

GOOD GAME LAST NIGHT

Gandolfos Much Better Condition

Still Unable to Win Though They Played Better Ball Than Ever Before.

There were three features in last night's baseball game, all worthy of being started. First was the coup d'état executed by the Barber on Paul Forrest's half, next was the attempt between the Forrest brothers when Albert punched Paul in the chest, one being at the bat and the other behind the plate, and the other was the home run of Duncan, the second that has been made this season. Duncan's hit was cleaner than that of Folchert, who made the first, sailing far over toward the fence in the left field. That of Folchert went over the wood pile which placed the batter at a disadvantage and had the right not been there it is doubtful if he would have scored a home run.

The game was a good one, a rattling good one and Gandolfos stock has advanced quite a few points since the last game. There are still some errors in the bunch and after a few more are weeded out they have an even break on winning from one of the topnotchers. The Idylers put up a good ball and in almost every instance outplayed their opponents. Smith struck out nine men and Stevens served, the former gave away three bases on balls and the latter hit two, while Smith gave two more on a batter being hit by a pitched ball and Stevens made no such present. The last two named instances together with two double plays by the Gans is the only case wherein they outplayed the Idylers. The Idylers have eleven stolen bases to their credit and the Gans but five, ten assists to six by the Gans; but they had ten men left on bases in the Gans eight. The playing all through was much better than usual on the part of the Gans though not up to the standard by the Idylers. It was anyone's game until the last two or three innings.

The Gans were first up and they played over like nineties, Kelton and Stevens pounding the atmosphere and Duncan going out at first on an assist by Krelling. In the latter half the Idylers scored first blood. Paul Forrest drove a single to left field, stole third and came in on a passed ball. Kennedy sent a single to Moran at short but he had kidneys in his mitts and fumbled, Coffey drove a sizzler to Chadwick which he nailed. Boyer went out on a fly to find and Henderson fanned, leaving Kennedy on the third bag.

The second was cipher all around with nothing very startling occurring. The third each took a tally, the Gans making their first. Javal took first on a dead ball. Kelton hit right to third and by a very quick play on the part of third failed to reach first in time. Stevens was retired at first on an assist by pitcher and Duncan fanned out a single which he converted into a two bagger through the errors of Krelling and Kennedy. Montgomery went out on a long fly to Kennedy. W. Smith made the score for the Idylers in their half of the third. He hit right to the pitcher and made the initial cushion on an error of first, stole second and third and came home on Kennedy's hit. Paul Forrest was next up and soon after a little act out down on the bills was enacted. His brother Albert was catching and what occurred to start the affair no one seems to know, but it is presumed the batter interfered, possibly not intentionally, so that a base was stolen on the catcher. A few words were exchanged, Albert rubbed up against his brother who pushed him away, he came on again when Paul took him by the throat and then Albert turned loose a right arm swing which caught Paul in the left optic and made him see stars. That closed the incident. Paul laid already struck at the ball twice and missed it and when he made the third try he hit it in the same place. He did the first two attempts. Kennedy made the circle of the bags but got at home on an assist of the pitcher. Coffey did the same thing, stealing two bases and coming home on Boyer's hit but failing to score as Boyer went out at first.

In the fourth the Gans took another tally and for the first and only time during the game the score was even, though the Idylers still had another inning to play. Moran sent a fly through the pitcher and second, made second on a wild pitch and stole third, reaching the bag on a slide that would have made the famous Melly green with envy. He scored on a passed ball. Chadwick managed to reach third and LeCappellain second but they could not score. Albert Forrest fanned, Javal went out on a fly to first and Kelton went out at the same spot on an assist by Krelling at short. In their half the Idylers scored three and it was an awful crimp in the rooters of the Gans. Henderson sent a peach of a fly to right field which Montgomery had a hard run to reach, his

catch receiving the glad hand. B. Smith made the round and trotted home as there was no one there to prevent him, catcher, pitcher and third all having chased after a fly that landed near the foul line. Krelling scored as did also Wilson who followed him. W. Smith cashed in at first and Coffey went out on a fly to right field, leaving P. Forrest and Kennedy on bases.

