

THE EFFECT ON THEATRES

Of the Order Keeping Women Out of the Boxes.

Will Be a Death Blow to That Business Say the Managers—Other Results Predicted.

In view of action taken by Major Wood in the matter of prohibiting women from drinking in the boxes of theaters an interview was sought with the proprietors of the Standard and Savoy theaters last night Mr. Eggert of the Standard being the first found.

When the news was told him and he was asked what effect the enforcement of the order would have, he said:

"Practically it amounts to an order to close my doors, as without the revenue derived from the boxes, no show house in Dawson can be made to pay expenses.

"This is exactly the situation. My stage salaries alone foot up \$3000 a week, and the best weeks business I have ever had from door receipts was \$600.

"Besides the salaries to actors to whom I pay from \$75 to \$125 per week, I have to pay the expenses of the production of scenery, advertising, music, salaries to bar tenders, and a lot of people besides; so you can see where I would get off if the girls are to be kept out of the boxes."

Later Steve O'Brien, of the Savoy, was seen and had practically the same statement to make as that made by Mr. Eggert.

"Oh, I guess it means that we will have to close," he said. "It will be impossible to keep the house open under such conditions, and there's no use trying."

"The result is one which must be felt in all lines of business, and it is a mistake to suppose for a moment that the girls and theater people are the only ones who will suffer from it."

"It will be impossible to suddenly withdraw any business from the community which circulates as much money as we do every month without more or less serious results to all other branches of business."

"Another matter which we have to consider in this is: what effect will this action have upon our contracts with our people? Some of them have under contract to us for the entire winter, and all have contracts for a greater or less period. The question is a very large one, and its effects cannot be seen or stated without due time for consideration."

"So far we have received no notice of the order, and this is the first I have heard of its existence."

Bird Cries Saved the Ship.

One of the most curious stories ever told in the port of Philadelphia was that related by Capt. Henreksen, of the Norwegian steamer Panan, which arrived from New York in ballast to load Havana. The Panan came to New York from Cape Breton, and it was on that voyage, generally so fraught with perils during the winter season, that she was saved from utter destruction by birds, whose chirping warned the crew of their danger.

Capt. Henreksen gave an interesting and thrilling account of his novel experience to a Times reporter, who boarded the Panan shortly after she dropped anchor in the stream. Substantially it was as follows:

"We loaded coal at Cape Breton, one of the wildest and most inhospitable spots in North America, I suppose, and on a coast strewn with wreckage for hundreds of miles. While we were in port there a fearful storm was raging and we were compelled to remain, fearing to venture out."

"We finally weighed anchor and steamed slowly out to sea in the face of weather conditions which, to say the least, were alarming. The gale increased in fury until it blew at the rate of 60 miles an hour."

"Its direction changed also, to make matters worse, and blew on shore. This part of the Atlantic coast has been long imperfectly surveyed, and almost as soon as night closed in we were in doubt as to our exact location. The lead was cast for several hours and varying depths were recorded. Toward eight bells we were in 70 fathoms, ample room under the keel, and, concluding that we were off the shoals, the speed was increased."

"While moving along at an eight knot speed on a course west by south-west, and with the assurance that the land was no more to oppose us, the man on the lookout forward suddenly heard a confusion of sounds resembling the humming of millions of bees."

"The headway of the vessel was at once checked and then the noise resolved itself into the voices of birds. It was an immense volume of chirping and rustling of wings, which could be heard distinctly above the roar of the storm. In the succeeding moments of fear and doubt the Panan was allowed to drift, while we sought anxiously to pierce the intense gloom of the night. Then the motion became easier and the anchor was dropped."

"When morning broke an astonishing spectacle was recalled to the Panan's crew. Directly in front of them,

scarcely a quarter of a mile away, was an immense towering rock, which, had the vessel struck, would have dashed her to fragments in an instant.

