Stroller's Column.

When the Stroller heard yesterday that an election had been held in Fairbanks and that his former fellow-Dawsonman and friend, John P. O'Connor, had essayed to run as a candidate until he learned that being a subject of the king debarred him, it was not hard to imagine a speech which John probably delivered in the Arctic No. 9 during his short-lived candidacy. The speech was as follows:

"Oi say, bys, Oi take th' flure to tell ye's thot Oi'm a candidate f'r th' office ov alderman ov th' growin' town ov Fairbanks an' if ye's don't like me Oi want to say thot ye's are a pack of chumps, ivry divil ov ye's. An' roight here Oi'll say thot if a mon in th' camp is willin' t'rill th' voiger Oi won't be elected, Oi'll bet me dun-colored harse ferninst $50 thot Oi'll go in hands doon. What'll ye's all hov till drink?"

Great applause followed the address and everybody took red liquor with the candidate. After several rounds had been quaffed and John had begun to feel sorry that he had not come out as a candidate for mayor, some fellow said to him:

"I thought you were a British subject."

"Sure, an' Oi am," said John, "thot warn't Oi a pleeceman in Tacoma, an' warn't Oi a Yankee thin, an' ain't it an ould sayin' 'onct a Yankee, allus a Yankee?' Answer me thot, th' bloody, disturbin' illusion thot ye's is, bad cest till ye's are meddlin' wid somethin' ye's aint seen enoof till understhan'. Spit out th' lasht dhrink ye's tuk on me bogory Oi'll shake it out ov ye's roight on th' flure an' divil th' bit'll Oi ever buy ye's anither dhrink 'slong as me name is John P. O'Connor."

* * *

There is war between the Sun push and fire hall No. 2 over a measly cat owned by the former which was rescued from its sphere of uselessness by a mangy dog, the property of the latter. The Sun push insists that the cat-stained deceased was a jewel of sweetness and affection that to know was to love, cherish and protect. The push further insists that the dog owned at the fire hall is of low lineage and badly degenerated blood; that no trace of respectability can be found in it, that it is a thief and should be killed by every man who meets it.

On the other hand, the firemen insist that their dog sprung from illustrious ancestry and that none but the purest canine blood courses through its veins; that its habits are beyond reproach and that the dog, in reality, is the embodiment of integrity, honor and virtue. The firemen further assert that the deceased tabby was of no family standing; that none of its ancestors had ever been the spoiled pet of any of the 400; that its name was unknown in the American Herd Book; that the Sun push gave it nothing to eat and that it was forced to subsist on ink, drink from the lye pot and occasionally snatch a mouthful of paste; that their dog, possessed of almost human intelligence and having been reared on the milk of human kindness, took pity on the dejected, moth-eaten feline and tore it asunder out of pure kindness of heart.

Owing to the strong feeling which has been engendered over this cat and dog affair the Stroller does not care to take sides. He is on good terms with the Sun push and desires to keep on good terms with the firemen for no man knoweth when he will, in a moment of absent-mindedness, put a lighted pipe in his pocket and require the services of the fire department. However, the Stroller will drop a few suggestions that he hopes will be accepted in the spirit in which they are given. If the Sun push will import the only kind of pet that a respectable newspaper ever keeps he will wire Yukon's representative in parliament requesting that on his next junketing trip through the South he ship them an alligator. They have a good slough for it to range in and all the dogs in the Yukon could not rend a six foot saurian in twain. Besides, an alligator would lend an air of respectability to the Sun office.

The firemen should be ashamed to go to a private house where there are innocent children to even put out a fire so long as they persist in keeping a dog that has no more sense than to go snooping around a printing office in quest of anything to eat; in fact, if the firemen would not lick their platters so clean and would give the poor dog a chance, the mangy brute would not be compelled to snoop around other people's doors in quest of crumbs that fall from the rich man's table a la Lazarus.

Collectively the Stroller advises the Sun push and the firemen to shake off their cats and dogs, hold up their heads, quit drinking and be somebody.

