

WEEK AT THE AUDITORIUM

Theatre Now Under the Management of W. W. Bittner.

Big House Greets First Production of the "Great Diamond Mystery" - Cummings Engaged Next Week.

From Tuesday's Daily.

The week opened in the Auditorium last night with a crowded house, though fully half of those present in the house missed part of the first act and not a few the second. In response to a number of requests Manager Bittner last week decided to ring up the curtain a half hour earlier beginning Monday evening, announcing the change from the stage every evening last week. Promptly at 8:30 last night the first act began with scarcely half the seats filled. The innovation will be continued through out the week when it is found that the later hour is more generally desired a change back to the old hour of beginning 9 o'clock will be made. Otherwise 8:30 will be the hour until further notice.

The play this week, "The Great Diamond Mystery," is somewhat of a lurid type of comedy-drama, one in which there is the typical red-shirted villain who makes gun plays every now and then but is always a little slow on the draw. It is a play not at all suited to the excellent talents of Bittner and his company. The denouements are improbable and the climaxes weak and while every character makes the most of his or her part yet there is no opportunity for any really clever work. The plot hinges upon the mysterious disappearance of a diamond necklace, the property of Mrs. Hildebrand (Daisy D'Avara) who upon the eve of her departure to a grand ball finds her necklace to have become unfastened and leaves her gems with Mary Marshall (Miss Lovell) who is an inmate of the Hildebrand household. Julius Hildebrand (Mr. Williams) the son, is in love with Mary and during the progress of the ball returns to his home and visits her surreptitiously. While they are making love on the balcony, Jim Brandon (Mr. Thorne) who is supposed to be the father of Mary, enters the room for the purpose of killing Julius, sees the diamonds lying on the table and steals them. A moment later they are missed and the lovers each think the other the thief. To shield the girl he loves Julius acknowledges he has taken the gems, is denounced and disowned by his mother and seeks seclusion in the wild and woolly west. Five years he remains in Nevada and chance suddenly throws the real culprit in his way. In a drunken bout Brandon confesses to Peter Grump (Mr. Bittner) his guilt, he is enticed back to New York to participate in a safe cracking scheme, is there arrested, acknowledges Mary to be the heiress of a wealthy man and not his own daughter, denounces Simon Bland (Mr. Layne) as a villain as great as himself, and the curtain is rung down with all wrongs righted and peace and forgiveness passed around. Mr. Bittner as Grump the lawyer's clerk, who is always ready to back his statements by pointing out the law on the point, is the principal comedy character and grinds a great deal of humor out of a very indifferent part. Miss Holden as Polly is good as she is in every role she undertakes. Miss Lovell has a small part amounting to but little. Miss Winchell appears in one of her best characters—an Irish biddy. The balance of the cast is very mediocre. Billy Mullen and Carrie Winchell are doing specialty work this week which has made quite a hit. Mr. Bittner prior to the last act made the announcement that for next week's attraction "Friends" would be produced and that Mr. Ralph Cummings had been specially engaged for one of the principal roles. The cast in the "Great Diamond Mystery" is as follows:— Julius Hildebrand, Mr. Williams; Simon Bland, Mr. Layne; Peter Grump, Mr. Bittner; Jim Brandon, Mr. Thorne; Charles, Mr. Breen; Boozie, Mr. Mullen; Dutchy, Mr. Nick Williams; Mary Marshall, Miss Lovell; Mrs. Hildebrand, Miss D'Avara; Polly, Miss Holden; Bridget, Miss Winchell.

thought for a moment, he would know one couldn't retain that color of that hair in this atrocious climate, but he won't think. "I do it myself," said the arch lady with child-like openness, "always under a veil, and very often at night it is far better than drinking red lavender. Ta-ta! I am dining out, too, and the worst of it is it adds an hour to one's toilet. If I meet—oh Beatson tonight I shall tell him I do it."

INTO NEW QUARTERS

Gold Commissioner Office Will Move Saturday.

