, you d-d fool."

To get down to the Widow Nevins and her suit it is necessary to say that the widow had three cavities in her back teeth which needed filling. She went to Dr. Forceps and took her seat in the operating chair. The doctor made a careful examination and informed his patient that one of the cavities was on the side of the last tooth in a position that was rather difficult to reach, and he enjoined perfect patience and quiet while he was attempting the filling. "Otherwise," said he, "it may be necessary for me to drill from below, something I do not wish to do."

The widow's mouth was open and the doctor worked away. She could not hold her lips and jaws apart long enough to enable him to do what he wished with the tooth, so he said to her, "I am sorry, but I shall have to use a bit of a harness that I

have here to help me in the operation."

Then the doctor got some sort of a rubber arrangement, put it inside the fair patient's mouth, brought over from the corner of the office a machine that looked like a theodolite and put a skeleton-like steel apparatus into the widow's yawning mouth. It was possible for her to close her mouth by the simple lifting out of the doctor's mechanical contrivance, but he told her that she must not do that until the operation was over. Then Dr. Forceps turned to get a little sharp pointed instrument which is always associated in a patient's mind with the picture of medieval torture chambers. Unhappily, however, the particular instrument which the doctor wanted was not at hand. Then—it was a strange thing to happen to the doctor—he remembered he had left it on the table in the little reception room downstairs. "Mrs. Nevins," he said to the patient, "hold your mouth open till I come back. Under no circumstances close it, or you will undo all that I have done thus far." Then Dr. Forceps went downstairs.

The widow lay back in the operating chair and stoically kept her mouth open. She heard voices from below. Some one said, "All right, Billy, it won't take me a minute to get ready. I had a sort of an idea that this cold snap would bring them along." Five minutes afterward the widow heard a door close. Then she began to wonder at the doctor's long absence. Fifteen minutes passed and she was in torture with the awful strain on her distended jaws. Twenty minutes, twenty-five, thirty. Could she have done so she would have screamed. No doctor have in sight. Forty minutes and the pain was like that of the rack and boot. The widow could stand it no longer. She put her hand to her mouth to take out the instrument of torture. She couldn't budge it a hair. There was some concealed spring that held the thing locked just within her teeth. A light chain ran from the contrivance in the theodolite-looking thing alongside the chair. The widow was a captive in the torture chamber.

She finally rose, lifted the concern to which she was fastened and crashed it's pedestal against the door. The noise echoed through the house. In another instant there came flying up the stairs James Forceps, the doctor's irreverent son. He said something that sounded strong, but the widow's ears were stopped with pain. James is a dental student. He inserted his finger between the teeth of the widow and the infernal machine fell out, but the mouth stayed open. It was ten minutes before gentle massage treatment brought the jaws into working order, and even then they creaked as they closed, and they have been, according to the widow, creaking and paining ever since.

"Madam, how did this awful thing happen?" said James.

"Your father told me to be sure to hold my mouth open," said the widow, tearfully and creakily, "until he came back."

"Until he came back?" echoed James. "Good heavens, he's gone with Billy Masters on a three weeks hunting trip."—Edward B. Clark in Chicago Record-Herald.

We can do your repairing on short notice. Geo. Brewitt, the tailor, Second avenue.

Job printing at Nugget office.

### Held on Suspicion

New York, Aug. 11.—Louis Bardi, who arrived here Saturday on the La Touraine and is being held at Ellis island at the request of the acting Spanish consul general, is suspected of being Bassilio Nuanna of San Sebastian, Spain, an alleged particide. A few days ago a description of him was furnished to the New York detective bureau by the acting consul general with the request that he be arrested if he came here.

When the steamer arrived, two detectives, sergeants, went on board and looked over the steerage passengers, finally they picked out a young Spaniard answering the description. When they asked him his name he gave the name of Barnard which the Spanish authorities said that he was supposed to have assumed. The local police are somewhat in the dark concerning the exact nature of the crime that Nuanna is supposed to have committed.

From the information furnished, he may have killed his father or mother or both or may have taken the life of his grandparents.

