

SENATORS INVESTIGATE

Special Committee to Arrive Tuesday

Named at Request of President Roosevelt to Look Into the Needs of Alaska.

Word was received yesterday by a gentleman connected with one of the large company stores that the senatorial party which is to tour Alaska this summer had arrived at Skagway and after a brief stay of but a day or two at that point would proceed on their way across the mountains and down the river via Dawson to St. Michaels and the cities of Bering sea, thence south by way of Unalaska and the coast villages of southeastern Alaska. The precise personnel of the party is not known though it is assumed there are four senators and four congressmen such being the number appointed at the last session of congress at the suggestion of the president to tour Alaska and examine into the complaints that were to be made and thoroughly look into the needs and desires of the territory. The members of the committee were appointed at a joint session of the house and Colonel Ramsdell, sergeant at arms of the senate, was detailed to accompany the party and act as its chaplain. The chairman of the committee is Senator Dillingham, of Vermont, and with him are Senator T. MacD. Patterson, of Colorado; Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, and Senator Henry E. Burnham, of New Hampshire. The members of congress in the party, if any, and they were certainly appointed, are not known. Traveling with the distinguished gentlemen are also John McLane, editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, and C.

Thomas, an attorney of the Northern Commercial Company. The party will arrive in Dawson either Monday or Tuesday and will remain here until a boat arrives from St. Michaels and starts on her return, which will scarcely be before July 10 or 12. At St. Michael they will be met by the United States revenue cutter McCullough which will be placed at their disposal for the remainder of the trip. After visiting Nome and the other cities of Bering sea they will start south, their first stop being at the Pribyloff islands where they will inspect the seal fisheries and witness the annual take of this season's fur. From there they will proceed to Dutch Harbor, Unalaska, Kodiak, will visit the famous Apollo mine at Unga, Valdez, the oil fields of Kyak and back to Sitka and Juneau.

The junket will occupy the bulk of the summer and it is expected it will result in the dissemination of widespread information concerning Alaska, her wealth and many resources. While in Dawson the gentlemen will be entertained by Acting Consul McGowan and other prominent Americans located in the Yukon.

Forty Day Fast

Scranton, Pa., June 12.—Edward McIntyre, the Minooks, Pa., hotel-keeper, who ended a forty days' fast at noon last Tuesday, died at noon today. McIntyre began the fast in the hope that it would prove beneficial in a severe attack of paralysis. He was 47 years old. During the forty days his weight was reduced from 167 pounds to 118. In the three days that he took nourishment preceding death he gained seven pounds. He became delirious last night, and later lapsed into unconsciousness.

Has Been Re-Elected

New York, June 22.—Samuel Parks who is under criminal charges in connection with the Hecla Iron Works and other strikes, has been re-elected as one of the four walking delegates of the housemiths' and bridgemen's union, according to the final count, by the largest vote for delegates ever polled.

D. Neiding, who has fought Parks, was re-elected, but ran 250 votes behind Parks.

Klondike Souvenirs, Goetzman's, 206 photos, \$1.00. 128 Second ave

Romance of the ...Chorus Girl

CHAPTER I

Before the Whistle Blew. "Her clothes are too fine for a chorus girl."

This remark was made by Arabella Deringcourt, the dark-eyed beauty of the chorus, third from the left, front row, Apollo Theatre.

"Yes, indeed, it's plain she doesn't live on her salary, like we do," chimed in Daisy de Courcelle, spitefully.

The time was shortly after noon, the place the stage of the theatre. The noon whistle had just blown, and the hard-working chorus girls, relieved of their tiresome labors at rehearsal, had gathered in little groups for luncheon. Most of them carried small tin pails containing the modest meal provided by the boarding-house keepers, while others had only cheese sandwiches and doughnuts wrapped in napkins. The girls were munching cheerfully upon their luncheons, occasionally cracking a gibe or a tooth.

They were a happy, careless, independent lot of brave young girls, working hard day and night in order to support a widowed mother or a helpless brother or sister left to their tender care.

From 12 until 1 o'clock each day these frail young creatures, overworked and underpaid, were allowed one hour for luncheon and recreation. Those who could afford it visited the three-cent lunch room next door. But most of them carried lunch pails to the theatre and never left the building until 6 at night, only to return again at 7 in time to begin the arduous labors of the evening performance. At midnight the chorus girls were free to retire, only to report again for rehearsal at 8 the next morning.

It is a hard and harassing career, that of a chorus girl, made doubly so by the wrong impression the outside world has of the strenuous career she leads. But the chorus girl never shows it over the footlights.

Arabella Deringcourt and Daisy de Courcelle, standing to one side, were engaged in discussing the last ex-

plot of Florence Footlights, the latest recruit to the ranks of the Apollo chorus. The other girls were always jealous of any new and pretty face, and Florence Footlights was indeed beautiful. Moreover, she wore costly gowns and silken skirts and silk stockings, while the rest of the chorus had to be content with garments of cotton and of jisle.

Tired out after the hard work of the morning, Flossie had accepted the invitation from Reginald Roosevelt de Schuyler to lunch at Dennet's palatial resort. His automobile had been awaiting her when the whistle blew, and while the girls gossiped they had whizzed to the refectory and refreshed themselves. Even now Flossie was re-entering the stage door, all unconscious of the malice and envy of the other chorus girls.

As she passed the little group an ominous silence was turned into a murmur of sneering discontent as the girls saw by Flossie's face that she had been eating ice cream. A few specks of cream still remained upon her damask cheek.

"So you have been eating ice cream, while we have had nothing but sandwiches," sneered Arabella scornfully.

Flossie did not flinch before the cruel insult.