Each side again added one in the fifth. Stevens failed to find the leather and Duncan redeemed the club by making a home run immediately after. It was a peachy one of a hit. Montgomery hit to the right garden and Coffey would have nailed it had he not stumbled on one of those miserable little mangy curs with which the city is so cursed. The brute waddled out into the field just in time to get in the fielder's way. Moran retired on a fly to third and by a quick throw to first Montgomery was also put out. Henderson scored for the Idylers in their half. Boyer fanned, B. Smith reached first on light hit fumbled by Moran and Krelling dropped as pretty fly into LeCappellain's hand at center field as was ever seen only to be muffed. Wilson hit light to short and both he and Krelling went out on a double play. Chadwick felled the hit, passed the ball to Moran who covered second and the latter threw to first.

In the sixth the Gans made one and the Idylers took a cipher. Wilson fumbled Chadwick's hit and the latter scored on LeCappellain's two bagger, who made the circle only to die at home on an assist by third. Javal went out on a fly to the pitcher, Stevens retired at first on an assist by pitcher and A. Forrest and Kelton were left on the base, the former on third and the latter at second. The Idylers went out in one, two, three order, W. Smith at first on an assist by pitcher and P. Forrest on a fly to Moran. Kennedy made first on a single to right field and stole second. Coffey sent a liner to third which was stopped just in time to touch Kennedy as he was passing.

Three men went up for the Gans in the seventh. Duncan fanned, Montgomery went out at first on an assist by third and Moran sawed the wind. The Idylers added two, giving them a lead of four scores. Boyer and B. Smith fanned. Henderson hit for a single to second which would have been out had not Chadwick been in a trance. He scored on Krelling's hit, the latter coming home on W. Smith's grounder to short. Smith and Wilson were both left on bases when P. Forrest dropped a fly into Moran's hands.

A goose egg was the Gans' portion in the eighth while in their half the Idylers pulled up another trio. For the latter Kennedy was first up, reaching first on a single to the left pasture. Coffey followed, driving a grounder direct to Chadwick. He nailed it and put out Kennedy as he was passing and threw to first in time to catch Coffey, a very pretty double play. Boyer, Henderson and B. Smith scored, leaving Krelling and Wilson on bases when W. Smith pounded the atmosphere.

In the ninth only the first half was played and in it the Gans failed to make good. Kelton took his base on a dead ball and was almost immediately afterward put out on a forced run at second caused by Stevens' hit to very near that identical spot. There was a chance for another double but they fell down through an error of first. Duncan landed a single in center field and Stevens was retired at second on another forced run. Montgomery fanned and the game was ended. The following is the lineup and the score by innings: Gandolfos—Kelton, first base; Stevens, pitcher; Duncan, third base; Montgomery, right field; Moran, short; Chadwick, second base; LeCappellain, center field; Albert Forrest, catcher; Javal, left field. Idyle Hours—Paul Forrest, left field; Kennedy, center field; Coffey, right field; Boyer, catcher; Henderson, third base; B. Smith, first base; Krelling, short; Wilson, second base; W. W. Smith, pitcher.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Gandolfo 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 4
Idyle Hour 1 0 1 3 1 0 2 3 11

Struck out, by Stevens, 7; by Smith, 9. Base on balls, by Stevens, 3; by Smith, 3. Hit by pitched ball, by Stevens, 6; by Smith, 2. Stolen bases, by Gandolfos, 5; by Idyle Hours, 11. Assists, by Gandolfos, 6; by Idyle Hours, 10. Left on bases, by Gandolfos, 8; by Idyle Hours, 10. Double play, Chadwick to Moran to Kelton. Two base hit, Duncan, Henderson and LeCappellain. Home run, Duncan, Umpire, Leroy Tostie. Scorer, W. H. B. Lyon.

The following is the present standing of the clubs in the league:

Played Won Lost Avg.
Civil Service 5 4 1 .800
Idyle Hour 5 3 1 .750
Amaranth 5 2 3 .400
Gandolfo 5 0 4 .000
Game tied.

Inspection Tonight

Major Z. T. Wood has been deputized from Ottawa to inspect the Dawson Rifles and such inspection will begin on the barracks grounds at 8:30 this evening. The last drill of the season will take place this evening. Members are asked to be at attendance without fail and to be at A. B. hall by 7:45 o'clock.

The Empire hotel now leads in wines, liquors, cordials and cigars.

Draught beer Rochester Bar.

