

THEATRES

Women Out

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COMPASS AS A PROSPECTOR

Peculiar Antics of the Needle on Lynn Canal.

Rich Body of Ore Causes Variation of Several Points—The Vein Located.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

As announced recently, the U. S. R. C. McArthur is in the north to discover the cause of the compass deviation at Battery point, down the canal. The origin of the trouble has been discovered, according to the Dispatch of Juneau. Capt. J. G. Davis, the mineralogist of that city, first brought the attention of the government to the magnetic disturbance at Battery point, and also along Gastineaux channel, where for a long time captains of vessels running to Alaska have noticed a serious deflection of the compass at a point about opposite Sheep creek, as at this point they take their course from the lights of Treadwell and Juneau.

Not much attention was given to it, and some then thought it might be from the large amount of tailings, containing magnetic iron, that are discharged into the channel from the mines at Sheep creek.

Dr. Bauer, chief of the magnetic department of the coast survey, has charge of the investigation. Upon reaching Juneau he called upon Mr. Davis, who pointed him on the steamer Thistle to the location where the compass begins to cut up capers. The boat was then run up and down the channel, by the point of attraction, and the compass showed a variation of six and one-half degrees. Then the boat turned with her bow to it, when the needle swung immediately with the point directly to the place, but when disturbed it would break away and swing backwards and forward, under the double attraction of the earth's north pole and Alaska's north pole, until, by what seemed almost human preference, it would finally go back to our own north pole and there remain.

In the further testing of the magnetic power of the location the dip marked 88 degrees—90 degrees being a perpendicular—beyond which point it cannot go. This gives a pretty correct conception of the force of the attraction. On Battery point a large deposit of iron ore has been discovered as a result of the investigations, and undoubtedly this deposit, in the form of a lode, passes under Lynn canal, along through Douglas island, with a very large body of it at or near the surface just below the Treadwell powder house, and nearly opposite Sheep creek, which deposit causes the magnetic disturbance.

She Was Superstitious.

"Superstition has not entirely died out, and often is found where least expected," said a conductor who runs into Galveston, in telling of an incident of his latest trip. "This was brought out very plainly day before yesterday. A well dressed, intelligent looking woman, a woman whose appearance and speech indicated that she was highly educated, was the one who exemplified this.

"At a station where we wait about 10 minutes the incident occurred. We stopped as usual, and I left the train and went to the ticket office to speak to the agent. While there I noticed this woman as she was leaving the ticket window to board the train, having just bought a ticket to the next station.

"As she went out on the platform she bought a daily paper from the news agent, and, just glancing at it, saw that it was dated Friday, August 17, whereupon she rushed back to the agent and asked that he cancel the ticket and refund her money, saying that upon the receipt of a letter that morning she had decided to visit a friend at the next station, but had forgotten that it was Friday, and, as she did not care to travel on that day, said she would wait until the next, and asked that her money be refunded or the ticket be extended.

"She was getting her money back just as I left to go on the train. She waited until Saturday, and no doubt has been thinking ever since of the great danger she escaped."—Galveston News.

Queer Vocations.

There can be no better illustration of the truth of the moss-grown expression that "one-half the world does not know how the other half lives," than is found in the discoveries made by a number of census agents of this city. Occupations that were never known to exist have been unearthed by these questioners, and have given the students of odd jobs and unique livelihoods food for much thought.

For instance, a man's sole business is the making of monstrosities. He turns out sea serpents and mermaids as readily as the tailor cuts a pair of trousers.

One of the census takers in East Forty-fifth street found a professional spanker. His advertisement in a German paper said: "Unruly and wayward boys disciplined at parents' residences."

There was discovered close to Fort Greene park, in Brooklyn, a man named Bruner, with a sign reading: "Cockroach killer to the United States Navy." The cockroach killer made his reputation when he removed 21

barrels of cockroaches from the old, wall-sided Pensacola. He does it with a sort of paste and an expert.

