

ANOTHER GAME LOST

Police Can't Throw Off the Hoodoo

Eddie Senkler Makes His Bow at Hockey, Playing Goal With Civil Service.

The Civil Service hockey team added another scalp to their belt Saturday night by again defeating the Police. The latter put up a good stiff game but the odds were too great against them and they went down in defeat before the topnotchers.

The Police, Timmins played his old position at goal, distinguishing himself by some clever work as he always does. Hope was missed at point and it was unfortunate he was not there.

The Civil Service chaps were still a little stiff from the Christmas game and did not play with the snap and ginger that is characteristic of them. The score at the end of the first half was 4 to 1 which was duplicated in the second half, making the total score 8 to 2.

Table with 4 columns: Won, Lost, P.C., Civil Service, City Eagles, D.A.A.A., Mounted Police.

Frowns on Gambling London, Dec. 13.—The Queen Regent of Spain long ago forbade all forms of card-playing at the Spanish court. She does not believe in gambling and her action was taken with the object of keeping the young King Alfonso ignorant of this vice which is so prevalent among the royalty of Europe.

Most European sovereigns are card-players. King Edward of England is devoted to bridge, whist and now and then plays poker.

The king of Italy, however, like his father, has a horror of cards and doesn't permit his courtiers to play. The venerable Emperor of Austria, who has been sitting for a month past, is now much better. He is an assiduous reader, but rarely plays cards.

The king of Portugal frowns on card-gambling and only last week the police of Lisbon raided half a dozen of the aristocratic clubs and arrested everybody found playing cards for money.

The German Emperor plays cards only when on his yacht. There, it is said, he plays bridge and poker for heavy stakes. He doesn't, however, countenance card-playing in Berlin, and is said to maintain a lot of spies to watch in the clubs and report any of his high officers who gamble.

The czar of Russia plays cards occasionally, but finds it difficult to concentrate his mind on any game. King Leopold of Belgium is one of the best poker players in Europe.

THE GLAD-HANDER AND THE SUDDEN CURE

By Geo Ade

Once there was a moving Target who was strong on the Brotherhood of Man.

He ran a little Sunshine Factory all of his own. When it came to scattering Seeds of Kindness, the Farm Drill was a Poor Second.

Every time he started down Town he would have to zig-zag so as to cover both sides of the Street and glad-hand all of his Acquaintances.

From time to time he joined Fraternal Organizations and took blistering Oaths that he would always love his Fellow-Man and stand for any Touch within Reason.

One of his regular Assignments was to arbitrate a Domestic Scrap, merely out of the Goodness of his Heart.

In this way he managed to reunite quite a number of Couples who were afterward sorry that they had been reunited and what they said about him would get the Blue Pencil if inserted at this Point.

When a kind-hearted Herring starts out to be a Relief Bureau and First Aid to the Injured and a portable Home for the Friendless, nobody tries to take the Job away from him.

Therefore when any one in that Community sought out a Busy Man of Affairs and began to unwrap his Tale of Woe and offer to exhibit his Wounds, the B. M. of A. would say, "Here, I'll give you a Letter of Introduction to my old friend Jasper."

It is a Samaritan from away back. He came about that Jasper's Outer Office was frequently congested with a Choice Assortment of Pan-Handlers and all the short-winded Brothers who want to hitch on to somebody's else Pull, as they say in Boston.

At times Jasper would become weary of having Folks come along and turn their Private Grievs over to him, but he did not want to become a Cynic and lose his Faith in Human Nature. He was frequently stung, but still he could not resist any appeal that was backed up by a few Weeps.

In the Course of Time he came into quite a Bundle of Money, and then all the Bread that he had cast on the Waters came back to him in a Bakery at a time. Those whom he had succored came around to Sucker him.

A Promoter whose Schemes he had guaranteed, because the Man's Children needed Shoes, now had a Chance to show his Gratitude. He let Jasper in on the Ground Floor of a company organized to manufacture an Automobile that could be turned out of the Shop for \$35 and would run ninety Miles on a pint of Gasoline.