The Matrimonial Market

A terrible story of woe comes from Ireland. Through Irishmen marrying abroad when they emigrate, in the United States especially, the beautiful Irish girls are left behind in the matrimonial market. From statistics just made by the British Home Office, it appears that more than half the Irish women above twenty years of age are unmarried. In the province of Leinster, out of 100 women forty-three are old maids; in the province of Ulster it is the same proportion, and in Munster the proportion is 40 per cent. It is worse still in the south and the west—that is to say, in the poorest regions of Ireland.

This is a great problem to solve, almost a burning question. The ancient Persians had solved it. The most beautiful women were sold by auction, and with the price obtained from the sale, the ugly ones were given enough money to get husbands with. Beautiful women were sold to rich husbands, and ugly women bought poor husbands. Everybody was married and, I hope, happy and satisfied.

Now, this could not be done in modern times. Men have become mercenary brutes. If the Persian system were tried, half of it only would be successful; men would not buy beautiful women with no money, they would only marry the ugly ones that had some.

It is not Ireland only who complains that her daughters cannot find husbands; nearly the whole of the Old World does, while, on the contrary, the new countries cry for women—the Far West of America, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa. The reason is obvious; the men have come alone from the Old World to settle in the New, and they have left the women behind. But this explains the dearth of marriageable men only among the poorest class of society—those who emigrate in search of a living which their own country denies them.

How are we going to treat the question when we are told, in France for example, that men are less and less attracted by matrimony? This is the case in the bourgeoisie—that is to say, among the professional and commercial classes, and that endless legion of French government officials who have a position to keep on five and six hundred, sometimes a thousand dollars, a year; and who, therefore, cannot possibly marry unless money be forthcoming with the bride.

I am not prepared to affirm that it is a disappointment for a woman to remain unmarried, but as to receive an offer of matrimony is, after all, to receive a compliment. I take it that such an offer is beneath the notice of very few women. When the customs of society are so changed as to make women propose to men, in-

stead of men proposing to women, I shall more readily believe that women do not marry for want of inclination. Now, I am inclined to think (but this is perhaps the stupid vanity of a man) that when they do not marry, it is for want of invitation. Besides, as I once said; as long as it is men who propose, marriage will be promotion to women.

Women who do not marry, but who would like to marry, have only to blame the folly of fashion for the reluctance evinced by men to make them an offer of matrimony. Among the gentle classes of society who are not wealthy—not even rich—matrimony is a luxury that very few men can afford to treat themselves to. In France, where so many men work in government offices at a fixed salary that just enables them to keep themselves decently the thing is impossible.

The daughters of small shopkeepers, of working men, always find husbands without any difficulty. The reason is that, in marrying, a shopkeeper or a working man does not load himself with a burden. His wife will help him in his shop, either as an assistant or as a cashier, or a bookkeeper. If he is a working man, while he goes journeying as a joiner, a mason, a plumber, his wife will be a cook, a charwoman, a laundress, and she will bring grist to the mill herself. A lady's maid will marry a valet; both will earn wages and get along without one being a charge to the other. Nay, the married working man is better off than the bachelor one. His clothes are better kept, his meals are better and cheaper, his linen is washed at home. Even if his wife does no work outside the home, that man is richer and much more comfortable with her than without her.

Among the rich marriage is also an easy matter, whether one of the two is wealthy or, better still, if both are. But if a man is a gentleman and has to dress like one, how is he to marry on a salary, or an income, derived from whatever source you like to name, of one to three thousand dollars? How can he dress a modern woman with modern fashions on less than one thousand dollars a year? Of course, he cannot, unless the wife brings that income with her at least, he has to remain a bachelor if he is gifted with a cent's worth of common sense. Up to twenty years ago women dressed in cheaper materials; in the summer they wore cotton gowns and cheap untrimmed hats and they looked as pretty as they do now, when every material is despised that is not expensive cloth, silk, velvet, satin or crepe de chine; and every hat disregarded that is not a monument of birds, flowers and feathers. Men will have their wives

dressed like the rest, of course, and as they cannot pay for the dresses, they remain satisfied with paying their own tailor bills. Formerly man married a companion a partner, who shared his life of work and helped him. Now he has to marry an expensive doll, or idiot, whom he will have to spend his life in ornamenting for the admiration of the world. Naturally, he hesitates, and he is wise. The man of that particular class, so numerous in France as I have already said, would be foolish to marry a woman with the tastes of the day and without any dowry as he would be to purchase a horse who, instead of being satisfied with oats would feed on pearls, diamonds and emeralds.

