

THE NIGHT DOUGHNUT

VOLUME 1.

EUGENE, OREGON

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1909.

NUMBER 7.

WHO'S WHOUGH THIS WEEK AT OREGON AND WHY

Interesting Facts In the Life of
"Father Tom" Kelly, the New
Baseball Coach.

Gems From the Baseball Philosophy
of "Father Tom" Kelly.

I like the looks of the Oregon
baseball squad; they're a bunch of
bright hustling young fellows with
good baseball heads, and the team
that beats them this season will have
to go some.

Playing baseball is like playing
cards—you have to buckle down
and concentrate your mind on the
game to win out.

A good athlete ought to be 85
per cent "bluff" and confidence and
the other 15 per cent ginger.

A word of praise now and then is
the best tonic a young player can
get. But the guy with a grouse and
the fellow who's always "crabbing"
on the field won't get along any
better in baseball than in life.

California is doing new under the
sun gets the straight lie in base-
ball; every play has something about
it new and a little different from
any play that ever happened before,
and you can't dope out ahead of time
what the difference is going to be,
either.

If you'll take the trouble to hunt
up one of your old grammar school
"geographies" and turn to the page
where the state of California is writ-
ten up in the old fashioned geogra-
phy way, likely as not you'll come
across a paragraph reading some-
thing like this:

"California leads the states
in the production of oranges and
lemons and is one of the leaders in
gold and precious metals. The cli-
mate is warm and semi-tropical, and
fruits and vegetables of all kinds
grow luxuriantly in the fertile soil."
All of which may have been the
truth, the whole truth, and nothing
but the truth some 30, 20 or even 10
years ago—but not now; the reason
being that within the past decade a
thriving new industry has sprung
to the fore in the Bear state. To-
day the geography has failed to men-
tion the fact that California leads
the world in the production of first
class young ball players of big league
caliber, wouldn't stand the ghost of
a show of ever being adopted by any
enlightened school book commission.

And right in the midst of those
famous graduates from the California
ball lists like Joe Corbett, Hal
Chase, Hugh Chance, leader of the
world's champion Chicago Cubs,
"Honest" John McCloskey, "Big
Jeff" Overall, Harry Walters and a
score of others who have made names
for themselves, stands "Father Tom"
Kelly, the first professional baseball
coach Oregon has ever had.

Hardly there is such a thing as being
past master of a wide-awake sport
like baseball, Kelly is a past master.
He has, record after record, been
known in every Pacific Coast ball
park from Los Angeles and Milpitas
to Butte, Montana, as one of the
best managers and most versatile
all-around players that ever swung
a bat. For two successive seasons
he has second better the North-
(Continued on Page Three.)

"WHAT I WOULD DO WITH OREGON IF I OWNED IT"

There'd Be No Instructors, and Ca-
noeing Would Be Compulsory,
If Van Dusen Owned U. O.

(Note: In Justin H. McCarthy's
famous book, "If I Were King," Fran-
cois Villon found himself placed on
the throne of France for one week,
with carte blanche to do as he
pleased, with the government during
that time. Suppose that for one
week, the University of Oregon were
turned over to you with the same
authority. What would you do with
it? What changes would you make?
What innovations would you intro-
duce? In a letter to The Doughnut
Mr. Arthur Van Dusen, stunt-man on
the Glee Club, former yell leader,
and prominent junior, answers the
question and tells what he would do
with Oregon if he owned it.)

By Arthur Van Dusen.
If I should awaken from a dream
and find that for just one little week
Oregon would be mine, what
wouldn't I do? If I owned Oregon,
I would make a great many changes
that are hard to be mentioned
here, but among the few mention-
able ones would be the beautifying
of our campus.

First, by placing an earthenware
statue of Capt'n. Briggs, our worthy
landscape gardener, at the north en-
trance. In his right hand he would
be holding up a tennis racket and
in his left a cigarette case. Please
Walk on the Grass, and Pick the
Flowers." Bill Hayward's statue
would grace the spot where the pres-
ent gymnasium stands. Under it I
would put the inscription, "Look out
for the hammer." Other notable
(Continued on Page Two.)

