

Society of the Week

By "The Chappie"

"The Chappie" this week makes his initial bow to the society folk of Dawson through the columns of the Nugget with the hope that his efforts in chronicling the events that from time to time transpire among the elect will be presented to his readers in a more savory manner than usually characterizes such affairs in the newspapers outside the great dailies of the cities of the east. With the advantage acquired through a long residence in New York and also a season or two spent in Ottawa "The Chappie" frankly acknowledges being the possessor of sufficient egotism which leads him to believe that the comings and goings of Dawson's 400 can be made more palatable to those who hunger to see "their names in the paper" than has hitherto been attempted by any of the journals in the city. Dawson long since emerged from its primitive state of existence, socially speaking, when men danced in moccasins and mackinaws, social lines were only a dream of the future and the wear of evening dress would have been the object of derision as well as suspicion, and there is really no reason why the dissemination of events and happenings should not keep pace with the new condition of things. Hence the calling into existence of "The Chappie" who hereafter will be a permanent addition to the Nugget staff.

Two events have occurred this week which did much to relieve the monotony of an otherwise rather dull existence, the first annual ball of the Odd Fellows given at the A. B. Hall Wednesday evening and the "At Home" of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Macaulay yesterday evening. The Odd Fellows quite surpassed all previous efforts of any of the fraternal organizations and as entertainers established a mark that in future will stand as a criterion for other to follow. There was but one objection, and that was in the number present, which made dancing early in the evening too crowded for comfort. But, then, as the affair was wholly complimentary and something near 500 invitations were issued nothing else could have been expected. I knew the name of the man who was responsible for suggesting the idea of dressing the stage in the manner in which it appeared I would propose that he receive honorable mention if not a medal for his happy thought. Heretofore, one's vision looking eastward was perpetually fixed upon the never ending race of Ben Hur depicted upon the drop curtain and it would not have been very surprising to have seen the advertisement "Use Dr. Perkins' Pink Pills" emblazoned on the front of one of the chariots, so common is the practice of using such objects for such purposes, but thanks to the genius of some well balanced gentleman the chariot race was for once cached away and in its stead a drawing room, cozily furnished, was presented to view inviting the dancers to a comfortable repose with an unobstructed view of the ball room. The arrangement was responsible for many little lute-a-tetes, though the couples who wished to exchange small talk and sweet nothings were unable to hide themselves from the grim visaged duennas. I would suggest upon the next occasion the placing indiscriminately of a number of palms about the stage. It would add to the effectiveness of the scene to say nothing of increasing its attraction to the young folk. In the matter of toilettes none of the ladies went in for anything elaborate presumably upon the theory that such would have been suicidal to the gown worn. I noticed one little lady in the direst distress. Her gown had been tramped and trodden upon so often that little remained of the train save tatters. It has always been a mystery to me how people unable to dance could inflict themselves upon a crowd who long ago had served their apprenticeship in taking care of their feet in a ball room. But of all the unmitigated nuisances worthy of consignment to the very sub-basement of Dante's Inferno deliver me from the man who imagines the floor his own particular possession and is totally insensitive to the rights of others. He makes no pretension of guiding or protecting his partner from collisions, but jabs away through the crowd, bumping here and there and causing more imitations to be heaped upon his head than he ever imagines himself to be guilty of. Another suggestion. Those familiar with hockey and football who are acquainted with that playful little exercise of giving an opponent "the elbow" should procure a sharp steel spike attach it to their left arm and then go in for carnage. But to return to the question I have not learned whether the ball of the Odd Fellows was the precursor of others that are to follow, this season, or if it was merely introductory of similar annual celebrations. At any rate, it was a success to be proud of and come they often or seldom society folk will be happy at all times to fraternize with the devotees at the shrine surrounded by the three links. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Schooling, Mr. and Mrs. Roediger.