Saturday afternoon after 1 o'clock will be begun the removal of the records and books of the gold commissioner's office from the old and badly cramped quarters adjoining the barracks to the new Administration building. The old files and such other articles as are not liable to be destroyed every day will be taken over Thursday, if being a holiday, and the balance will be moved Saturday afternoon, so that at the opening hour for business Monday morning everything will be in place and there will be no interruption in the affairs of that, one of it not the most important branches in the territory. In the new quarters the arrangements for transacting business with the mining public are as near perfect as could be desired. The rooms to be occupied are large and commodious with plenty of light in every corner. One of the greatest advantages acquired is the presence of a fire proof vault in which all records and papers of value may be safely stored. The office staff will welcome the change as well as the public.

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Their Discussion. An animated discussion was going on in the dusk by the bandstand. A girl in a large hat and a purple veil was speaking archly to the man beside her. "A missionary's wife, with a shocked expression in the severely solemn cock's feather that trembled on her head, seemed hesitating between a desire to fly and a conviction that she ought to improve the occasion. Several other men and women were lounging about, listening or laughing. "Well, Colonel Beatson," said the arch lady, in her somewhat shrill voice, "I don't pretend to understand men, but I have had my little experiences." She raised her eyebrows with a demure expression. "And I am quite certain they like a little touch of color—aggressively put on, bien entendu, and very delicately, so that it just isn't mistaken for the real thing. I don't pretend to know the why of the wherefore, but the fact remains."

"Not at all," said Colonel Beatson warmly. "I am sorry to disagree with you, but I do entirely. It is vulgar, it is unmistakable, the sentiment of the thing is false and cowardly; in nine cases out of ten a woman won't face the fact that she is growing old, and then, a patty subterfuge, she accentuates it." "Well, why should she face it?" said another voice in the dusk. "Growing old is a hideous necessity. Why shouldn't one try to ignore it, even if one deceives oneself?" "My dear lady!" Colonel Beatson turned to the voice—"because you deceive no one! because by coloring your hair and cheeks discordantly, you lose the charm—and there is a very great charm—of middle age, and yet you do not regain your youth; you give an impression of shallowness and untruth." "Do I?" said the voice plaintively; "and yet I really don't paint, Colonel Beatson." There was a general laugh, and the Colonel stood up. "I am at a disadvantage with all this light-kirking going on round me. I only know," he broke off and then said quickly, "one would not like one's own womanhood. . . . A very soft voice interrupted him. "John, we will leave the question of color to another day; it is getting late, and we dine out. Come!" She stood, a slim, white figure, in the gray dusk, and laid a slender hand on his sleeve. Her voice was young and so was her laugh. As she turned away, she gave a little defiant bow to the circle round her. "I take John away when he begins to talk too much," she said, and her words fell sharply on the awkward silence. As they faded out of sight there was a woman's little, grating laugh. "I believe that man is such an abject simpleton," said a voice, "that he does not know."

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"I have thrown it all away," she went on with panting breath. "My hair is a little gray. I am growing old, John." "My dear," he said again, "what is that to me? I love you." He stooped and kissed her in the darkness and hurried off to dress. But, in the full glare of the lamps, they met again. She was sitting motionless, with expectant eyes, and lips slightly parted. With a desperate effort he kept the tender smile up on his lips, as he came towards her. This his wife—this fragile, pale, gray lady, with faded cheeks, and soft colorless lips, with a little ruffle of gray hair above the temples, but no trace of youth about her, except in

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A Meat Market and the Classics Oviado, the writer of "Sumario de Natural Historia de las Indias," one of the most gifted and delightful writers of the middle ages, embodied in his history a splendid description of the native American turkey. He does not, however, entertain his readers with a lively description of that fowl as a food delicacy, probably by reason of the fact that in those days the noble bird was considered to be more of a thing of beauty than the subject of an epicurean repast. The world of letters would gain a feast of words and Oviado a feast of the gods if he lived in Dawson today and partook of the turkey as prepared for the table in a thousand homes. If that distinguished gentleman was with us the Yukon market would perpetuate in history for from that depot the choicest corn fed turkeys are distributed.

Cor. King St. and 2nd Ave. The Yukon Market A. R. Cameron, Prop.

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