

IMMENSE SUCCESS

"Way Down East" at the Auditorium

A Play Which Appeals to the Sympathies and Presents a Strong Moral Lesson.

The most fastidious and critical taste of the drama cannot fail to be thoroughly pleased with the play "Way Down East," which the Bitter company is producing at the Auditorium theatre this week.

"Way Down East" is a beautiful picture of home country life in all its interesting details, which appeals at once to the sympathies of the operators, commanding and holding the closest attention from the beginning to the end.

The characters introduced in the play are people who are met with every day in the rural district where the scenes of the play is laid and the members of the cast have taken particular pains to make their characterization of the parts as true to life as possible and it is needless to say that the result is most satisfactory.

Not only is this play a beautiful picture of real life, interesting and entertaining, but it presents a strong moral lesson which cannot fail to impress itself upon the minds of those who play as well as those who witness it. Such good, wholesome plays as "Way Down East" elevate the moral atmosphere and dignity of the stage while in no manner detracting from the entertainment.

Anna Moore, a young girl who has been deceived and afterwards abandoned by a gentlemanly appearing scoundrel, seeks a position in the

home of Squire Bartlett. The stern, puritanical old farmer refuses her the position because her history is unknown, but the weak condition of the girl appeals to the squire's wife and his son, both of whom plead for her, and the squire relents and takes her in as a servant. Her second, Lenox Sanderson, appears upon the scene and endeavors to persuade her to leave in order that he may press his suit for the hand of Kate Brewster, the niece of the Bartletts. In order to preserve her position in the home where she has found a shelter Anna does not betray his villainy but refuses all his bribes to leave.

Eight months pass quietly and pleasantly for Anna, during which time she wins the regard of the entire household, but her past history finally becomes known through the village gossip, Martha Perkins. When the squire verifies the report to his own satisfaction he becomes furious at what he considers to be the defilement of his home by such a character being sheltered therein and orders her to leave at once. The denouement occurs while the family are at dinner and seated at the table is Lenox Sanderson, and before leaving the house she declares her innocence of intentional wrongdoing and also denounces her betrayer, who is seated at the table an honored guest of the family. With this burning accusation of the man who wronged her she leaves the house, going out into a heavy snow storm.

During her stay in the Bartlett home David Bartlett, the only son of the squire, has fallen in love with her, but although his love is returned she reproves all his advances. When she leaves the house that night although the story he has heard, has given David a great shock, his love conquers and all night he searches the surrounding country for the girl who was lost to sight immediately after leaving the house. The whole family then goes in search of David and towards morning their efforts are rewarded by finding David in a maple sugar shed in the heart of the forest, where he has brought the ob-

ject of his search whom he has found in a fainting and nearly frozen condition. An acknowledgment is secured from Sanderson of the fact that the girl's motives were perfectly sincere and that he had deceived her and upon this the squire's full consent is obtained to the marriage of David and Anna and peace once more reigns in the squire's household.

Miss Kelton has a strong part in Anna Moore and adds another triumph to her already long list.

Mr. Bittner as Squire Bartlett needs no comment as his ability in like characters has been so favorably commented upon in previous plays.

Miss Farrell takes the part of Louise Bartlett, the wife of the squire, in an able and clever manner.

Mr. Readick as David Bartlett takes his part in his usual strong manner, giving to the character a strong likeness of reality.

Mr. Morris has one of the best parts he has yet taken and as Prof. Sterling, an entomologist, is the most awkward man imaginable, his appearance is the occasion of an outburst of laughter and applause.

Mr. Moran as Hi Holler, the chore boy, takes his part in his own peculiarly clever manner, which makes the character one of the best in the play.

Mr. Montgomery as Lenox Sanderson was all that a gentlemanly villain should be.

Mr. Hooley as Rube Whipple, the town constable, with his inimitable walk was as always a general favorite and received his full share of commendation. His song "All Round With a Woolen String," is one of the most comical things heard for some time and was fully appreciated.