Another queer occupation discovered is conducted by a man who "calls people." His chief customers are those who have to get up at unusually early hours, such as bartenders, policemen, motormen and the like.

The woman whose business it is to collect corks, and who is said to make \$10 a day, is another queer one on the long list of oddities. She gathers all the whisky, champagne and mineral water corks, through a number of employes, and sells them to the firms that originally cut them.

Close to Bellevue hospital is a woman who sells bottles. The poor who go to the dispensary for medicines usually fail to take bottles along. The "bottle woman" sells for 1 or 2 cents each glass bottles of all sizes, ranging from the half ounce vial to the one big enough for the horse liniment.

Still another odd business is that of an east side firm which is down in the books as an "ejectment company." The firm does nothing except get rid of tenants.

Up on Broadway, near Fifty-seventh street, is a man whose business it is to bite off dogs' tails. He says the animals must be of an age at which their tails are tender. He doesn't believe in a knife, because every dog's tail has a worm in it, and the only way to remove it is to bite the tail off.

A man named Kelly charges \$2.50 for destroying bad trees, a woman in Harlem trains college men for plays, three firms furnish clean jackets for bartenders and charge them from 50 cents to \$1 per week. Even the women on the east side, who make a business of lighting fires on holidays, are remembered in the list.—New York Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The French Workmen.

The French workman is the creature of the street for the sense of the joy of life and the creature of the home and the workshop for the sense of the hardship and sometimes of the sorrow. Fashioned as he is in this way, two outside forces contend for the possession of him. The question of questions is, "Will he take his guidance from the recognized agencies within the law or from the agencies of revolt?" The state and also, as we have seen, the church offers him all sorts of bribes and bonuses to consent to work in their way. They recognize his trade and self help societies. They try to get him to the altar as a devotee and to the urn as a voter. But he has heard of Utopias, and he longs to have one more struggle for absolute perfection—at short notice, though he may have to lay down his life in the attempt.

The key to modern French history is to be found here. Every political movement has to be a compromise between the aspirations of the faubourg and the world as it wags. The French workman has been bred in the belief in revolution as a recognized agency of progress and by instinct and habit he loathes second best. The old order offers him the churches, the thrift and benefit societies, co-operation, insurance against accidents, education, technical and other—the old political economy, in a word, and the paternal state. The new whispers socialism, the commune, anarchy sometimes and with these the barricade.—Richard Whiting in Century.

All the Sky.

A lady went to read to a woman's club at a social settlement in Chicago, and she chose for the subject of her reading "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

But no sooner had she got within the door than she was seized with the idea that her selection had not been a wise one. The weary, unresponsive faces offered little promise of appreciation.

"I'm almost afraid you will not enjoy what I am about to read to you," she said, with very honest apology, as she rose to address them. "Much of this poem is about the country, and it is very likely that some of you have never been in the country, and so do not care about it."

When she had finished, the women came to thank her, and among them was one who ventured upon a timid reproach.

"How could you think we would not understand about the country?" she asked. "It was the easiest part of the poem to understand—that part which was about the country. We knew perfectly what was meant."

"Then you must know the country. Probably you have lived in it."

"No, I've not lived in it, but I know what it is like. There is a vacant lot next to us, and sometimes you can't speak for the colors in it—and there is a row of trees and all the sky!"

That is what she said, word for word. That was her simple and exquisite epitome of nature's message.—Youth's Companion.

Nichols Sentenced.

Contrary to the expectations of some, George Nichols was sentenced today. He pleaded guilty to the second charge and was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary in that case, receiving no sentence whatever for the first offense, as the jury recommended him to the mercy of the court.

The limit of the sentence he was liable to was 28 years.

A Careless Woodman.

The break in the telegraph line between Caribou and Bennett was repaired yesterday afternoon and for a short time everything worked smoothly when another break occurred which was this morning found to be due to a wood-chopper having fallen a tree across the line about five miles above Dawson. The fellow had the manliness and honor to notify the Dawson office of the location of the break early this morning when Lineman Johnson went out, and made the necessary repairs.