out of the way yet where it could be plainly heard. Among those who enjoyed the hospitality of the affable justice and his cultured wife were Acting Commissioner and Mrs. Wood, Mr. Justice Craig, Mayor and Mrs. H. C. Macaulay, Mr. Sheriff and Mrs. Ellbeck, Major and Mrs. Cuthbert, Inspector and Mrs. Wroughton, Inspector and Mrs. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hulme, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davey, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Crisp, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McDougal, Mr. and Mrs. T. Dufferin Pattullo, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. White-Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Hagel, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sutherland McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McLennan, Mr. and Mrs. George Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. J. Langlois Bell, Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ward Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chute, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Macpherson, Miss Macfarlane, Miss Hanwell, Miss Richardson, Miss McKee, Miss Miss, Miss Hagel, Miss Shannon, Inspector Cosby, Mr. E. C. Senkler, Mr. D. Doig, Mr. E. W. Ward, Mr. A. E. Maynard, Mr. J. S. Bell, Mr. F. T. Conyng, Mr. J. T. Lithgow, Mr. F. X. Gosselin, Mr. H. M. Martin, Mr. H. E. A. Robertson, Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, Mr. A. Watson, Mr. J. E. Grouard, Dr. Barrett, Mr. H. Rolph, Mr. G. G. Hulme, Mr. J. B. Pattullo, Mr. W. G. Haultain, Mr. F. J. Stackpole, Mr. J. H. Rogers, Mr. George Wood, Mr. H. W. Tobin, Mr. Chas. Shannon, Mr. J. P. Smith, Mr. O. S. Finnie, Mr. A. Allayne Jones, Mr. Alex. Macfarlane, Mr. Peter Vachon, Mr. Auguste Noel, Mr. Hugh McKinnon, Mr. W. W. Harrison, Mr. F. M. Warrington, Mr. Wm. McKay, Mr. D. M. Sanson, Mr. Conklin, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Howard, Mr. H. G. Blankman and Mr. "Jack" Ellbeck.

Another postponement has been necessary in the proposed skating and dancing party to be given by the boys of the Bank of Commerce and I understand some difficulty was experienced in securing the gym for the dance. Why that should be is a mystery, but then one sometimes witnesses peculiar things in Dawson.

The A. B.'s are already making preparations toward duplicating the success attained last year in their ball masquerade, except that it is now proposed to far outshine the first attempt. The date fixed is for New Year's Eve.

The Trades and Labor Council representing the different labor organizations in the city will give a smoker in Union hall next Tuesday evening. Union men alone will participate in the drinkables and smokeables.

For the entertainment of the mere male man the Athletic Association is planning a series of smokers this winter, in the large parlors of the building. The club has already a fine piano and by far the largest and coziest rooms in the city for this form of entertainment.

THE CHAPPIE. Methodist Church—Tomorrow evening the pastor will deliver the third sermon of the series on the Cities of Refuge, "Hebron." In the evening service, at which the following special music will be sung: Anthem, "Send Out Thy Light," by Guonod, Miss Krieg, Mrs. Fysh, Mr. McLeod and Corp. Cobb. Solo, "Hear, O Father," Millard, Mrs. Platt, Duet, "Now We Are Ambassadors," by Mendelssohn, Mr. McLeod and Corp. Cobb. Solo, "The Birthday of a King," by Neidlinger, Mr. O. S. Finnie. After the benediction, "Sevenfold Amen," Stainer. The pastor will speak on "The Chorus of Praise, Thanksgiving, Adoration, Exultation."

Attention Masons. Yukon lodge No. 79, A. F. & A. M. will hold its annual election of officers on Dec. 11th at Masonic hall, Church street. Following the election of officers a banquet will be given at the Hotel Bristol. All Masons are invited. Tickets can be procured from the officers of the lodge or from the following committee: S. C. Elkington, Dr. A. F. Edwards, Dr. A. J. Gillis. 12-6'8 10.

Our Big Pic. (New York Mail and Express.) The largest single accumulation of gold in the world lies in the vaults of the United States treasury. It is rapidly approaching the round sum of \$500,000,000. Not much of this can be called idle money, simply because it is kept where it cannot be lost or worn out. More than half of it, or over \$300,000,000, is represented by certificates which are in circulation. This is in effect a circulation of the gold, while the certificates can be easily and cheaply renewed when they become worn out.

"I declare," said Mrs. Lapsing, "to hear Mr. Raepus talk you'd think he hadn't a bit of faith in human nature. He's a regular clinic."