Miss Freeman as Martha Perkins took her part in an exceptionally strong manner.

Seth Holcom—Mr. Lewis, Dr. Wiggin—Mr. Thorne, Hank—Mr. Dunford, Eben—Mr. Trueths, Cynthia—Miss Walton, and Amelia—Miss Chandon, complete the cast.

The play this week should and undoubtedly will have the most successful run of the season.

Business was very dull with Schwartzberger, the bird fancier. He walked up and down the dirty floor of his store and paused at the door, which looked out on the little sunlit back yard, where some disreputable sparrows clattered in the soot-laden branches of a burgeoning tree. It was April, and the wine of spring was in the tingling breeze. He walked between tiers of little cells, in which yelping poodles and snarling terriers clawed and cursed at their prison bars. The sturdy air of the bird store was vocal with the matins of a thousand tiny feathered prisoners, who knew that winter was gone, and with swelling throats piped the shrill music of their hopes.

Schwartzberger stood behind his window, and through the dirty glass watched the faces of the people who stopped to view his living wares. Men, women and children paused to watch the grave antics of a monkey jording it over a litter of bull pup in the big cage. Boys pressed their noses against the pane, laughed and went away. Girls with kind eyes pointed at canaries, finches and bluebirds swinging in small prison cells, but one by one the gazers went away. A hungry looking man, smooth of face and pinched, lingered longest. His clothes were new and cheap and fitted badly, so that Schwartzberger saw little chance of a sale. He doled water and food to all his prisoners, grumbled as he shortened their allowance and went back to the window.

"The blue-eyed, hungry-looking man was still there. The dealer stepped out and said:

"It is something you wish? Yes?"

"How much for that canary there?" asked the stranger. "That one with the voice? Hear him?" and the fellow listened with a vague smile as the bird's brave song pleased him.

"Oh, that yellow! Yust came in ant see him."

"They went inside, and the eager Schwartzberger lifted down the little wooden cage in which the songster sat.

"Scared, isn't he," murmured the stranger wistfully. "Guess he thinks you're the jailer and I'm the sheriff."

The dealer explained that the bird was a Hartz Mountain songster of rare voice and noble lineage. "How much?"

"Poor tollars," grimaced the merchant, holding up the cage. "Dere is a few only of him left."

"Too much, too much," sighed the customer, wandering sadly along the tier of prisoners, but fingering some coins in his pocket, so that Schwartzberger's cupidry kept alert.

"Vell, how much you would spend?"

"Two dollars is my limit," explained the customer, pausing before a finch which seemed determined to burst his small neck with a furious roundelay.

"Now, dot iss a fine singster, vich I vill let you haf for two tollar. His tail iss come out ant he iss yett moulting, aber—"

"All right, I'll take him. I guess he can fly all right?"

The stranger pulled out his money and counted out \$2 in small coins. The merchant resumed his soletude.

"I haf a nice teele cage, vich you must see it," he gurgled, bustling about, "for seventy-five cents, it is all brass and dose two teele glass feeders. So!"

"Cage, b-l," scorned the purchaser. "No cage for my bird."

"But dose teele vooden tings is too small, is iss yust for carry in."

"Oh, that's all right, Heiny," laughed the stranger, growing merry as he peered lovingly at his finch. "I've got a better scheme than that."

And he walked to the back door which looked out on the dingy little yard where the chattering sparrows frolicked in the budding tree, and patches of sun-warmed grass glorified the coming spring. Schwartzberger followed him wondering, but the queer fellow did not pause till he stood beneath the tree. Then he shipped out a few of the wooden bars of the cage and holding it aloof, said:

"Now cut for the woods, Mr. Linnet! Hike for tall timber!"

The song bird hopped into the tree whence the frightened sparrows had fled, and, skipping from branch to branch till he sat in the crest of young, green-leaved, stood up, bobbed but transfixed, and spouted forth a fountain of triumphant melody. The serawney man who had released the little bird stood beneath in the cool shadows with eyes aglow, lips laughing and ears flattered with the music of the freed singer.

