

MISCELLANEOUS.

OAKLANDERS WIN

The Inter-Club Football Championship.

OLYMPIANS ARE DEFEATED

By the Reliance Club From Across the Bay

IN A ONE-SIDED STRUGGLE.

The City Club Team Was Hopelessly Outclassed and Outplayed at Every Point.

Chrysanthemum McPike of Oakland calls across the bay yesterday with his Reliance club football aggregation.

McPike is the quarterback of the team who enjoys the distinction of having developed the best football bang that has been seen in the city this year—a true chrysanthemum bang—and perhaps his bang is better than his football, but still he plays a fine game, and he and his compatriots put up such fine ball yesterday that the Olympic Club men, who scored on the Stanfords, were unable to make a point.

The score was 18 to 0.

Four touchdowns but only one goal was the result of the Oaklanders' work. They carried the club championship across the bay with ease.

Those who wondered at the Berkeley college boys being beaten by the Reliance team a few weeks since wondered less after seeing the latter play yesterday.

The strongest team on the coast to-day is the Reliance if it were but in good condition.

Strong, mature men of might make up the eleven, and their coach, Norton, has taught them how to play football, too.

With a "Who ah, who ah, who ah! We ah, we ah, we ah! R. A. C." by the team's enthusiastic supporters, the Reliance boys put the ball in play a few minutes after 3 P. M.

The supporters, male and female, of the two clubs were out in full force. It was a beautiful afternoon, but ere the game was finished fog wafted in from old ocean, and the rest of the contest was finished in the gloaming.

The Reliance wedge at the kick-off gained five yards. Frick made fifteen yards. Taylor bucked the line three for good gains and five minutes after the commencement placed the ball on the line over the touch line, under the goal-posts, and a minute later kicked the goal, scoring 6 points for the Reliance team.

The Olympics gained eight yards on the second kick-off, but the great second play Sullivan broke through and took the ball from the Olympic quarterback.

Edwards made twenty yards for the Reliance around the right end, Frick made five yards and again eight yards. Edwards made fifteen yards and again four yards.

The Olympics finally secured the ball on the fourth down, but lost it without any gain. Frick made five yards and again five yards, but lost the ball, and Tobin kicked thirty yards for the Olympics.

Frick, Taylor and Edwards made successive gains for four yards for Oakland. The Olympics then secured the ball on the down, and Tobin's shoe again sent the sphere forty yards down the field, but the Reliance players soon carried it back.

Frick first passed one end for a gain, then Edwards did it twice more, and another end and Taylor bucked the center. Edwards, by a brilliant run and a series of rolls, scored the second touchdown, and Taylor kicked the goal.

The Olympics braced up for a few minutes after the third kick-off and rushed the ball steadily down the field, but lost it on the 25-yard line. Edwards gained twenty yards and again seven yards. Bert Oliver, taking the ball from Edwards, made twenty yards more, placing the ball on the Olympics' 20-yard line.

Frick made half the distance to the goal and Felton Taylor bucked the line for the other ten yards and the touchdown. Sullivan caught, heeled, and punted out well, but the goal kicked. Score, 14 to 0.

In the sixth the Olympics played a better ball. The Oaklanders started strongly and rushed the oval down to the Olympic 25-yard line. There the ball was lost to the Olympics and Tobin kicked into touch. The Oaklanders soon obtained the leather, however. Frick went around the right end for fifteen yards and again for five yards. Edwards placed the ball on the five-yard line and Taylor bucked the center for the two yards. No goal resulted and the score still remained 18 to 0.

The Olympic team was clearly out-matched. For Oakland, Taylor, Frick, Edwards and Bert Oliver played a fine individual game, and the team as a whole played fairly well together, giving an exhibition at times of as fine interference as has been seen at Central Park this season.

Aiken, Olney and Racine also played a fine game, especially Aiken, who broke through the line well and stopped a number of runs and kicks.

For the city players Cassidy played the best game of the backs, though both Morse and Miley made some good plays. The Olympic line failed to hold their men, so that nearly all of Tobin's attempts to kick were more or less spoiled.