SMALL BOY'S CLOSE CALL

Would Ape Sour Doughs by Not Wearing a Coat.

Was Found Wandering Around on the Klondike River With Nose and Cheeks Frozen.

Yesterday morning a small boy whose name, as nearly as it was possible to ascertain it, is Willie Wilson, had an experience with Jack Frost which will probably last him while he lives.

He lives with his parents somewhere near the Klondike bridge, and was sent by his mother with a note to a neighbor's. Willie like other small boys who know all about many things without being told, set off on his errand in his shirt sleeves. He did not reach the house of the neighbor, but was found on the ice of the Klondike near the shore, running about in a circle, and crying with the pain of cold.

The boy, who is about twelve years old was taken to a near-by grocery store where it was found that his nose and one cheek had been severely frozen. After his immediate needs had been cared for by rubbing his nose and cheek with snow till the frost was drawn, and he had got warmed through, he was sent home.

There are numbers of small boys seen on the streets daily who would do well to take warning from this boy's experience, and during the present cold weather remain near their own firesides.

About That Butter.

Yesterday a Nugget representative visited the room where the butter, which recently figured in the police court is being packed by J. and T. Adair, and witnessed the process to which it is subjected before being placed on the market.

The butter, which was originally shipped to the A. C. Co. by an outside packing house, is put up in tins, some of which, in fact a great many were defective and allowed the small amount of brine which is always to be found in tins containing butter, to drain off, and this resulted in rust stains and rancid butter in the tins which leaked.

This, however, in no way affected the contents of the tins which did not leak, and it is this which is being repacked and placed upon the market.

It may be asked by many, and certainly was asked by the Nugget man, why, if the butter was all right, it was being taken from its original packages and then put up in different form for home consumption.

The explanation given, is this. The condition of the contents of the tins cannot be known till the top is removed and an examination made, and when this is done the inside wrapper has been mussed and the tin practically destroyed, at least so far as its sale is concerned, so that repacking is the only thing possible.

In the room where the work is being done by a number of experienced butter makers, there are a number of flat wooden trays. The butter which examination has proved sweet and in good condition, is placed in the first of these, where it is worked over. After this it is removed to the next tray, where it is reworked in water. In the next tray it is worked again and salted, the first washing having removed the salt.

After this it is laid upon a working board where after the water has been worked out thoroughly, it is moulded in bricks of two pounds and wrapped in printed wrappers, bearing in addition to the star stamp of the Yakima Star Creamery, the words, "Packed by J. & T. Adair, Dawson." Then it is ready for packing in new boxes preparatory to being sent to the retailer.

Some curiosity was expressed as to what became of the other butter—that which had been spoiled or damaged, and of which considerable was in evidence. The question brought forth the information that it was to be converted into soap. Not the common red labeled variety whose odor is a familiar as that of hot water and steam on Monday, but a fine toilet article, nearly, if not quite, as valuable as fresh butter.

To India by Rail.

All that is wanted is an agreement between Britain and Russia as to Afghanistan. Already the enterprising Muscovite has extended the scope of the Trans-Caspian railway to such a degree that Russian cars are actually running well inside Afghan territory. Kushik, an Afghan frontier town, is practically in Russian hands, and a light railway is already under construction to famous Herat.

This is the situation on Afghanistan's northern frontier. On the south British India is apparently not less active. The Beloochistan railway system, terminating at Gulistan Karez, on the Afghan border, is to be extended, and already work is being pushed forward in order to connect Kandahar with the Indian railroad system.

In Central Asia Russia is actively engaged in surveying and constructing. When this is completed all that will remain in order to make it possible to go by train from Calais to Bombay will be to link up the chain between Herat and Kandahar—an insignificant distance of 85 English miles. That link being made, and the Central Asia railway finished, London to

Bombay will mean that the only chance for seaisickness will be on the 21-mile strip of channel between Dover and Calais.