Stranger than all the vast granite pile was inhabited by myriads of white birds, which reposed on its barren pinnacles and fluttered about the lonely apex. It was their warning cries, resounding through the black night, which had saved the steamer, and heartfelt thanks went up to them from the latter's grateful crew."

One of the sailors would have tried a shot at them, but the captain would not permit it, simply as a matter of sentiment. He recognized the birds as of the species termed bossum, which in great numbers frequent the rocky Newfoundland headlands in the winter season, and are noted for the peculiar resonance of their vocal sounds.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Something Worth Striving For.

"What," asked the lady who believes in the eternal rights of women, as she set down the glass from which she had moistened her throat, and looked defiantly at her hearers, "What has the little girl to look forward to in this country? What possible glory is there to fire her with ambition? The poorest boy that is born in our land today," she shouted, shaking a fat forefinger at a baldheaded man who sat near the stage, and looked as if he was sorry that he had come, "may aspire to an office which carries with it more power than is wielded by any prince or king or emperor on earth. There is something for him to live for, to strive for. There is always the glorious incentive that makes for greatness. However humble his surroundings, there is the ever-present possibility that he may some day stand in the fierce white light of publicity with the destiny of the nation in his hands."

"But for the fair haired girl who plays with him, what glorious hope is there? What dreams of future greatness are there for her to dream? What does the future hold for her, that she should consecrate herself to the achievement of the sublime? Degraded at the very threshold of life, what aspirations may find lodgement in her soul?"

She paused for breath, and also to permit the ladies present to applaud her eloquence.

"I repeat," she shouted, after the storm of approval had died away, "what glory does the future hold for her?"

"Well," said the baldheaded man, "she might strive to become worthy of one of those cornhusk bonnets that the Kansas people are giving away."

The meeting then broke up in confusion.—Chicago Herald.

Widow's Choice in China.

In China when a woman's husband dies she has the choice of a second husband—that is, if she can get one—or of a widow's arch at her death, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. A few take the antedeadth prize, but many of them prefer the beautifully carved gateway.

A widow's arch is a very common sight in China. It matters not what part of the celestial empire one visits, these "works of art" are noticeable many times in large numbers. They are found in the streets, near the gates of a city or out in the open field. The object of erecting the structures is to show reverence or esteem for the departed. Sometimes they are erected to other than the widows who refuse to marry again. Distinguished men are allowed to rear them to themselves. No man, however, can build one without the permission of the emperor. When such permission is granted, a note of it is made in Chinese characters on the top part of the arch, and the man's name becomes famous from that time.

The arch to the memory of a widow is usually built by friends. As in the case of burial, the elaborateness depends upon the wealth of the relatives to a great extent. The difference in a great measure is noticeable in the carving, especially in the number of carved characters placed thereon. It is seldom that an arch more than 25 feet in height is found. These arches are built of either wood or stone.

Lions Stop a Train.

Speaking in the house of lords of the progress of the Uganda railway, Lord Salisbury mentioned that among the unexpected difficulties encountered were a pair of man-eating lions, which stopped the works for three weeks before they were shot. As some five thousand men were at work on the line, their intimidation by two lions seems almost incredible. Yet it is a fact that so dreadful was the pressure exercised by the constant attacks of this pair of man-devouring wild beasts, and so cumulative the fear caused among the Indian laborers by the sight and sound of their comrades being carried off and devoured, that hundreds of these industrious workmen, trained on similar duties under the service of the government of India, abandoned their employment and pay, and crying out that they agreed to work for wages, not to be food for lions or devils, rushed to the line as the trains for the coast were approaching and flinging themselves across the metals gave the engine drivers the choice either of passing over their bodies or of stopping to take them up and carry them back to Mombasa. Many of these men were not timid Hindus, but sturdy Sikhs. Yet the circumstances were so unique, and the scenes witnessed from week to week so bloody and appalling, that their panic and desperation are no matter for surprise. Lord Salisbury understands the facts.