Schwartzberger stood in the doorway with his old brass cage dangling by his side.

"Vy did you did it?" he whined, coming out and starting at his odd patron; "now, dot baird vill vent away. He iss to fly away—"

And sure enough, the linnet rose lightly into the blue air and sailed away toward the sun.

"Vy did I did it, eh, Heiny?" sneered the fellow, tossing the empty cage into the ash heap and laughing again. "It was my baird, wasn't it?"

And he walked out through the store whistling gayly. Schwartzberger looked after him, examined each coin of the \$2, found them good and muttered in his beard: "Dot

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where already the first brown leaves of autumn were rustling. He stared absently for a moment at Rachel's fat face and then at Schwartzberger's.

"Summer is over," he began, quietly. "I shall buy no more birds this year. They would freeze or perish in the winter." He looked around at the brave, piping chorus in the cells. "Next year, if I'm here, I'll come again. Oh, yes (he smiled), vy did I did it?" Well, Heiny, and you, Rachel, I don't mind telling you that I've done time myself. When I happened along here last April I was just out of the pen-came up from Joliet, wandered along Milwaukee avenue and—saw these little convicts of yours. I had just about \$3 and I felt as big as the governor of Illinois, so I just thought I'd pardon out a few of these little devils. And I've had more fun doing it—"

The rare, wistful smile came over his face again as he buttoned up his coat and walked to the street.

"Good-by, Heiny!" he called, saluting Rachel as he left.

"Dat's buggy-house, ain't it?" queried Schwartzberger, blinking at Rachel.

"Vell, it may be iss—aber it's good pinness for us, lkey," John H. Raftery in Chicago Record-Herald.

**The World's Biggest Enterprise.**

The government of the Punjab province of India, under Sir Charles Rivaz, K.C.S.I., has just undertaken what may be described as the biggest bacteriological enterprise the world has yet seen. Convinced that

The profession of bridemaid seems to be growing in New York. For some time it has been a habit at weddings in that city to pay bridesmaids. A recent wedding there were no fewer than fifteen bridesmaids, who were all punctually paid. Besides the beautiful toilettes given by the bride's father, they each received \$5 for appearing in the wedding train. There are young ladies who accept as much as \$20 for their office of honor. One woman, who is much sought after for her beauty, has appeared as bridesmaid at more than 200 weddings, and has in a short time amassed quite a goodly sum besides receiving many costly presents.

**Information Wanted**

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—Miss Florence E. McCormick of Brooklyn, N.Y., asks for information concerning her father, Samuel B. McCormick, who came to the Klondike four years ago and is reported to have died here. He kind enough to insert an article of inquiry and oblige.

H. TEROLLER,  
Vice-Consul

Were Matter of Discipline

The place was the fair ground of a certain town in a certain state of the middle west. The time is immemorial. The occasion was the regular annual encampment of the 23rd regiment of the certain state's national guard.

Encampments of citizen soldiery are odd things conceived by a wise government on the general theory that men who sleep in tents one week during each year will be better prepared, in case they are called upon for actual service in the field, to endure the exposure and other incidents thereto; also that the officers—more particularly the regimental officers—will learn the requirements of successful discipline, which is an important matter among other important matters.

I deny nothing, nor do I affirm. But I am free to state that a regimental encampment is one of the most entertaining of functions. Citizen soldiery, being nothing more than an organized purpose to protect the commonwealth from its foes, naturally lacks its most salient feature when there are no foes in a condition of warfare. It is quite unable to shake off in one week the civil atmosphere by which it is surrounded during fifty-one weeks. Consequently it is amusing, as everything is when it is out of its element.

Private O'Malley, who, it must be confessed, looked well in uniform, addressed the colonel as Bill at those times when they chanced to meet, and the colonel, who was a good-natured chap from whom O'Malley rented his blacksmith shop at home, was utterly unable to restrain a smile, which, of course, precluded all possibility of reprimand.