By the Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez canal the distance is 6500 miles, and the time occupied by the fastest peninsular and Oriental steamer is 27 days.

By the land route, allowing the average approximate speed to be 25 miles an hour by the express trains, the journey would occupy only 11 days, four hours over a distance approximately estimated at 6700 English miles. This speed is on the average considerably exceeded even on Asiatic railways, and, of course, doubled on European lines.

Two changes of cars would be necessary on the journey from Calais—at the frontier on entering Russia and at the Indian frontier. This would be occasioned by the fact that the Russian lines have a gauge nearly a foot wider than the rest of European railways.—London Mail.

Careful of Their Voices.

Adelina Patti has led a life of self-denial for the sake of her voice. As a young girl she never had any of the pleasures which fall to others. Parties, dancing and fun of every kind were denied her. Her father and her brother-in-law, M. Strakosic, who was also her impresario, were in constant fear that she would fatigue her voice. One can imagine how bright and lovely a child Patti was, how eager her delight in innocent pleasures, yet pleasure had to be foregone. As to girlish flirtations until she married the Marquis de Caux at 24 the little diva had been kept almost like a nun at home and knew absolutely nothing of the world. The pleasures of the table were not for her. She used to eat only plainly cooked meat and toast, so that even the slightest indigestion would not impair the clearness of her voice.

On ordinary days, when Patti has to sing in opera at night, she dines off beef and potatoes and baked apples at about 3:30 p. m., for beef is said to give force and applies smoothness to the voice. After dinner the prima donna fasts until she sings, taking between the acts of an opera homeopathic doses of phosphorus and capsicum, both of which are beneficial to the throat. If tired a cup of bouillon is prepared for her.

Patti never speaks a word on the days when she has to sing. Nor does Mme. Albani, who otherwise takes less care of her voice than the diva and fears only indigestible food, salmon, nuts and such like. Both declare they never even "look" at tea, which hardens the vocal chords. Between the parts of a concert or opera Albani drinks a glass of claret. She believes implicitly in the virtues of a cold bath.

Melba says: "I can eat anything, talk all day and my voice is never affected." But, then, Melba's voice and her whole physique are singularly strong and her nerves are of the steadiest. Jean de Reszke, whose throat is not strong, and who suffers from changeable climate, and complains of the heat of theaters behind the scenes, is chary of his fine tenor notes. He scarcely ever goes into society nowadays, restricts himself as to diet and pins his faith to bicycling. Nothing, he firmly believes, is so beneficial to the vocal chords as to take a quiet morning spin in fresh country air.

Sims Reeves, throughout his whole professional career, was sedulous in nursing his voice. Before singing he always sucked a lozenge, in which he much believed; it was "home-made"—of glycerine, lemon juice and gum arabic. Jenny Jind avoided fatigue of all kinds, and whenever she had to sing she partook at intervals during the day of a soup prepared with chicken broth, cream and barley, which was supposed to be softening to the voice.—Ex.

Canadian Briefs.

Quebec, Oct. 19.—The grand jury yesterday brought in a true bill against F. W. Smith, E. L. Yestenheim, Godfrey Weir and William Weir, charged with conspiracy to defraud the shareholders and depositors of the Ville Marie bank. On the request of the counsel for the defense to the effect that, one of the principal witnesses was unable to be present, the case was put over till the spring session of the court.

Peterboro, Oct. 19.—Sam Lung, a Chinese laundryman, met death yesterday by electricity while at work in the cellar with water pipes. He had a small incandescent light in his hand, the wire of which is supposed to have been exposed and came in contact with the water pipes.

Tamworth, Oct. 19.—Mrs. Kelly, of this place, is dead from the results of injuries received by being thrown out of a buggy while descending a hill near here, the horses having become unmanageable. Mr. Kelly, who was also in the buggy, was thrown out, but was only slightly injured.