When the car was ready to be signed made out and ready to be signed usually has a Talk calculated to make a Heart of Stone mellow to the Consistency of a Baked Apple.

What really did more than any other, one Thing to cure him of his Innate Goodness was an Experience with a Sweet Girl who was being courted by a Wretch quite unworthy of her.

to the Daughter of his Old Friend, giving her a Straight Line on the Conduct of the High Roller who was trying to warm up to her.

She thanked him right from the Bottom of her Heart. Then she sent a Messenger Boy to hunt up the High Roller, because she wanted to know if it was all True or merely a Cruel Slander.

When she Sprung his Retard on him, he leaned right over against her and cried and said that no matter what he had been, she was the one to make him a Good Man. Then she stroked his Hair and begged Forgiveness, and he asked her who had been Knocking and begged him not to do anything desperate. He said that whatever he did, he would do out of Love for her.

After which he went home to oil up his Pocket Hardware. Next Morning the Man who wanted to help Everybody did a Flying Leap down the Back Stairway of his Office. Just as he ducked a Bullet and cut into the Alley back of the Post-office, it occurred to him that that True Friend Gag had its Drawbacks. He escaped with his Life, but there was always more or less Dark Talk of his being mixed up in a Woman Case.

He is now what is known in Obituary Notices as a Practical Philanthropist. That is, he refers all Hard Luck Tales to a Society which was never known to give up. The Office Boy has Instructions to admit only those who are listed in Bradstreet. And, of course, he is never called in to smooth out Family Fights because of the Blot on his Character.

Moral: To be a successful Benefactor, wait and put the whole Lump Sum into Libraries.

GIVEN UNION CARD

Roosevelt Presented With a Card of Locomotive Firemen.

Washington, Dec. 13.— President Roosevelt today was presented formally with a card of honorary membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

The card is a card in name only. It really is a handsome sealskin album, twelve by fifteen inches in dimensions. The album is lined with heavy watered silk and within is the president's certificate of membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, finely engrossed upon parchment. The certificate is beautifully illuminated and the president's name and the locomotive, which is the insignia of the order, are handsomely embossed. The album rests in a box with a padded sealskin cover.

Men of the Day. Omar Zarabuni, the pretender to the Moroccan throne, whose capture was reported the other day, is said to have once been an ordinary Moroccan soldier.

He began his mission with a few conjuring tricks, by which the simple-minded and superstitious Berbers were completely taken in. Finding that he was more successful than he had ventured to hope, Omar began to preach larger things, and eventually proclaimed himself a brother of the present Sultan.

He succeeded in collecting a considerable following. Omar is a native of Zarabuni, a mountain district near Fez. After serving as a soldier he went to Tunis and Algeria, where he is supposed to have picked up whatever little education he possesses.

The pretender preached humility of spirit. He rode only a donkey, in front of which walked a man carrying a prayer rug, while behind rode a servant on a horse. His followers consisted for the most part of mountaineers from Gilata, who accepted him as a "Mahdi." He declared that he was working in accordance with the desires of the people of Fez, who were only awaiting his arrival to proclaim him sultan.

A Miner's Diary

Sunday.—Baking bread, washing clothes, shaving whiskers, paring toes. Cabin warm—believe I'll hug it. Stay at home and read the Nugget. On All Gold up on my fraction is the center of attraction.

Monday.—Dug in shaft, made some ditches. After work I sewed my breeches. Have a partner very good. While I cook he cuts the wood. Every evening we set snares. For to catch those Arctic hares.

Tuesday.—Shoveled dirt with all my might. Made some flapjacks out of sight. Struck rich dirt—panned quite well. How much I will never tell. Rubber necks come every day. To find the richness of our pay.

Wednesday.—Thawed the gravel, cut down wood. Made some corn bread that was good. Fried some bacon, beans and spuds. Mended up my old torn duds. Then to make the day complete I sat down and washed my feet.

Thursday.—Hoisted dirt, caught a rabbit. 'Tis my regular daily habit. Sometimes I catch three or four. Often less but sometimes more. Rabbit stew and rabbit pie is my partner's daily cry.