WOOD MISSED DEATH BY MEREST CHANCE

Tawah Club, April 2.—(Special to
The Doughnut)—Caught on the mid-
dle of the high school building, a
crosses the spitway of the mill-race
at East Sixth street, by a fast ex-
press train, J. Leroy Wood, a promi-
nent senior in the engineering depart-
ment, and vice-president of the stu-
dent body, escaped death Sunday
night by the merest chance.
In the thick darkness of midnight
pierced only by the dazzling glare
of the big electric light on the
oncoming locomotive, which blinded
his eyes momentarily as it flashed
suddenly upon him around a curve,
Wood's steady nerve did not fail
him. He realized that his only hope
was to gain the wooden bridge on
East Sixth street crossing the trestle
a hundred feet below him. Turn-
ing his back to the train with rare
courage, Wood raced over the un-
even timbers, with his life as the
prize.

With one final straining spurt,
Wood reached the crossing and
threw himself sideways to clear the
(Continued on Page Four.)

POPPED HUGE CANNON EIGHT WERE STRUCK CRACKERS AS A DOWN IN PRIME JOKE OF LIFE

Tramp, Drunk Man, Burglar, or a
Fool Fired Revolver at So-
rory Windows.

Eugene, Ore., April 2.—(Special to
The Doughnut).—A tramp, a drunk
man, a burglar, or a fool infected
with the April fool "badness," ran
amuck through town just before 12
o'clock last night, setting a big can-
non crackers to right and left on the
porches of the different sorority and
fraternity houses, fired a revolver at
their upstairs windows, and raised
particular mischief before he was fi-
nally frightened off by a posse of
irate citizens and police which hur-
ried to the scene in answer to a
dozen telephone calls from frighten-
ed persons.

The tramp, the drunk man, the
burglar or the fool paid special at-
tention to the sorority houses. He
had a lovely time of it, but the girls
did not. He scared members of the
Kappa Kappa Gamma, Gamma Phi Beta,
Beta Epsilon, and the Z. I. P. sororities
half out of their feminine wits
until the posse and a rescuing party
of young gallants from the Kappa
Sigma fraternity house hove into
sight and made him seek cover.

The tramp, the drunk man, the
burglar or the fool first appeared at
the K. T. house, where he threw
a bunch of cannon crackers on their
porch and fired a revolver at the
windows, when the girls rushed out
to see what was the matter. Then
he ran to the Gamma Phi Beta house
at Thirteenth and Alder streets and
repeated his tactics. One of the
girls telephoned for the police, but
before they arrived the tramp, the
drunk man, the burglar or the fool
(Continued on Page 3.)

INVESTIGATE BRISTOL MATTER FRIDAY

More than three months after the
alleged hazing of Ralph Bristol,
neighbor of Professor Carson and a
freshman at the University, who
was "bath-tubbed" at the Dormitory
shortly before the Christmas holidays
and whose case has been the subject
of a number of sensational news-
paper stories, the official investiga-
tion of the affair by a committee
from the University board of regents
will be held here next Friday morn-
ing 10 o'clock.

This is the news conveyed in an
official notification to appear and
testify before the committee, which
has been sent to every person known
to have witnessed the bath-tubbing,
or to have knowledge of any facts
that may have had to do with the
subject foot case of young Bristol's
reason. Here is the notice sent out
Wednesday:

My Dear Sir:
A committee of the Board of Reg-
ents will hold a meeting in the New
Engineering Hall on the University
Campus, at 10 o'clock in the morn-
(Continued on Page Four.)

The Touching Story of How Oregon
Lost Three Debates and Its
Debaters In One Week.