"What's a man to do?" The colonel, appealed to the major. They were in the colonel's quarters with a bottle between them, and they had remembered O'Malley in coming down the company street. "Here's O'Malley, a good soldier as ever drew breath—"

"O' double rattions," growled the major.

"Meet me in the company street and call me Bill. It's contrary to regulations. I'm the colonel of this regiment, and he is under oath to address his superior officers as befits their rank, but, by thunder, sir, I don't say how I'm to punish him. Suppose I go to him and tell him kindly that he's making a mistake. What will happen? I know well enough he'll flash up like a can of powder, and I'll be forced to the necessity of finding another tetter for that bidding of mine, which isn't an easy thing to do. Whereas, if I say nothing, the chances are that he'll buy the property within a year at my own figure."

"What does your oath require of you?" asked the major, softly.

The colonel frowned. "I'm perfectly well aware what I should do," he said, with sudden stiffness, "but my temper was easy on the trigger, but what I must do is a horse of another color."

"Yes, yes." The major drained his glass and arose to depart. "If I were you, Sissy," he said, turning at the door, "I'd enforce my authority at whatever cost, or"—his lip curled unpleasantly—"I'd resign."

"Whereupon he was gone, and the

tion for ye. 'Tis a dirty trick—"

The colonel's nerves being on edge, he was exasperated. He motioned the others away.

"Don't call me Bill," he thundered, "call me sir. I'm the colonel of the regiment, my man."

"Oh," said O'Malley, softly, after a staring interval, "is that it? Well, information O've brought is not for ye, then. 'Tis sorry I am, too, for in a little while yer enemy, the major, 'll be gettin' the upper hand over ye, and the fame av him as a strategist and a tactician 'll be trickling through the regiment as beer trickles down a throat, and that's irresistible. The men'll never forget how he outwitted ye. 'Twill be talked about at home, and a certain young lady O'm thinkin' av'll hear av it, and 'tis much affected she'll be, for the ladixis, moind ye, loike men that win the battles they fight. Ah, yis, 'tis sorry O'm am, upon me loife."

The colonel glanced hurriedly down the hill and to the right and to the left, but not once to the rear. He leaned forward, and something, perhaps the action, caused the blood to surge into his face.

"O'Malley," he whispered, "I don't care a cuss what you call me, only tell me what you know."

And O'Malley told him.

It was said afterward that the man had been slightly touched by the sun, which accounted for his peculiar conduct that day, and the statement so far as I know, was never disputed. When the major, already flushed with triumph, was not a quarter of a mile from the colonel's position, he was met by volley after volley of blank cartridge shots and whole skyfuls of jeering yells. He was crushingly defeated.

"The odds," snorted Private O'Malley, "av' thot pompous little duck thinkin' he could outwit Bill!"

All of which goes to prove in a measure what queer things encampments of citizen soldiery are, and how perfectly they accomplish the ends for which they are intended.

**Show Place Revenues.**

Under the new regulations for admission, Windsor Castle will take the premier position among the remunerative show places of England. Its visitors number annually about 100,000, so that the fees will swell the charitable revenues of Windsor by \$3,000 to \$4,000 a year. The toll to the subterranean wonders of Wobbeck Abbey yields a steady income of \$41,300, which the Duke of Portland distributes among the Nottingham hospitals. The Duke of Devonshire foregoes \$3,500 a year by admitting the 70,000 visitors to Chatsworth gratis. Tintern Abbey returns about \$800 and Raglan Castle \$500 a year in visitors' fees. As an investment, Shakespeare's Cottage is to be preferred to \$3,000 (its purchase money) in Consols, for the visitors number 30,000 and the charge is 1s. Half these pilgrims go to Anne Hathaway's house at Shottery, where the fee is also 1s. Twopence admits to Burns' cottage at Ayr, and the visitors total \$5,000 a year.

**Mild We Ther.**

The temperature for the twenty-four hours ending nine o'clock this morning showed a maximum of 32 and a minimum of 19. Since then the thermometer has risen, and this afternoon the first light snow of the season, which fell last night, was thawing.

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