"I have," she said, proudly. Arabella clenched her fists in anger. "You are too fine for the life of a chorus girl," she cried. "What right have you to come among us hard-working chorus girls, with your laces and silks and ice cream lunches? We begone to your own station in life of—"

The harsh, discordant note of the whistle suddenly summoned all the chorus girls to resume their places for the afternoon's work. Crushed and humiliated, her face burning red with the hot flush of resentment at unjust treatment, Flossie Footlights fell in line and marched upon the stage.

CHAPTER II

The Mirage of Stage Life. "No, Reginald, I cannot permit you to use your influence with the management to get me advanced into the front row. I must win upon my merits."

Flossie Footlights spoke bravely, but her voice trembled. Reginald sought to urge her.

"Influence is everything in stage life," he said. "I must win my promotion honestly," answered Florence, hopefully. "I have been taunted already for my fine airs. If I accepted promotion in this way, the girls would swear the manager intended to star me next season, and I will not submit to further insults."

Reginald departed sadly. The courage and determination of the girl filled him with renewed ardor, and he determined to win her at any cost.

"Reginald was indeed very kind," mused Flossie, alone in the sanctity of her five-room flat on Riverside Drive. "But I must conquer without his assistance. If ever I play Juliet, it must be without the aid of an all-star cast."

And with a sigh, the young girl pressed the black button and retired to blissful dreams of future dramatic successes before crowded houses. And there we will leave her for the nonce, safe in dreamland.

CHAPTER III

Reckoning the Cost. "Your bill is exorbitant, sir."

Florence Footlights, engaged in the pleasing occupation of balancing her weekly accounts, gazed upward indignantly at the waiting collector.

On the one side of her ledger, she had just written: April 13.—Salary for one week, received, \$18.00.

On the other side were these items: Rent of apartment, one week, \$25; cleaning gloves, \$2.50; automobile hire, \$15; new gowns with hat, to match, \$175; incidentals, candy, maps, postage stamps, \$67.38; total for the week, \$287.88.

Total assets, \$18. Total debt, \$287.88.

"Repeat, sir, your bill is exorbitant," Miss Footlights fairly glowered in her indignation. The representative of Cleanem & Dyem trembled.

"It is only \$2.50, ma'am, for cleaning seven pairs of gloves," he ventured timidly.

"It is highway robbery," snapped Flossie, angrily. After she had paid him, she leaned back upon her divan, alone.

"I must be more economical," she mused. "Hereafter, I will never have my gloves cleaned. I will always buy new ones."

CHAPTER IV. On the Telephone. "Hello, central, give me 7156—Broad."

Florence Footlights tapped her dainty toe impatiently until the telephonic communication with Wall street had been established.

"Hello, is that you, papa? This is Gladys—your daughter. Yes, I need another check. When this one is exhausted I will retire from the stage. But please let me try it a while longer. If I cannot succeed I will retire from the chorus and try to be contented on Fifth avenue in society."

Not Much Faster. New York, June 19.—If the Constitution did not defeat the Reliance in the time allowance in a twenty-five mile race over the course of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club in Long Island sound today, she gave the admirers of the new boat a bad scare. In more than four hours of sailing the Reliance, outstripped the Constitution by only one minute and fifty seconds elapsed time.

It is estimated that the new boat will have to allow the Constitution two to three minutes in a thirty-mile race, which, if true, would give today's race to the older boat, and might give her one of the early races as well, when the Reliance beat her by two minutes and a fraction.

The Columbia was outclassed from the start. Her gain of about twelve minutes on the second leg of the race was time wasted by the other boats in a luffing match.

Between the leaders the race was hotly contested, first one and then the other getting the better of it by sudden shifts of wind which, when it began to blow steadily, left the Reliance about one minute ahead. The Constitution's fast sailing today was all the more remarkable and makes her all the more formidable from the fact that the race was sailed in light winds and smooth water under such conditions the Reliance has often beaten her. The course was a tortuous ten miles along the coast, five miles over to the Connecticut shore, and ten miles along that shore to the finish line.

Dr. Briggs, editor of the famous Black and White, a well known London publication, was an arrival in the Selkirk yesterday.

Stroller

Last Chance is said to have captured Lothario that ever came the creek. He is the only real carry in more wood than any men in the district. When men on Last Chance get too late cut stove wood for their wives simply go away for a day and comes Mr. Ladies-Man and slash half a cord or more. Report says that he is the best fed in the creek as all the ladies a piece of pie and a half dozen with raisins or caraway seeds him and when he is not at wood for some lady or other said to be either engaged in or writing up Last Chance notes, in which all the ladies loaded for a Dawson paper by his chopping wood and writing to the recipient of more. Being a claim owner he has produced a resolution at



CHAMPION WOOD CHOP

Chance social function that owners have produced laborers in matters pertaining, but it was accused in matters pertaining wood.

A report from Last Chance was to the effect that a utility man among the slain 17 pieces of pie the

The telegraphic report a few days ago in the Yukon the killing of a player as the result of a difficulty in ball game is a little town was a very tragic piece which to pay wife told currency: six of too force in that country more than passing local then merely to "Bill" had of the sweet events create little com has been on since they been absent a few years anything out of the dispatch regarding the ball game or in the follow from the Vancouver, P. June 15th. The extract change of a letter on a "The picnic passed off as one could have done excursionists boarded Lockwood on the return appears that Maggie down in a seat occupied when the two became conversation which indeed who was up a tree, sweet to be palatable. "Did you see me Thomas, approaching the 14 men, zigzag, by conducted on the lady section," chimed in the shared delight in the an or yaller man and "It's six, you both shared at year's. Jalous and defiant. proceeded to clean out with the result that not severely in the woman was stabbed in. The foregoing account description of a picnic at her lake resort a few town by the American school.

One man named that named Bacon are ca

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