University of Oregon, April 2.—
(Special to The Doughnut).—Four
seniors went to instant death—one
classmate falling beside another with
not a chance to say goodbye—and
four other students were seriously
injured in a terrific bomb explosion
that wrecked the debating hopes of
the University of Oregon for this se-
son, made a clean sweep of the mem-
bers of three debating teams and
was felt by people of three states.
The dead:

Jesse H. Bond, age unknown, un-
married, leader of Washington team.
Cecil Kenyon Lyons, 23, unmar-
ried, colleague on Idaho team.
Thomas R. Townsend, 24, married,
member of Utah team.
Earl Kilpatrick, 19, unmarried
but would like to be, member of
Utah team.

The injured:
Horton C. Nicholas, 23, a junior.
(Continued on Page 2.)

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Subscription Price, 50c a Semester
Single Copies 5 cents

Application made for second-class
mail rates at Eugene Postoffice

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Lair H. Gregory Editor
Oliver B. Huston Associate Editor
Carey V. Loosley Business Manager
Edgar H. Max Advertising Manager
194 East Eleventh Street

EDITORIALS VS. NEWS.

The average reader in this happy land won't devote much time to reading editorials. What he wants is news; nine out of ten times he will skip the editorial page altogether. Wherefore, when it's a question of crowding out real news that everybody will read, for a few more or less interesting editorials that like as not nobody will read—and at best an editorial is only some embodiment of the editor's personal opinion.—The Doughnut will print the news every time. When we inflame our readers with a lengthy editorial, it will be because we have something that we are pretty anxious to say.

At last the Bristol investigation is to be held, and the whole truth about the unfortunate matter will out. This is just what the students have wanted from the first.

At the request of President Campbell, we call attention to the faculty resolutions against voting in the city election Monday, which were recently posted in the Library.

Of course every student who intends to vote will immediately proclaim the fact in a loud voice.

"IF I OWNED OREGON"

(Continued from Page 1.)

characters would be placed here and there about the green.

Second, I would have all the buildings arranged in the form of a quonset with a network of water ways running here and there between them, giving a decided Venetian effect. I would also place free gondolas there so that students could float leisurely from one building to another one.

Several new buildings I would build immediately, the first of which would be a large stable for the keeping of well groomed ponies between examination times. I would have efficient instructors on hand at all times to teach, timid students to ride the ponies to best advantage.

An emergency hospital would also be built for those students who are taken suddenly ill just before class, where they could receive the proper attention, as sickness and cuts seem to run hand in hand here.

I would also construct an addition to the east end of Deady Hall in the form of a bee hive—a statue of Virgil, Gopfer, gracing the entrance. Shade trees would be planted in such a way as to form cozy comfortable places of great demand which is the result of co-education. The limbs of these trees would all be suitably clothed during the winter months, and the rubber plants would be removed from in front of the new library building.

I would erect a picture gallery in the center of the campus, so that Gammans, the Camera Kid, would be relieved of the strenuous task of flitting about with that "May I get a picture of you" way of his.

In regard to the method of teaching—instructors would be absolutely unnecessary if I owned Oregon. We would have the courses direct from Columbia University on phonograph records. As for the courses—oh yes; students would be compelled to take not less than seven hours, unless they were exceptionally bright, when by petitioning me, they might be allowed to take 7-14. Of course three hours of this would include athletics or dramatics, and say one hour and 45 minutes for shower baths. The only compulsory subject would be one hour and fifteen minutes canoeing.

Of course we would have to take into consideration the social side of student life though I don't think

a student should expect to give more than 58 and one-half hours to this; but Jack Poyle would have some but Jack Poyle, president of the local Juniors' association, would have full charge of the matter.

If I owned Oregon formal functions would be defined as those where more than one person was needed together at once, and under the head of semi-formal and informal would come all the rest. Petitions for formal functions would have to be handed in to Jack Poyle to be passed upon. Captain Briggs would have the semi-formal affairs as his specialty, and no petitions would be necessary for informal functions. Each club or fraternity (except the Japanese fraternity) would be allowed no more than one formal affair every two years.