When playing in the line Tobin had hard work to hold Bert Oliver. Sherrard played his usual good game. The team as a whole lacked that unity of play which comes only of much practice and coaching.

The lineup was as follows:

- Reliance. Position. Olympics. Racine. Left end. (Capt.) Sherrard. Bert Oliver. Tackle. Graham. M. Oliver. Guard. (Capt.) Sherrard. Sullivan. Center. (Capt.) Sherrard. E. Ransome. Right guard. H. Taylor. Aiken. Left halfback. Tobin. Olney. Right end. Wellington. Edwards. Quarterback. Smedberg. Frick. Right halfback. Percy Morse. Umpire. F. Benson (U. C.). Miley (S. S.). Referee. F. Code and P. Benson.

GREAT HANDBALL.

The Championship Games at Ryan's Court.

Jones Was More Than a Match for Riordan and Won Four Out of the Five Games.

The first of the championship series of games of handball between John Jones, the "cracker-jack" of Australia, and John Alfonso Riordan, the leading player of the Pacific Coast, was decided yesterday at Phil Ryan's court on Howard street, and ended greatly in favor of the foreign representative, who scored four out of the five games played.

According to the agreement entered into by the players, the match was for the best of eleven games and the consideration \$200 a side.

The attendance was not very large, as a majority of the people who intended to see the champions at work were of the opinion that the contest would certainly be postponed until the court was thoroughly dry and in condition for the game.

The players, however, were anxious for business, and after a short consultation decided to play, anyhow, the first of the series.

Henry Mahan, the old veteran ball-

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A Friend and Healer of Men and Women.

Rich and Poor Consult Mrs. J. J. Whitney in All Troubles, Whether Business or Social.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, proprietress of the magnificent building at 213 Stockton street, which contains sixty costly furnished rooms, is in many respects a wonderful woman.

She derives a large income from the superior class of roomers in the building, many of whom have been there for years.

In the same building she has her own spacious quarters, where she solves mysteries in social and business matters, and gives directions how to cure any bodily trouble, no matter what its nature is.

Judging from the large audiences which attend her celebrated lectures every Sunday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, which will continue until the first of the new year, and the demand upon her time by judges, lawyers, physicians and other classes, there must be something more than ordinary in the manner in which she meets the wants of the public.

To impart this knowledge and transfer her power to any person Mrs. Whitney first enters into a somnambulist state.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the game, as it was one-sided. Sufficient to say that Jones won the game principally by sharp tossing and pinning the balls in such a manner outside the short line that Riordan could not send them back with any force.

If the local man had used good judgment he would have left the side walls and directed his attention to the center of the alley and tossed low and sharp balls, which would have skinned close to the floor, making it a difficult task for his opponent to return them.

Jones proved, however, by tossing and general playing that he was Riordan's superior. The latter has a very neat and catchy style, but in a championship game there must be something more substantial in the way of hitting than fancy strokes to win a victory.

This afternoon the final games will be played in the afternoon, and a number of amateur handball-players from the Olympic, Reliance and Acme athletic clubs will be present to witness the contests.

The following is a summary of the game of yesterday:

Table with 2 columns: Game, Score. First game—Riordan 0 11 0-11, Jones 1 10 10-21. Second game—Riordan 0 10 0-10, Jones 1 10 10-21. Third game—Riordan 3 7 2 2 0 0 1-17, Jones 3 0 2 0 3 3 8-21. Fourth game—Riordan 1 1 5 2 0-10, Jones 2 0 8 3 0 8-21. Fifth game—Riordan 1 7 2 0 2-21, Jones 0 5 0 4 0-9.

FESTIVE JUNIORS.

An Annual Celebration at Berkeley.

College Farce, Music and Song Enjoyed by Day and a Grand Ball in the Evening.