Though the works were stopped for three weeks, the lion's campaign last-

ed, with intervals of quiet when one or other had been wounded, from March till the end of December. In this time they killed and ate 28 Indians, and it is believed at least twice this number of natives, Swahills and the like, besides wounding and attacking others. They attacked white engineers, doctors, soldiers and military officers, armed Abyssinian askaris, sepoys, bunniah, coolies and porters. Some they clawed, some they devoured, some they carried off and left sticking in thorn fences because they could not drag them through. At first they were contented to take one man between them. Before the end of their career they would take a man apiece on the same night, sometimes from the same hut or campfire. J. H. Patterson, one of the engineers of the line, after months of effort and personal risk, succeeded in breaking the spell and killing both lions, which the natives had come to regard as "devils;" that is, as equivalent to were-wolves, and guided by the local demons.—London Spectator.

Will Race Again.

London, Oct. 16.—It is reported here that a challenge from Sir Thomas Lipton for another series of races for the America's cup reached the New York Yacht Club this morning.

At the office of Sir Thomas Lipton today the report that his challenge had reached New York was denied. It appears, however, that it was recently mailed, or that it is about to be sent to New York.

Sir Thomas Lipton, later in the day, informed a representative of the Associated Press that his challenge is on board the White Star steamer Germanic, due at New York Thursday, and that he prefers that all information as to its contents be given out by the New York Yacht Club. The letter challenging contains a suggestion as to the date of the race, which it is understood, will be in August. It is reported that the Challenger yacht will be built on the Thames and that she will be named Shamrock.

According to rumor, Robert Wringe, one of the commanders of the old Shamrock, will command the new racer.

British Ship Overdue.

San Francisco, Oct. 19.—The British ship Lansing, which left Port Blakely on June 1st, bound for Port Pirie, Australia, is now out 136 days, and 20 per cent reinsurance has been offered on her. She has a cargo of nearly 3,000,000 feet of lumber.

The story is current in shipping circles that the crew has mutinied, killed Capt. Chapman, and located on Bonham island, in the South seas, after wrecking the vessel, but the reports lack verification.

COMING AND GOING.

Many cases of cold feet were noticeable at the rink last night, even if it was a hot game.

J. R. McGovern went to the Forks yesterday as a starter for a proposed general visit to all the creeks before starting for the outside.

Orr & Tukey are moving many tons of freight to the creeks daily. A great deal of this is machinery.

A telegram has been received from Superintendent Primrose at Whitehorse asking the council for the \$600 promised on the completion of the public hospital there.

A citizen of Grand Forks has sent a communication to the council asking that he be paid \$330 for unauthorized street work.

A Weary Time.

Mrs. Walter McNabb, the lady who will be remembered as having broken one of her legs by falling in the open, unguarded and unlighted ditch at the corner of Fourth avenue and Sixth street on a dark night about the middle of September, and who has since been cared for at the Sister's hospital, is this week able to sit up for the first time since her injury, having lain on her back with the injured limb swathed in bandages and plaster casts for more than two months.

A Winter Industry.

Realizing that with each succeeding year the price of wood for fuel in Dawson is bound to advance, unless superceded by coal, which is very probable, a number of dealers now have men at work up the river getting out large quantities of wood which will be rafted down the river to this place next season. The wood business in Dawson is like skinning bedrock without the expense of sinking down to it.

No Window Gazing.

In a round trip between the Nugget and telegraph offices this forenoon the only woman seen was a passenger on Honnen's stage from the Forks, who, on alighting, turned out to be a ruddy faced boy dressed in a fur parky.

Wrong Basket.

Frank—I knew Penn would be a poet when he was a baby.
Ida—What were the symptoms?
Frank—He was found in a basket on the doorstep.
Ida—I don't see anything in that.
Frank—Yes, but it was a waste basket.—Brooklyn Life.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Mumm's, Pomerey or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

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