At present this embarrassing situation springs up—how would the students become acquainted with each other? I think the only way out of this would be to turn the assembly hall Wednesday morning into a social gathering, at which coffee and sandwiches would be served by Robyn Nelson, Harry Mix, Ralph Mee, Tom Townsend and Cornelius Beebe.

By the time I had accomplished all these reforms, I am sure my week would be up. And so, thanking you one and all for your kind attention, etc., I remain,

Yours hopefully,
ARTHUR VAN DUSEN.

Go to Burden & Graham's for classy shoes.

DEBATEES KILLED

(Continued from Page One.)
happily surprised, colleague on Washington team, badly crushed and bruised.

Charles Robison, 23, a sophomore, leader of Idaho team, feelings slightly injured.

Percy Collier, 22, a sophomore, colleague on Washington team, much subdued.

Leon Ray, 18, a freshman, colleague on Idaho team, utterly crushed.

The survivors of the terrible disaster say there were three distinct shocks in the explosion. The first shock occurred in Villard Hall the night of March 26, when the Washington team slaughtered Oregon by a 2 to 1 vote on the income tax question. Bond, a senator, and therefore ineligible to debate again, was killed outright, and Nicholas and Collier left for dead. They later revived and will debate again next year.

The second shock occurred the following night in the Idaho, where the team composed of Robison, Lyons and Ray was massacred on the same income tax question by the close vote of 2 to 1. Lyons, as a senator, was necessarily killed.

The third shock did not come till four days afterwards on the night of Tuesday, March 30, at Salt Lake City, when E. A. Kilpatrick and T. Townsend, both seniors, were killed by a vote of 2 to 1 by the University of Utah opponents on the commissioner government for cities question.

The death of Bond is rendered the more pathetic by the fact that it was understood he was to be married just after commencement if he lived. Nicholas also was engaged, but his probable recovery gives him another chance.

The bodies of the dead and injured have been shipped home, but the funeral ceremonies—if any—will be extremely simple in character. The survivors returning from Moscow have expressed their hearty appreciation of the manner in which they were entertained and their injuries cared for by Professor and Mrs. Terrell. Prof. Terrell was at Oregon last year, but now holds a chair of mines at Idaho, and still has the liveliest interest in all things connected with Oregon.

Will Sing On Easter Morn.

in singing of four members of the Sigma Xi fraternity, Arthur Van Dusen, Badge Stuart, Sid Henderson, and Bob Kellogg, will be a feature of the Easter morning song service in the Episcopal church. Van Dusen and his fraternity brothers began their practice about two weeks ago at the urging of the rest of the choir, who had previously heard their voices. A particularly fine Easter song service will be given at the church.



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WHO'S WHO AND WHY

(Continued from Page 1).
west league, and while pitching for Butte in 1902 he and Pete Dowling set a record that still stands by pitching every eighth day for two straight weeks against San Francisco and Los Angeles, and bringing their club up from eighth place in the race, to second. They won every game. Kelly's salary was raised a big notch when the team got back home.

"Father Tom's" baseball career began on the sandlots of San Francisco, where many another promising young player has had his first training in the great game. When he was only four years old (he is now 32) it's told of him that he leaped to read by trying to study out the baseball stories on the sporting page of the morning papers. In 1886 he entered Santa Clara college, where for four years he was the collegian's star southpaw twirler. And right here comes a bit of baseball history that's not generally known.

In 1898, while Kelly was captain and pitcher and Charley Graham, now manager of the Sacramento Coast league club, was catcher, with Joe Corbett, the great Baltimore pitcher as coach, Santa Clara was the first professional or amateur team on the Pacific Coast to introduce the modern bunting and hit and run game. Only the year before the Baltimore had perfected the now famous method of bunting and placing their bunts by holding the bat loosely in the hand, which had been impossible under the old system of trying to hit the ball with the handle of the bat. Kelly's team made a clean sweep of all the colleges that season and its playing was a sensation.