### Alaskan Progress

Of the many persons who are leaving and will leave Dawson between now and the close of navigation a large per cent. of the best element, the element that is not afraid to tackle a new proposition, will go to Valdez and the Copper river country, which country bids fair to become one of the most prosperous sections of all Alaska.

A railroad from Valdez into the interior and on to Eagle is now assured and the latter town will come in for a good share of the consequent boom.

### Murder at Hoquiam

Hoquiam, Wash., Aug. 6.—Frank S. Aegers was shot and killed this morning by Joseph Stockhamer, his brother-in-law.

The murder is the result of bad blood which has existed for some time between the men. Stockhamer and Aegers' sister had been divorced for several months, and last night the men met on the street, Stockhamer assaulted Aegers and threatened his life.

Aegers swore out a warrant for assault against Stockhamer, who pleaded guilty and agreed to pay his fine this morning. The men met this morning at the police station, when Stockhamer shot Aegers dead.

New York, Aug. 11.—The Rev. Charles S. Dennis, of Flushing, a well known Long Island revivalist, is in prison in Queens county jail, charged with felonious assault. While he was conducting a service some boys who live nearby threw stones into the meeting room. This was a repetition of similar annoyances and Mr. Dennis is said to have on this last occasion sprung from the platform in anger. It is said he tore a burning gasoline lamp from its fastenings in front of the crowd of boys. It struck James Fretzeno, 20 years of age, and he was so badly burned that fears are entertained that he will die.

"Miss Birdie," said the young financier, edging a little nearer, "I believe you and I would make a strong combination if we were to—merge, as it were."

And they subsequently merged.—Chicago Tribune.

"It doesn't take much to make some people conceited."

"What now?"

"Why, since the village blacksmith learned how to mend automobiles he calls himself a blacksmith."—Chicago News.

### MUCH WANTED BUNCO MAN

### Who Eloped With Millionaire's Daughter

### Visited Seattle, Registered Under His Own Name, and, Like Tracy, Was Not Captured.

Seattle, Aug. 16.—City detectives, Deputy Sheriff Fred Berner and Pinkerton men are much chagrined over their failure to capture Philip D. Watkins, a man wanted by the authorities of two score cities. Watkins boldly entered Seattle a week ago and registered at the Rainier Grand hotel, where he remained for two days. With a number of Hawkshaws looking for him, the man passed the time comfortably enough and when he departed took away \$190 belonging to the National Bank of Commerce, which he secured on a worthless check.

Watkins is looked on as one of the nerviest crooks in the country, and his photograph adorns the rogues' galleries of many cities. Only 27 years old and the son of a wealthy resident of Montclair, N.J., he had all the advantages of education but chose to devote his talents to criminal instead of legitimate work. He is said to be a handsome man, a stylish dresser and an affable and polished conversationalist. His plausible exterior caused the exchange teller of the National Bank of Commerce to cash the check he presented without a question and with no misgiving that the institution was being buncoed.

Aside from the numerous crimes for which the authorities of many places are engaged in the search on account of a large reward offered for his capture by Henry Schonfeldt, a prominent citizen of Omaha, Neb., whose young and pretty daughter Maud eloped with him in June last and whose whereabouts is now unknown, Miss Schonfeldt was on her way from Omaha to visit her sister Mrs. A. L. Ball, at Ogden, Utah, when she met Watkins. He represented himself as the son of a wealthy New Yorker and made himself so agreeable that the girl fell in love with him. When the train reached Ogden the two got off and secured a marriage license, after which they were legally united. They then went on to California, and from that day to this the girl has not been seen.

Schonfeldt is said to be one of the wealthiest citizens of Omaha. His daughter was a local belle and had a rich contralto voice. In the cultivation of which a large amount of money had been spent. Since the daughter's marriage the father has spent a fortune trying to locate her. He has sent her railway tickets and requests to come home at many points, but the letters have remained uncalled for in each instance. He has offered a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest of Watkins, and the Pinkerton agencies throughout the country have been on the lookout for the man for months. When the girl left home she wore several large diamonds and other costly jewels.