Anyway, it is better to have a cat spontaneously distributed by a dog than to have it crawl under the house where you can't reach it and die nine lingering, moaning, spasmodic deaths and at length force you to take up a section of floor in order that the remains may be removed.

Dogs and cats are to a great extent fads and there are few people who are not fadists in one direction or another. Some people like from 8 to 12 cats around them. Many men have a whole pack of dogs while others, especially in Turkey, have a whole pack of wives. Some men run to kennels and others to harems. It depends on the whims of the fadist.

At last reports the Sun's cat was still dead and the wolfish, snooping, feline devastator owned by the firemen still lived, breathed, moved and had its being.

* * *

The professional violinists of Dawson have cause to tremble lest they be consigned to the sleepy hollow of obscurity by one whose every stroke of the bow is a musical poem, a symphony in A minor.

It was in a First avenue jag store where they keep a piano and a player instead of one of those tuba horns that plays "Bill Bailey, won't you, ah Please Come ah Home." On top of the piano lay a violin and bow. Captain J. P. Hubrick of the Yukon ferry sauntered into the joint. He was mad because his peculiar surroundings will not permit of his running Sunday excursions to a wood pile. He saw the violin and reached for it. He fitted it under his chin and bystanders all knew by the graceful curve he got in his neck and the majestic way he drew the bow that a local Olaff Bull had been discovered. His first stroke of the bow proclaimed him a virtuoso. Bystanders stood aghast, the man behind the bar forgot to knock down a two-bit piece and in a moment of absent-mindedness put it in the cash register. The bourbon and rye ceased wondering why they should be called by different names when they both came from the same barrel. Sweet strains continued to drip from the bow. Classic selections alternated with the time-honored tunes of our fathers such as "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Hell on the Wabash" and other choice selections of a century ago. In short, the recitation was the most select and varied ever delivered in such close proximity to the north pole. Seeing the big hit he had made an idea struck the accomplished worry skipper and thereafter he gave music on his Sunday excursions. He fiddled himself into a good job on the Dawson and later was seen to indulge in hyacinth smile.

McRae is house's 92 years. The investigation into the accession of the steamer Ibernia's final restaurant few days ago, while en route to the Daily Long Stretch, Montreal, was continued here this morning. The court of inquiry, Port Townsend, Wash., into the casualty was due to Captain Stedman's attempting to pick up the buoy which marked the south side of the channel, starboarding his helm to avoid a bateau which he supposed was on the north side of the channel, whereas it was on the south side, and obscured from view the buoy he was looking for. Owing to this error of judgment the ship ran out of the channel and grounded before it was possible for the pilot to see his mistake.

The court drew attention to the fact that Pilot Naud has had thirty-five years experience as a pilot, with a clean record, having taken over eleven hundred ships up and down the river, and he is the senior pilot on the route.

THEATRE MELANGE

"Turned Up" Being Presented This Week

Moran and Montgomery in Parts Excruciatingly Funny—Preparations for "Camille"

The second week of the Lillian Hall Company opened last night the company presenting a comedy made famous by Nat Goodwin entitled "Turned Up." While very laughable and extremely funny yet it must be remarked the company does not appear to as great advantage in comedy as it does in drama. Moran and Montgomery made the play go and had it not been for them it would have fallen flat. There is no star part for either Mr. Fanning or Miss Gale, though the characters they essay are made the most possible of. Moran is funny, so excruciatingly funny that he has the people of the company laughing so hard half the time that they can not read their lines. From his first entrance to the final curtain there is not a dull moment when he is on the stage. His comedy is natural, spontaneous and his antics as Caraway Bones would make an anchorite pause in his meditations and enjoy a hearty laugh.

It is an extreme rarity to find a performer who is so versatile that he or she can appear as well in comedy as tragedy or vice versa. Though his part last week was scarcely in the line of tragedy it was certainly not in the nature of a comedy role and Montgomery could almost have divided the nonors with the star, and again this week he is one of the principal characters in the play. His impersonation of the old sailor is delicious, his makup so near that of "Uncle Heine" that one is tempted to believe one the counterpart of the other, and his very walk at his first entrance and also throughout the entire play shows him to still be in possession of his sea legs, his lumbering gait reminding one of a craft plowing through a jolly good sea. In all the time that he has been in Dawson Montgomery has never appeared to a better advantage than he did last week and is this week, the two roles being as different as day is from night.