Oregon's present coach made his debut in professional company in 1900 when he signed to pitch for Spokane in the Northwest League. At intervals when he wasn't playing ball he studied for a degree of B. S. and taught a class of mathematics in a Catholic college in the town. Every member of the faculty but Kelly was a priest, and before the end of the season the fans had dubbed him "Father Tom." And "Father Tom" it's been ever since.

With McCloskey's Tacoma team in 1901, Kelly broke in so many games with his hitting that McCloskey played him in the outfield when it wasn't his turn to pitch; he finished the season in second place with 229 which is going some. The next year, in addition to his already cited pitching feat, Kelly played in the field again and lined em out for 232. During the next two years he was with Salt Lake, Seattle and Tacoma, always near the head of the list; in 1905-6 he played with Sacramento in the California state league.

Back in 1902 and 1903 when Kelly was coaching the Mt. Angel college team, two fast and promising youngsters named Curtis Coleman and George Sullivan were trying for places. Kelly took them in hand, taught them how to meet the ball and bunt, and polished up their fielding until they became the two shining stars on the team. Singularly enough after seven years, Kelly is again coaching a team on which Coleman and Sullivan are playing—and their batting still shows the results of the coaching they got then. Last year Kelly coached his alma mater, Santa Clara, and had the sat-

isfaction of seeing his proteges win the inter-collegiate championship of California.

During the past two years Kelly has branched out as a real baseball magnate. Last year he played second base and manager of a fast team in an interior California town, and at present his chances are bright for landing the managerhip of a club in the newly formed Inter-Mountain League of Montana, Idaho and Utah.

It's pleasant to know that "Father Tom" is pleased with the material he has to work with at Oregon.

"I like the looks of the squad," said he, speaking of the prospects. "They're a bunch of old timers who take to the game naturally and will make good. With a little more coaching and plenty of batting practice, it will take a fast bunch to beat them. It's my intention to devote particular attention to batting and baserunning—in which most college teams are weak. I believe in keeping a team keyed up until the very last moment, working it hard all the time, which means that the squad will have plenty of work; but that is the best way to keep down overconfidence.

As coach Kelly has made a huge hit. And here's hoping every man on the team will do the same thing every time he goes to the ball this season.

SCARED GIRLS.

(Continued from Page 1).
took flight and ran down to the Z. I. P. house on Mill street.

Then the first of another bunch of cannon crackers and bombarded the front porch with sticks of cordwood when the girls tried to escape late with him. But the girls scorned his crowning efforts for the Beta Epsilon house. The tramp, the burglar, the drunk and the fool gathered there just before midnight and began operations by throwing two bunches of the firecrackers in front of the door.

In great excitement the Betas made for the front porch to see what was the matter. But the bravest of the burglars, the drunk man or the fool nearly scared them senseless when he waved them back and forth. He enforced his order by shooting at their windows. Then something happened that will become history. As one of the girls screamed, the tramp then they screamed again, and this time the piercing sound they raised carried over to the Kappa Sigma houses, two blocks away. In two seconds every man in the house was running at full speed to the assistance of the sorority girls. They arrived just in time to see the figure of the drunk man, the tramp, the burglar, or the fool, as he sneaked off in the darkness—and in another second they were in hot pursuit.

Lee Hurd with a bull-dog, and a posse of cops happened along just at that moment, and the dog was pressed into service as a blood hound. But he made a poor terror. The tramp, the drunk man, the burglar or the fool doubled up a side street and before the posse could come up to him had disappeared from sight. The Kappa Sigma men returned to the Beta House and stood on the porch for two hours, but the tramp, the drunk man, the burglar or the fool was too wily to appear.

Just in the evening somebody exploded a 40 inch cannon cracker on the steps of the Sigma Nu house, and a bomb in front of the Tawah house.