TO MOGILEFF

An Exciting Little Journey in Mid-Russia.

Warsaw, Russia, Nov. 11.—Does the middle of Russia suggest palace cars and automobiles and the various comforts of locomotion which so enrich modern civilization? Well, the prospect of a ten-hour sleigh ride to Mogileff did not inspire me with any hopes of meeting with such comforts, and nothing but the large guarantee offered by the musical agent of Mogileff would have tempted us to risk the journey. We had heard of the wolves who roan the frozen noses of those who dared to brave this trip unprepared, we were not ignorant of the lawless character of the peasants who pass constantly over this road with their loaded sleds. Oh, no! We were forewarned and forearmed to the teeth. Great felt boots were purchased to keep out the cold; for caps with ear-laps, and Russian fur-lined coats bid defiance to any temperature, and in the right-hand pocket of Mr. Pirani's coat nestled a great revolver, and in my fur cape pocket a little six-shooter which I handled with delight, taking out the barrel and practicing on the trigger before-hand until my index finger had a blister which threatened to disable the right hand for use in case of danger. I never shot a real bullet in my life, but my little half-inch ones gave me a fine feeling of security. Actually, I had also a dagger in my valise, though during this trip I always forgot to take it out. Oh, indeed, we were well prepared against every emergency and wise in our preparations, as all those whose lessons have been learned by experience. The train deposited us and our baggage at Orsk at 4 p. m. A dried-up little Jew approached us and handed a note to Mr. Pirani. The note recommended us to the care of the tearer during our long ride to Mogileff. Without words we followed him through a dirty station, through sleet and mud to the most dilapidated old hack I ever gazed upon. It was an old, very old coach, which had been taken from its wheels and placed upon runners. Three horses were attached to it, and the inside was lined with old red flannel tacked on without any attempt at style. The floor was carpeted with a good depth of straw. Pirani looked dubiously at this affair and said: "I don't like the looks of this thing."

"Be thankful to be under cover," said I, "for a storm is coming surely."

But Pirani sniffed the air of the interior, poked the straw about as if expecting to find dead mice, pointed angrily to the nails half driven and made the old Jew understand by Italian gestures that this coach was a miserable old wreck, unfit for the

honor of carrying Italian and American artists. Fortunately the driver spoke German and so we settled the affair—10 rubla each way in advance and drink money. Hesitation being overcome by dread of the storm, we took our places with some anxiety. Our two large trunks were hoisted to the top of the coach and we started. The roads in the city were slushy and rough, snow having evidently not fallen for some time, and so our old coach bobbed up and down in the uneven paths and gave us a lively notion of the time to come. At the bridge we were to pay our 10 rubla, and at the stop Pirani alighted and again examined, superciliously, the outside of the coach. "This is the post sleigh, nicht wahr?" he asked. "Da, da!" replied the owner in the affirmative. "Is it safe?" "Da, da!" again, and with this meager result of his question Pirani was forced to be content. Our agent had assured us that the post was reliable and that no danger was to be apprehended.

Darkness settled over the forest. The snow storm soon piled the road with a tender carpet, over which our coach slid smoothly. A silence enveloped us, the driver, now a boy of about 18 years (the old Jew left us after the ten-rubla were paid), Pirani and I. The woods lined each side of the road without a break, as far as the eye could reach. I dislike having a coach run without a window, to bar the sight of what is ahead, and after four hours of silent travel my eyes and thoughts piercing the forest for signs of wolves; I began to think our uneventful trip was an assured thing. Every once in a while we heard a yell from our driver, a sound which startled my tightly-strung nerves and gave me a severe shock. I never took my hand from my nice little six-shooter, and my feet were warm inside the immense newly-stuffed felt boots so proudly worn as a proof of forethought.

Pirani remarked that the pistol was in my left inside cape pocket, and would be out of reach in case of need; but I was becoming scared by the silence and the darkness and had forgotten which was my left hand and so made an change. At this point Pirani told a story about the brigands in Italy who stop wagons and murder the passengers for their money. I think he saw I was scared and, feeling secure with his revolver and which I was forced to admire, even though it left me bruised and sore for a long while after. The door being open, he had but to raise me by the arms until I could get a foot on the top. Then I did a little climbing for myself and jumped to the road, cold and frightened but happier than before.