Thus man withdraws from the matrimonial market, and will do so more and more as long as, through the spreading of democratic ideas and of the principle of equality, women of the middle class and of limited means will imitate the women of the wealthy classes and compete with them in their dresses.

We would imagine that, in a democracy, severity, even austerity, at any rate simplicity of taste, would be the order of the day; but it is just the contrary that happens. "I am as good as you," say the men. "I am as well dressed as you," say the women. And everybody thinks he is equal to everybody else.

And things are going on pretty badly.

Civil Service Side Show.
A most diverting side light on the civil service is shed by a two-page article in McClure's for June called "Comedy of the Catelized," a symposium of freak answers given by applicants for various positions on the classified list. Few of them seem to be the answers of mere cranks or dunces, for the most part they appear the efforts of worthy and otherwise intelligent persons striving to rise to a great occasion by becoming grandiose, with the usual ludicrous result. Many of the most pretentious would have made an instant hit on the vaudeville stage, the fun is that they are all meant in such serious earnest.

Soak—Do you always pay as you go?
Freshly—Always.
Soak—Why?
Freshly—Because if I don't they won't let me go.

Tenderfoot Was Game.

"I was in the smoker of a Santa Fe train going through New Mexico one day in the latter eighties when Jack Bradshaw, who was then one of the sure-enough terrors of the Southwest, climbed on board," said a traveling special agent of the Indian bureau. "Jack was very drunk and very glad of it. He was whooping like a ghost dancer as he plumped himself into the last seat next to the water cooler. I knew that there was going to be trouble and a plenty of it, with Bradshaw as a carnate in that condition, and so I got up and went off to the next car behind. From the door of which I watched the proceedings. Jack had hardly sat down before he yanked out one of the guns and fired a couple of shots out of the open window, and when the dozen odd peaceable men in the car jumped up suddenly, thinking of train robbers, and faced the rear of the car, they saw Bradshaw wild-eyed from rum, standing in the middle of the aisle and brandishing both of his guns.

"That's about right, you juniper ombrays," yelled Bradshaw, seeing them all standing. "That's what you ought to have done when I first came in here. It's a sure case o' th' whole outfit a-standin' up when I show up. There ain't no use a hesitating or gawin on the pommel about it—they just got up, and he let out a Navajo whoop and sat down himself. The standing men, thinking that his seating himself was the natural signal for them to resume their seating postures, sat down too, but Bradshaw fired a couple of shots close to the ears of a pair of men who had been the first to take their seats, and all hands jumped to their feet again mightily hurriedly. The bad man toyed with them that way for about

half an hour after the train got under way, and then gave them formal consent to sit down. Some of them began to buzz each other in low tones.

"Stop a'talkin'," howled the drunken desperado when he noticed this. "I never could natchally abide havin' people a-talkin' around where I was. I kin do 'all o' th' talkin'." Jes think an' let it go at that."

"There wasn't any more conversation. Shortly after the enforced silence fell upon the car a young chap who wore eyeglasses and who was stoop-shouldered and trail-looking, got up from his seat and started down the aisle. A bullet from Bradshaw's gun just barely nicked the youth's ear before he had taken six steps.

"Son," demanded Bradshaw, "where are you all again, d'ye think?" "To get a glass of water," responded the youth with the glasses, "suddenly, feeling of his nacked ear."

"Vare, hey?" inquired the bully. "Don't you believe anything like that. You're a-goin' to drink what's left in this bottle o' mine—don't you, lother. I got another an' you're a-goin' to drink it all without battin' a eye, or you'll drink hot lead," and Bradshaw pulled from his pocket a pint flask of whisky that was about three parts full. The youth looked sullen, but he wisely stretched forth his hand and accepted the proffered bottle and placed it to his lips. He shuddered a good deal over the job, but he got it all down, and then Bradshaw permitted him to take a drink of water out of the cooler and to pass to the next car behind, in the doorway of which I was standing.

A musical treat, the new graphophone, at New Dominion Hotel—Cliff Hollings, proprietor.

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