On Wednesday evening at about 10 o'clock three men, the drunk man, the burglar or the fool, rolled a big iron wheel across the porch of the Zeala Iota Phi house, much to the discomfort of the young ladies of that sorority.

Read the great Fashion Number.

In next week's issue of The Doughnut, the last number to be published until after the Easter vacation, a special section will be devoted to the Spring fashions at the University of Oregon. Particular attention will be given to the styles that will be most in vogue during the coming season. The department will be handled by the noted writer, Mr. Olinus Cobb. Nobody who has yet invested in a spring suit can afford to miss Mr. Cobb's article.

Owing to sickness, Jack Treu, a prominent senior, has been obliged to leave college temporarily under orders from his physician. He will go to McMinnville to recuperate.

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EXTRA, 10:55 a. m.—Final Score,
Dormitory 8, Beavers 7, in 10 in-
nings. Hits, off Fisher 9; off Word
9. Struck out, by Fisher 9; Word
6. Bases on balls, off Fisher 3;
Word 2. The result eliminates the
Beavers from the race and puts the
Dorm club at the head of the League
with 1,600 per cent.

To the cheering of their respective
backers, the waving of pennants,
and the crack of the baseball bat against
swiftly pitched curves, the first shot
in the battle for the championship of
the Inter-club and Fraternity League
and the Doughnut trophy cup, will
be fired this morning at 10 o'clock,
when the first Beaverman plays the
speedy aggression from the Dormitory
on the regular baseball field.

For a week both teams have been
putting in every spare moment, at
practice and they are trained up to
the very minute. This is, how they
will line-up:
Tom Word (Cap.)... Double, Fisher
Dolly Gray... .. Stanley
Hinkel... .. 1b... .. Stevens
Ramsdell... .. 2b... .. Gabel
Mayo... .. 3b... .. Van Martyr
Olsen... .. ss... .. Brown
Kennedy... .. cf... .. Fisher, Dobbie
Gertz... .. lf... .. Smith
Cake... .. rf... .. Riley

The rivalry between the teams is
renewed the moment by the fact that
the one losing today's game
drops out of the eligible list for the
cup, while the winner enters the sec-
ond round of games. The Beavers
expect to win through, the twirling
of their clever pitcher, Tom Word,
while the Dorm men have their hopes
on the heavy slugger ability of a
number of their players.

Next Saturday's game in the Inter-
Fraternity League will be between
the Khoda-Khans and the Sigma Nags.
Bob McKenzie is captain of the
Khoda-Khan team, and Officer Hing-
ton will probably direct the Sigma
Nu players.

Friday the Tawah club elected
Harry Mix, manager and D. B. In-
man, captain of their team, which
plays the Alpha Club in the first
elimination round.

BRISTOL CASE

(Continued from Page One)

ing of April 9th, 1904, to investigate
the Bristol bad-tubing affair.
You are hereby notified to be present
and appear before said committee
at said time. The Registrar will ap-
prove excuses from classes during
the time you are required to be present
at this meeting.

Yours very truly

L. R. JOHNSON, Sec'y.
Among those who have been sum-
moned to appear and testify are:
Wilfred Wattenberg, Chester A.
Dwens, James Neill, Ray Walsh, Jack
Trew, Earl Marshall, Louis McCoy,
Harold Busch, Harvey Shier, Vernon
Giles, Francis Risley, Horton Nel-
son, L. H. Gregory, George Gabriel,
Carl Osterholm, and a number of
others. Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough,
whose house young Bristol roomed,
and who it is understood will give
very strong evidence to the effect
that young Bristol was not in his
right mind for some time prior to the
unfortunate incident, will also appear
before the committee.

The regents' investigating com-
mittee will be composed of Frederick
V. Hoffman of Portland, chairman; J.
C. Alenworth, also of Portland, and
William Smith of Baker City.

WOOD NEARLY KILLED

(Continued from Page One.)

track. At the same instant the pilot
of the locomotive struck the raised
heel of his left foot. The terrific
force of the blow sent him rolling
over and over in the road as the ex-
press rushed past.