It was "Junior day" at Berkeley yesterday, and at the invitation of the gay and festive junior 1000 friends gathered to enjoy the celebration prepared for the high occasion. Shattuck Hall was crowded long before the hour of the opening of the festival, and at 10:30 o'clock, when Brand's veteran orchestra struck up the first strains of the overture, "Pique Dame," there not only was not sitting room, but not even standing room in the large hall.

The thoughtful co-ed had for the nonce laid aside books and pen and arrayed herself with painstaking care so that the ungainly "fellows" who sat beside the wise and witty girls thought the co-ed looked more as pretty and attractive as the giddy girl by her side.

It was a day for casting dull care aside and enjoying the mad moments as they flew by as only the college-boy knows how to do.

In the midst of Arthur W. North, the president of the day, as he stood enveloped in the classic gown before the large audience, "greeted you and welcomes you to her Junior day. The great banquet over, the Stanford team is gone and we still survive."

"What a mad race time leads us. We are juniors, yet it seems but yesterday we entered the halls of this great institution with the best of us, and now we are here to do our duty as men and women. We could not appreciate then the anxiety with which we were received. A great institution had just opened a few miles away and its effect was watched with anxiety. But now we are here, and we are glad that Stanford University may prove it cannot affect our alma mater except for good as long as the State's children are loyal to her noble university."

It has been the custom on Junior day to present an original farce—95 presents such a one to-day—one that will be successful, I trust, freed as it is from unflattering personalities yet based on college life.

The glee club, composed of three quartets, gave a selection, singing in such excellent voice that a double encore had to be responded to.

Following an orchestral selection came the presentation of the farce, a bright play of three acts abounding in humorous situations and witty sallies, a synopsis of which is as follows: Oscar Lawrence, a sophomore at Cornell, is attracted to Carlyle, a graduate of the same institution, a poet and a woman-hater respectively, who to the country to pass the summer, and the former decides to personate a Cornell professor in order to get near her.

As it happens that Cornell professor—unknown to young Lawrence—is spending the summer in the neighborhood with his sister and aunt.

It has been a series of unexpected and embarrassing positions for young Lawrence who returns home begging the professor and his fellow-students not to tell the boys at college. Love also enters into the plot, and the professor finds a wife, as also does Carlyle, the woman-hater, who weds the professor's sister.

The cast of characters comprised: Frank D. Stringham, Thomas J. Bakeswell, Jaxwell McQuinn, and Misses Florence Sawyer, Rachel Vrooman and Helen Cashman. Miss Maybelle Feuster of San Francisco was the author of the farce.

Following the morning exercises the afternoon break left the students entertained their friends at their various clubhouses, and last night the usual "Junior day hop" was enjoyed in the Harmon Gymnasium. The octagonal building had been decorated with blue and gold, and evergreens, and the floor canvased for dancing. A gay party of some hundred and thirty couples kept time to music's swell till Sunday morning dawned over the eastern hills, and the "Junior day" of the class of '95 was a part of the year's college history.

Clemenceau's Latest Venture.

M. Clemenceau, the once powerful Radical leader in the Chamber, who was blackballed in the late general election, is trying as a militant politician to make his fortune in person. Like M. de Girardin, he endeavors to come every day with a new idea. So far he has not met with much success, and his latest idea of the "Journal de France" is being without success. It is not calculated to improve his position. His brother journalists will not listen to it, and he probably will "fall into the water."

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Wool on the Free List.

WOOL ON THE FREE LIST.

Wool is free; this takes the stiffs from under the woolen manufacturers and begets a hope that they may recover from the languishing condition in which they have been for a quarter of a century, and that we may get Woolen Goods at reasonable rates.

The bill provides that the duty shall be removed from wool on March 1st.—Extracts from Wilson's Tariff Bill.