There the case was clear. A peasant with a low sled loaded with hay had refused to turn out and the

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less time than it takes to tell, we rolled over into a shallow ditch, in which the water was not yet frozen and the window on Pirani's side rested on the muddy bottom, while the only thing that prevented a foot of water in the coach was my sitting position in the window opening. The other window showed us the snowy sky, and Pirani was hanging in this opening to ease his weight upon my best.

All the tales of wolves and brigands rushed quickly through my mind. Within the overturned coach, all was darkness. "Keep calm," said Pirani, and then by the ray of assurance, "two horses are down."

"Oh, let me up—only let me up," I yelled; "the horses—the horses—they get scared—we're lost I can't move! Get us out! Oh! oh!" Pirani clambered out of the top window and talked fluent Italian to the uneducated Russian peasant, but left no room for doubt of his intention with his firmly grasped revolver and his muscular left fist. I was within, seated ignominiously in saw-edged, frightened out of my wits; listening to the raised voices and thanking God that the snow was too deep for the horses to run with the overturned coach.

coach was forced to turn a little to the right, but that little tilted the coach and the two heavy trunks on top also inclined so that the weight carried us over. An hour later we were again inside the coach all in order and in motion. The straw was wet and we were cold. Suddenly Pirani looked out of the right window and then withdrew his head and said: "Two men are hanging on to the back of the coach." That was enough to deprive me of the last remnant of control. The windows of that old coach had surely never been raised in years, so the space was there, filling me with terror. Pirani again leaned out of the window while I regretted the loss of my dear little six-shooter and subsided into the corner. "Why do you come with?" I heard him shout. No reply. "Say me!" Why do you come with?" he repeated. Then he pointed his revolver at the one nearest, who, seeing Pirani, meant business, let go his hold and fell off. The other slid around to my window and I saw a horrible face in the darkness, chiefly whiskers and eyes, and I thought my time had come. But Pirani was right about in an instant and the revolver was a glittering menace which the man evidently thought better to avoid, for he let go his hold and fell back in the road.

It was now nearly 9 p. m., and I believed our troubles at an end. Several peasant sleds passed us and each time our coach tipped a trifle, with what shock to our nerves you may imagine, yet I really expected no more mishaps. Nevertheless at about 11 p. m. we actually tumbled over a second time. This was, too much for me and I refused to go on in that coach, which we could now see was set upon runners much too close together to furnish a good base for the weight and breadth of the coach with the trunks on top. So we made a bargain with the man whose sled caused our second overthrow for the cartage of us and our baggage to the next house, where we were allowed to sit in a dirty room until dawn, when we rode into Mogileff on a low sled, not in safety, but in safety at least.

At Mogileff we sought the post lodge a complaint. There we discovered that neither the sled nor its driver belonged to the post. We had been lured into that baggy round trip—noting worse, I believe.

The return trip was delightful, it rode in a very wide, low sled, a sika, it is called, with three horses and a capable driver.

Laurie's Speech The London Commercial Intelligence, commenting on Sir Walter Laurie's recent speech at Paris, says:—"Sir Walter Laurie speaks in terms of affection and veneration of the land of his forefathers, but it is rarely that a public man clothes his sentiments in such felicitous language as that used by Sir Walter Laurie. Our veneration for France, he said, 'honors France, which has inspired it, Canada, which has preserved it, and England, which has resented it.' The most glowing eulogy of the British constitution could not convey a better tribute to its greatness and magnanimity, its freedom and the self-respecting nobility which it inspires, than the bare fact that a British statesman, premier could speak so frankly of his natural affection for the land of his ancestors. It is the broad and tolerant spirit of the British nation towards the peoples that have come under our flag that bids them to be with sentiments of devoted loyalty."

Memorial to Gladstone Earl Spencer has opened the library which has been built at a cost of \$10,000 as a national memorial to Gladstone in the heart of the village of Hawarden, which everywhere bears associations with the name of the great Liberal statesman. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was among those present, said that Gladstone had done more than any other man to unite the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"Niobe" at Auditorium

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