At San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and Santa Monica Watkins thrust himself into the best society, contracted several heavy bills and, it

is alleged, passed worthless checks right and left. It is said he secured about \$5,000 in San Francisco by bunco methods.

The celebrated crook is the son of Dr. S. C. G. Watkins, a wealthy dentist of Montclair, N.J., and president of the National Dental Association. The young man's career of crime began about two years ago, when he left home and went to Amesbury, Mass., where he was manager of the Amesbury file works for some time. His grandfather is president of the Montclair savings bank, rated at \$2,000,000, and his uncle, Edwin B. Goodell, a well-known corporation lawyer of New York City. On account of his family connections Watkins entered the best society and became engaged to marry Miss Ethel Boardman, daughter of a wealthy citizen of Amesbury. He swindled a number of people, it is charged, but was permitted to leave the city without being arrested when the facts became known, because of his family connections and the engagement, which was canceled. It is claimed that his peculations at Amesbury aggregated \$2,000.

After leaving Amesbury Watkins traveled around the country and turned bunco tricks in many cities. Then he met Miss Schonfeldt and married her. After the two went to California the girl dropped out of sight and the police made things so warm for Watkins he fled to save himself from arrest. Since last August he kept out of sight until he reappeared a week ago in this city. He traveled under his right name and stayed for two days at the Rainier Grand hotel. His check, cashed at the National Bank of Commerce, was drawn on the National Bank of Amesbury.

Harold Smith, exchange teller of the local bank, discovered the check to be worthless and swore to a complaint for Watkins' arrest last Tuesday. The charge was obtaining money by false pretenses. The warrant was placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Fred Berner for service. When Berner went to arrest Watkins he had flown.

It was learned at the hotel that Watkins had left for Green River hot springs. A deputy was sent there and found Watkins had remained at the springs for only an hour or two and had then presumably departed for Tacoma. He cannot be located at Tacoma. The anger and chagrin of Berner and the detectives is increased by the fact that Watkins traveled under his right name and remained in the city for two days. The man evidently knows the authorities are after him, for long articles descriptive of his career have often been pub-

lished in newspapers throughout the country.

### Frenchman's Attack on Feminism

Paris, Aug. 9.—Emile Olivier, the academician and statesman, has created a sensation by an attack on woman's rights. He says the arch error of the nineteenth century was that it was the starting point of the belief that feminism is equality.

"Nature's law," he says, "truly is that of inequality. This does not mean oppression, but implies a difference and involves a natural hierarchy, so to speak. It is as absurd to say that women are men's equals as that men are equal among themselves. Man and woman differ psychologically as well as physiologically. Their effort therefore ought to be different."

"Feminism demands the suppression of that authority and power which husbands exercise over the property and persons of their wives, although the authority of the husband over the property of his wife ought to be abolished, while that over her person ought to be sustained."

"True feminism consists in the independence of woman where her material interests are concerned and in obedience where family interests are at stake. This however does not satisfy the frantic feminism of the day."

M. Olivier is being attacked by all the writing women of the Paris press who are taking up a discussion which is assuming enormous proportions.

### Sent Message on Dog's Back

Paris, Aug. 9.—As a pretty Parisienne possessing a pug dog with a closely cropped coat was breakfasting in a fashionable restaurant on the Bois on Wednesday the pet, which habitually made the rounds of the tables on a foraging expedition, remained away longer than usual. The bow-wow, however, returned, but the fair owner was astonished to find written on the dog's back, "You are adorable; I love you very much," the billet doux bearing the signature of a rejected admirer who had hit on this novel way of reiterating the expression of his feeling. Whether his ingenuity was rewarded is not known.

Stray dogs are having a bad time in Paris just now. Fifty or sixty are dragged daily to the pound to be smothered. The worst feature of the case is that valuable dogs are in more danger than mongrels. When they stray a few yards from their owners they are captured by special police agents or dog-stealers. Owners claiming them are fined 15 or 20 francs.

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