In his fall, Wood's forehead struck
against a stone or stick in the road-
way and cut a bad gash nearly two
inches long over his right eye. The
shock of the blow stunned him for
a time, and it was several minutes
later before he was able to pick him-
self up painfully and make his way
home.

Wood was so badly shaken by his
adventure that he was unable to at-
tend classes during the following

THESE MEN REPRESENT OREGON
AT PORTLAND.

Captain Oliver B. Huston, springs,
hurdles

Wishire Bristow, springs
Ralph B. McEwen, springs, hurdles.
Walter E. McIntyre, shot put.
James Johns, 110 yard dash.
David McDaniel, 440 yard dash.
Edwin Davis, 880 yd. run.
George Riddell, mile.
Charles Reynolds, mile.

With nine of her sturdiest ath-
letes ready like Admiral Evans'
battiship fleet for a fight, frolic,
which is about equivalent to say-
ing they are in the pink of condi-
tion for the toughest kind of a
meet, Oregon's prospects of making
a good showing in the Multnomah
Club's big indoor meet at the Port-
land Armory will be as bright as
a new coined silver dollar.

Chaperoned by Trainer Bill Hay-
ward and Manager Ormand Bean, the
team left for Portland bright and
early this morning. The meet, which
is not particularly important so far
as inter-collegiate champion-
ships are concerned, but will be in-
teresting as an indication of the
strength of the various teams, be-
gins at 7:30 o'clock. It is held chief-
ly to give the Club a line on the
material it can draw upon in formu-
lating the program to represent it at
the A. Y. P. Exposition this summer,
and many of the college athletes
showing up best will undoubtedly
compete under Multnomah colors af-
ter the close of the college season.

In addition to the Multnomah
Club, the Seattle Athletic club and
O. A. C. have entered strong teams.
Among the men Oregon will have to
compete with are Forrest Smithson,
the speedy hurdler, who will try for
a new record in the 50 yard hurdles;
Malcolmson and Gish in the hurdles
and the 440, both of them; and
from O. A. C. Wolf in the shotput,
Chapman in the high jump, Cross in
the mile, and Scott in the sprints.

Sam Friendly was April Fooled!

This is the story of an April Fool
joke played on the Hon. Samson H.
Friendly, chairman of the University
board of regents, and prominent
as a business man in Eugene. It
was one of the oldest, April Fool
jokes known to science at the time,
but Mr. Friendly, "bit" so hard that it
was almost a shame to let him in
on it. It happened of course, on April
1st.

The initiative end of the joke was
a member of the D—F—Alph—
fraternity who called up Mr. Friendly
on the phone and started the follow-
ing conversation:

"Hello, Mr. Friendly. Well, this
is the telephone company, Mr.
Friendly, and we want to test the
wire. Please stand two feet to the
left of your desk and say 'hello!'"
"Hello,—here I am two feet to
the right of the phone. What
next?"

"All right, Mr. Friendly, now stand
two feet to the left and say 'hello.'"
"Yes,—I am now two feet to the
left of the phone, saying 'hello!'"
What next?

"Thank you, Mr. Friendly. Now
kindly go two feet in front of the
phone and say 'hello.'"

"Very well,—I am now two feet
in front of the phone. Is there any-
thing else?"

"Why yes, Mr. Friendly, if you
will next please stand on your head
and say 'hello.' This is April Fool
day, you know."

"What? ! ! ! ? ! ? !—Oh, I—I
see."

Three days, and left for Albany to
rest up. Safe for a livid stare in his
forehead, however, he has entirely
recovered from all bad effects of the
accident.

Last Sunday night Wood had been
down town, and in order to take a
short cut home, he decided to walk
by the railroad tracks. He had been
gotten fairly in the middle of the
street, too far from either end to
make his escape in safety, when the
California express dashed around the
curve.

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