Friday.—Worked alone, partner sick. Thawed some dirt, sharpened pick. Wish I had a woman cook. To hang my damp clothes on a hook. Barn my socks, mend my clothes. Cheer me up through all my woes.

Saturday.—Pard still sick, work is slow. Mercury forty-eight below. Week's work ended, rest is taken. Bill of fare is beans and bacon. And roast rabbit, that's what knocks Sign my name R. A. Fox.

Agnostic. The years of time are like the blossom leaves. That bud before the fruit, eternity. Only the fading petals do we see. The fruit we guess at, as we reckon sheaves.

From shooting fields—the swelling earth upheaves. And so we dream the harvest will be free. And full. Man, judging of the yet to be. Builds on the present, and in ignorance weaves.

Finite ideas of the infinite. Conceiving no conjecture knowing naught. Content to wait until time's petals fall. My soul drifts calmly onward into light.

When certain truth will stab all ide thought. And telescopic death reveals it all.

A Fortnight's Greatness

Claude Unthank leaned gracefully against a pile of dress goods in the leading dry goods store of Suggville. Though his ambitious head ran the melodies of "Trovatore," and as he gazed abstractedly into the dusty street he felt like Manrico and hummed an impassioned Italian love song.

For Claude was "reckoned" the leading amateur of the town, led the First Baptist choir and had hopes that some day in some incalculable manner fortune would so favor him that he would find a place in the front rank of operatic stars.

And the distinguished personage bowed himself out, leaving Claude in the very vestibule of Paradise. At noon he walked proudly into the stage door of the Suggville Opera House, found Holliday with his coat off playing the piano, and Signor Garlocci, the Manrico of the night before, lounging about the empty house with a bottle of beer in one hand and a cheese sandwich in the other.

Claude Unthank, a bit confused by the presence of the great tenor, cleared his throat and began to sing, the manager accompanying him and the "star" by smiles and gestures, time-beating and arm-waving, encouraging him to his work.

"Splendid!" cried Holliday when the first song was done, "by Cracky, Jimmy," he added, turning to Garlocci, "the kid is all right, isn't he?"

"Magnificent voice!" cried the generous signor. "I'd give him a trial tonight."

"Will you go on tonight?" asked Holliday, turning to Claude. "Just try a turn at chorus work?"

Claude agreed that he'd "go on," and it was arranged from the opera house back to Pratt & Prouty's he walked upon subbeams, and there, marching up to the head of the firm, he proudly tendered his resignation.

"I've signed with the opera house," he explained as the country merchant gazed at him with incredulous admiration. "If it's all the same to you, Mr. Pratt, I'd like to draw my money and get home to pack up."

Mr. Pratt agreed, sure that his young clerk had at last put his hand on the latch which opens the door to fame and fortune, and in ten minutes the lad was leaving the store with all his savings, more than \$900, in his inside-pocket. The next of Unthank's "engagement," spread like wild fire, and before dark the town was littered with doggers announcing the appearance that evening of "Mr. Claude—Unthank, the phenomenal young tenor of Suggville, who has just been engaged at a princely salary by the Anderson Opera Company."

It was a proud day for Claude. He was back upon Main Street in an hour receiving the congratulations of his friends. He was interviewed by the reporter for "The West-of-Railway," and his breast swelled with conscious pride when he passed the corner and heard the small boys say: "There he goes. That's his name. He's joined the opery troupe."

All Suggville was at the opera house that evening. Claude, dressed in barbaric splendor, was in the front rank of the chorus; he sang as he had never sung before; the girls of Suggville threw flowers across the

or learn to act a bit—why—aw—fortune made!"

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All Suggville was at the opera house that evening. Claude, dressed in barbaric splendor, was in the front rank of the chorus; he sang as he had never sung before; the girls of Suggville threw flowers across the

footlights, and when the performance was over Manager Holliday personally congratulated him on his "great hit." In order to get quickly into the atmosphere of the profession Claude "stopped" at the hotel that night and drank more beer with Garlocci than he was accustomed to.