Toronto, Oct. 19.—Deaths from diphtheria in the province during the month of September totalled 40, compared with 21 in 1899. The total deaths from all causes were 1963 for 1900, and 1967 for 1899.

Smith's Falls, Oct. 17.—W. Campbell, section boss on the C. P. R., aged about 55 years, living near Irish Creek, committed suicide yesterday by shooting himself with a shotgun.

Hamilton, Oct. 17.—The grand jury yesterday returned a true bill against George Arthur Pearson for the murder of Annie Griffin a few weeks ago. Pearson pleaded not guilty, and was remanded for trial, which commenced today.

Toronto, Oct. 17.—The Ontario bureau of the colonization department has received a letter from an English company offering to buy 50,000 acres of land in New Ontario, and settle it in accordance with the government's regulation with regard to taking up new lands.

VIOLENCE BARELY AVERTED

As the Result of Insults Offered to Citizens

By a Newspaper Which May Be Prosecuted—Mr. Justice Dugas and Others Speak.

The matter recently published in a daily paper, other than the Nugget, which was the subject of the discussion and subsequent action by the council at its meeting last evening, has by no means lost its power to create thus far silent, but none the less great, excitement by the lapse of another day's time.

It is pretty generally known about town today that at an informal meeting yesterday the excitement raised by the publication of the matter referred to, ran so high that it was only by the weight of the advice of some of the more cool-headed and far-seeing citizens present that a raid on the office of the paper was prevented.

Of course, had this been done the gravest results would, in all human probability have followed. That the gentlemen upon whose advice and exertions in the interests of law and order the affair turned, were present was a most fortunate circumstance.

It must not be supposed, however, that because these wise counsellors prevailed yesterday that they are less indignant than those whose impulsiveness would have led them to immediate violence in the redress of what they considered a gratuitous insult. On the contrary, they are equally aroused and just as determined to see the matter through to the bitter end, and unless all signs fail the end is not yet.

Mr. Justice Dugas was seen this morning and asked if he cared to say anything for publication concerning the matter with which he, as a member of the council's committee has to deal, and he replied:

"I said what I had to say last evening. Did I not speak plainly?"

"It was thought that perhaps you might state what action the committee will take in dealing with the matter," was said, to which the Justice replied:

"I will say that I will take any measure provided by the law to prevent such things, even if it is necessary to destroy that paper."

"People who had been insulted wanted to go there and smash the windows and possibly someone would have been killed. Had this been done then we should have had to bear the consequences afterwards."

"This kind of thing must be stopped."

Attorney Noel was seen and asked whether he cared to make any public statement concerning the affair of yesterday, and the causes which led to it, and replied:

"As to what occurred yesterday I know nothing whatever. Concerning future action in the matter—well, there is a criminal law under which the management of the newspaper can be prosecuted."

Mr. Girouard was found pacing his office, and when the subject was mentioned to him it was seen that it was not one calculated to put him in a pleasant frame of mind. In speaking of the action taken by the council, he said:

"Yes, that is the best way; much the best way. It is a shame that such a thing should have been published, and it makes no difference who the guilty party is; whether he is Canadian, American or French, he should be punished, and most likely will be."

"It is too bad that a paper should come here and not be able to refrain from insulting the citizens of the country where they make their living."

"I am not in favor of violence, but I cannot blame the people for being incensed."

First Over the Ice.

Two of Dick Brown's teams of four horses each got in yesterday evening from Reindeer with freight, each team bringing 7000 pounds. This is the first freight to arrive over the ice this year. Brown's drivers report the trail as being in splendid condition for heavy hauling.

Many Shots Fired.

By actual count 15 shots were fired in the northern end of the city a few minutes before 10 o'clock last night. An extended investigation failed to throw any light on the matter as to who was doing the shooting or for what purpose it was being done. What object any one can have in puncturing the atmosphere at that time of night is not clear.