The first act until toward the end is rather prosy, things not warming up until after the sousing of Bones in the river. Captain Medway of the good ship "Petrel" appears in the second act after an absence of ten months on a voyage in which his ship is lost and all hands reported to have gone to Davy Jones' locker. Believing her husband dead his widow has married again, her second offense being Jones (Moran) an undertaker. The captain while in foreign seas has also committed an indiscretion, his gratitude toward a nurse who nursed him through the fever being so great that he married her, at least that is what he is told he did after his recovery. It so happens the nurse is black as coal and when the captain returns to his old home in London wife No. 2 persistently follows him. He learns also that his real wife presuming upon his death has married again and that is the plot of the play. The two husbands meet in the second act, though unknown to each other, and with Moran and Montgomery occupying the center of the stage the audience laughs until their sides ache. All ends well at the finish as the second marriage of the captain proves to have been merely a mock marriage. Mutual forgiveness between the captain and his wife is exchanged and Bones consoles himself with the dusky No. 2.

Mr. Fanning has a very simple, straight part and while he extracts out of it all there is in it there is really nothing to it. It is almost subsidiary, as compared with the characters of Bones and the captain. The same is true of Mary Medway, the character taken by Miss Gale. There is little to be said and that calls for but little effort. The other female characters are of not much consequence. Miss Jocelyn plays the dusky wife in black. Miss Chandon enacts the housekeeper who wants her time and does it far better than any character she has yet attempted. Miss Condon plays the captain's daughter and Miss Newman the daughter of the general. Mr. McDonald would be much more acceptable as the general if he would not rant so much. It seems incongruous. Mr. Wilson's variety stunt might also be eliminated without the play suffering very materially.

In the announcement made by Mr. Fanning previous to the last act it was stated that next week a special production of "Camille" would be given with Mrs. Hall in the title role. It is a character that Mrs. Hall has given a great deal of study to and those who have seen her do not hesitate to praise her work very warmly. Mr. Bittner will make his reappearance as the father and Mr. Fanning as the impetuous lover. The week following, Gillette's great military drama "Secret Service" will be given and next will be presented "Faust," in which Mr. Fanning will be seen as Mephisto, the character made famous by Louis Morrison, with whose company and whose understudy Mr. Fanning was for several years.

The following is the cast of "Turned Up," which will run during the entire week:

General Baltic, on foreign service.... J. F. McDonald
Captain Medway of the "Petrel,"... Frank Montgomery
George Medway, his son ... Frank B. Fanning
Noo Steddam, barrister ... W. H. Morgan
Carraway Bones, undertaker and general dealer ... Chris Moran
Police Constable Nibble ... Richard Clarke
Mary Medway, Medway's widow ... Franklyn Gale
Sabina Medway, her daughter ... Alice Condon
Ada Baltic, the general's only daughter ... Marjorie L. Newman
Mrs. Pannall, George's housekeeper ... Bessie Chandon
Tom Lobb, a wherryman, Kit Wilson
Cleopatra, Capt. Medway's second wife ... Harriet Jocelyn
Ephraim, Cleopatra's nephew ... By himself

Many Refuges

Sofia, June 13.—Fully 1,500 Bulgarian refugees arrived in the Burgas district yesterday from Pirogu, Kuli, Kavatchaz and neighboring villages. They report that a reign of terror exists in the vilayet of Adrianople. Turkish regulars and Bashi-Bazouks are said to be pillaging the whole region, under the pretext of searching for arms, and are arresting and maltreating the dwellers in the countryside. The panic-stricken people are fleeing in a body, men, women and children taking with them their carts, cattle and all their movable possessions. The refugees say the population of whole villages farther from the frontier are following in their wake.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

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REPORTS OF THE CREEKS

Interesting Doings Beyond the Dome

Sulphur, Gold Run and Lower Dominion Are All Very Busy.