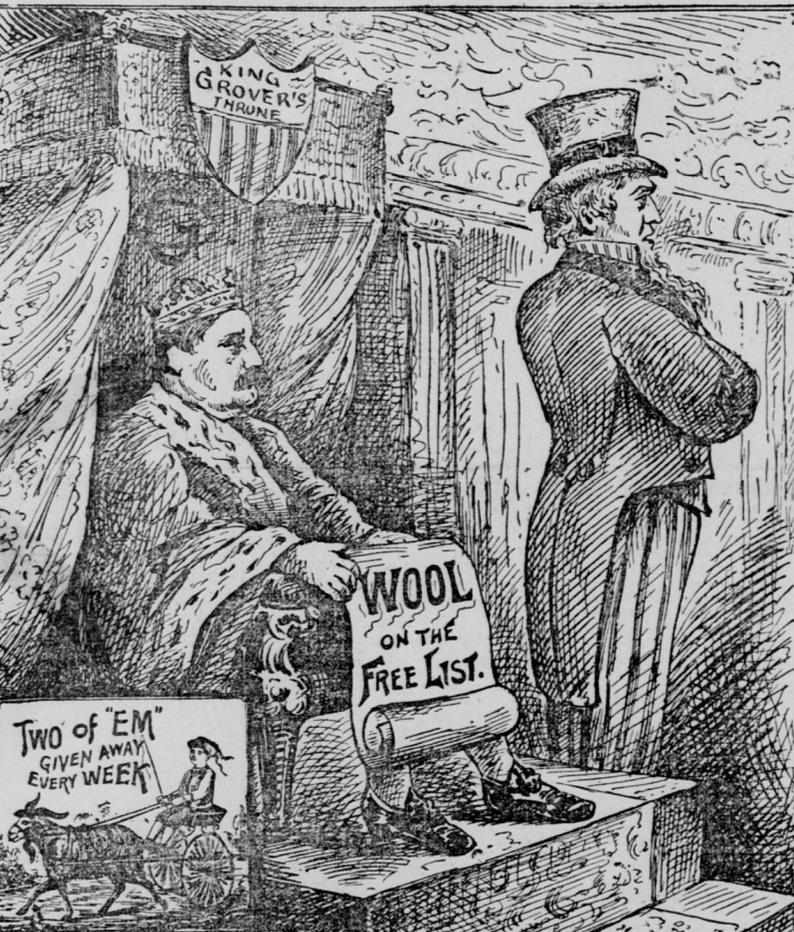
WHAT IT MEANS

To a big firm like ours, carrying as big a stock as we do, the threatened placing of wool on the free list means irrecoverable ruin, if we have a big stock on hand by March 1st. Its a good bill for the manufacturers, but

ITS A TOUGH ONE

For any merchant that has a big stock on hand, and we have a big stock on hand.

The bill will surely pass both houses, and we're not going to wait to see the outcome of debates which will take place in both houses, but propose right now to define our course and get rid of every garment that is in our house.



When You Have a Tight Shoe On,

You know where it pinches. That's just exactly our case. We know where the Wilson Tariff Bill will pinch us, and we're not going to wait for results, but we're going to unload and unload quickly, before that bill passes both Houses of Congress. To wit: In the

Overcoat Department we have gathered together all our finest Imported Fabrics, because the Wilson Tariff Bill removes all duty from foreign Fabrics, and these are the first goods that we will try to get out of our house.

These embrace Schnabel's Patent German Beavers, Simon's French Worsteds, Bedford's English Clay Worsteds, John Taylor's English Chevots, and numbers of others' fine Imported Fabrics.

The colorings are Blues, Blacks, Oxford Mixtures, Browns, Tans, and numbers of other pretty shades.

We shall offer you the undivided pick and choice of any of these Garments, which are virtually and honestly worth \$25.00, \$24.00 and \$23.00, but in anticipation of the enactment of this Tariff Bill, we have cut the price to

\$15.00

so as to have a small stock before this bill passes both houses.

We shall begin Monday Morning and strike at the finest first.

The people are buying the finest class of goods, and we propose to get rid of this first.

These are not times to trifle, and should we have a large stock on hand by March 1st,

IT WOULD MEAN OUR RUIN,

and we don't propose to be ruined if we can unload before.

Now you understand us and know what we propose to do.