It was nearly 1 o'clock when the famous tenor, locking the door, grew very confidential with his protegee. He told the boy that all he needed was a week's rehearsal to make a great "leading tenor." He, Garlocci, was anxious to resign and get back to New York, where great chances awaited him. "Upon my word, Unthank," he said at last, "I'd quit right now if—"

"If I had, say \$100 to get back to the east on?"

Now Claude, being very shrewd as well as ambitious, wanted to get the tenor out of his way. His first night's success lent him an overwhelming conceit, and before he parted Signor Garlocci had borrowed a hundred dollars from the Adonis of Suggville. Next day at rehearsal the tenor was missing. A search of the town revealed the fact that he had caught an early train for the east. Manager Holliday was wild. And in the midst of his desperation Claude went to him and offered to make the great tenor's place that night. Brilliant, daring offer. More doggers; rush for seats. "A new Manrico, Signor Unthank of Suggville, his first appearance as a star!" The theater was jammed again, and the audacious young singer carried off all the laurels. The prima donna, the contralto and the chorus girls kissed him in their delight. The men shook his hands and told him he was "great." Then he bought beer for everybody in the company, for Caspar Guttwill, the heavy basso, told him that they would not be paid till they reached Dallas.

Claude was again the hero of Suggville when the company took train for Washie, for almost the whole population turned out to see him off. He stood on the rear platform with a gleam of triumph in his dark eyes as the train pulled out, and the young men, envious, and the young women fearful, waved him adieu.

During the two weeks of one-night stands that followed Claude became acquainted with his confederates and loaned them money.

"Till we get to Dallas," each of them would say, and that set him to thinking, so that one evening, accosting the manager in a lonesome corner of the hotel, he asked: "What salary am I drawing, Mr. Holliday?"

The manager's small eyes grew large with astonishment, but he only murmured, "Wait till we get to Dallas."

That worried Claude a little, for he had a lingering commercial sense, so he sought out Mlle. Davenay, the soubrette, who was quite motherly

and at least 50 years old, and asked her "what he ought to do about it."

"I can tell you what to do about it," she said, taking off her yellow wig; "don't lend out people any money, don't imagine that you're at because Holliday is starting you. You see we're wild-cattin' our way back east. There won't any of us get paid for this. We're lucky if our expenses is paid to within walking distance of N'Yawk. Of course you know by this time that Holliday just picked you up to fill Garlocci's place. He ain't agoin' to pay you. He ain't agoin' to—"

But Claude was already rushing toward Manager Holliday's room. He rapped ferociously, and the great man, who was in bed, bawled, "That you, Unthank?"

"That's who it is."

"I told you once that I'd settle with you up to Dallas. We'll be there day after tomorrow. Leave me alone will you?"

And the boy slunk away to bed. When they got to Dallas he dodged the manager's footsteps for half a day, and at last overtook him in his dingy room in the Battle-Axe boarding-house.

"Now, Mr. Holliday," said he, "I'll reckon with you."

"Ain't no reckoning to be done," growled the manager, thrusting forth a bit of pasteboard.

"What's this?" faltered the boy.

"It's your to Suggville," roared Holliday, losing his temper. Claude looked at him for a moment, his dreams of future triumph fading like phantoms, and then gasped: "Then I'm—"

"You're tin-canned. Back, back, Manrico! Back to Suggville, and that etonsen, for your ticket expires tonight!"

And another rising star had been "wild-catted" from the operatic firmament.

Information Not Believed.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 23.—An anonymous letter from St. Paul has been received by Mrs. B. F. Egan, wife of the missing superintendent of the Great Northern Railway. This letter, it is understood, claims that his body will be found about a mile and a half from Belton, Mont., covered with brush.

No credence is given the report by railway officials, who believe it may be the work of some rance medium. The Great Northern search for Superintendent Egan still goes on, but it is expected to terminate Monday evening next.

The juggler may not be inclined to dally with the jug. The snail smuggler may be just the opposite of smug.

The skipper isn't always one who like the lambskin ships. And, with disgust, the waiters know the tippler seldom tips.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

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