2 Below Sulphur, June 29.

Last week Joe Mace of 23 below on Sulphur creek was made happy by the arrival of his wife and children from their former home, Humbolt county, California.

Also a broad and homelike smile illuminated the ever pleasant countenance of James Sipprell, the energetic and efficient manager of the Sulphur branch of the N. A. T. & T. Co., for a few days ago Mrs. Sipprell and children arrived from Snohomish county, Washington.

Mrs. La Tour of No. 4 above accompanied by her son Robbie left on Wednesday last for their Seattle home. While a resident of Sulphur Mrs. La Tour made many friends who will miss her pleasant and charming personality.

Mrs. Rutherford, the talented philosophical lecturer, spoke to appreciative audiences last week on Gold Run and Lower Dominion. She returned to Sulphur on Wednesday and will take a much needed rest before pursuing her lecture tour on other creeks. Mrs. Rutherford speaks in glowing terms of the kind and hospitable treatment accorded her by she good people of Gold Run and Granville. She will find that these praiseworthy domestic qualities are pre-eminently characteristic of a mining camp and are practised even with greater heartiness than elsewhere in the frozen solitudes of this subarctic zone. We predict for Mrs. Rutherford large and intelligent audiences wherever she may deliver her splendid lectures.

Mrs. Collinet of the Brimstone roadhouse, No. 32 below, has sold out to Mr. Bradmeir of No. 5 below. This house has long been famous as one of the leading hostelries of the district. Mrs. Collinet is largely interested in mining. Being in poor health she will go immediately to the outside for a short time for rest and recuperation.

On No. 39 below Mrs. Artaud has a force of fourteen men at work who are taking out from 350 to 400 buckets a day which average 50 cents each. This enterprising lady possesses a splendid mining plant and outfit and she tanks as one of the most prominent operators on the creek.

Mrs. Tate, who was housekeeper for Gus Chisholm and his workmen on discovery, has left with her little daughter Dorothy. They are visiting in Dawson.

C. Williams has opened up his large two-story roadhouse and store on No. 1 below, and is meeting with success. A few days ago he was joined by his wife and family.

Mrs. Freeman of No. 10 above, Gold Bottom creek, is visiting her old friend Mrs. Roberts of 17 above, Sulphur.

Mrs. Wright of Dawson is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Rios of No. 8 above.

Last week Deputy License Inspector Falconer paid a visit of inspection to the hotels of the creeks of this district.

Erwin & Shropshire of No. 56 below have purchased the splendid mining plant lately the property of Crawley & McBride of No. 2 below.

Under the direction and management of Miss E. Clark a very select and highly respectable element of Sulphur's cultured residents assembled on Wednesday evening last at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of No. 11 above for the purpose of showing in a social manner their appreciation of this popular couple. This was a farewell party and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have by this time embarked for the outside to spend the summer months. The distinguished directress of ceremonies gave a splendid demonstration of social etiquette after which dancing was indulged in by the happy guests until the midnight sun ushered in a glorious morrow.

On Friday night the entertainment and dance given by the social club at the pavilion, No. 1 below, was a brilliant affair which would have done credit to a metropolitan community in the heart of strenuous civilization. Mrs. Rutherford's talks were humorous and well received. Frank Griffin sang a song that completely electrified the vast audience and he was vociferously encored. In response he sang "Wait till the clouds roll by" with such enamoring effect that he was subsequently treated "Hobson-like" to his heart's content. Recitations and songs were excellently rendered by well known local artists. On July 10th a similar function will be held. After the entertainment the usual dance was participated in to the delight of all present. The guests were again treated to a free lunch by Miss Hall, proprietress of the Dale roadhouse, who is deservingly the most popular hostess to be found in the territory.

On July 4th a picnic and dance will be given at Granville. Excellent music will be furnished by the Granville band and lunch will be served to all guests. Everybody is invited.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 29 AUDITORIUM

The LILLIAN M. HALL STOCK COMPANY will present NAT GOODWIN'S Comedy Success,

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