

BATTLE ON GRIDIRON FIELD

McKas, in the Oregonian, gives a graphic description of the U. of O. Multnomah football game. He says:

In all the printed accounts of the games that have been played so far this season under the new rules there is no record of so fierce, stubbornly fought a game as that which took place on Multnomah's field. Old men and young, matrons and maids never before saw such a terrific struggle between human beings. In a few minutes after the whistle blew that sent the 22 men hurling themselves at each other like human catapults, James kicked a goal from the field for Multnomah. In the crowd-stand, where the yellow color of the university predominated, along the side lines, along the high embankments, on the house-tops and on the hill a quarter of a mile east of the field, cheers for Multnomah rent the air. Supporters of the red and white waxed jubilant and arrogant. They had gotten used to seeing Oregon beaten just this way, and they assumed the prideful attitude of "the same old story."

Display Drives Away Stage Fright.

But the leaves of the book which was written "Out of the defeat shall come to you, Oregon, in the 13th battle, a victory," were yet to be cut. When at last they were cut, the unlucky fumble that made Whitcomb's one score possible, a fumble by Clarke as he was trying for an end run, and which was eagerly gathered in by that brilliant player, Lonergan, was forgotten. This fumble was the very thing that should have happened to Oregon, for the stage fright that was apparent among the students disappeared like mist before a summer sun. It keyed the students to desperation. Like the Berserkers of old, the gall of that score seemed to propel them into a drunken frenzy of endeavor. Bruises and bleeding, on a field that at times became almost a shambles, the students became a living, throbbing, human cavalcade. Now their desire was impetuous as the wall around China; then, when the tide of the battle changed, they became an avalanche of brawn and muscle.

Desperately the sons of Multnomah tried to add another score. On defense it was no use to try against the students. The clubmen, grown old in football, tried every trick known to the game. Lonergan, Pratt, Dolph, the veteran McMillan and the rest of Multnomah's clever thought as they never have fought before, but the first half ended with the ball in the center of the field. Time and again there were spectacular end runs, short, mighty plunges through the center, but in spite of all Multnomah could do, the ball was kept in her territory. James was severely handicapped, and while his playing was splendid for a time, the injury to his right leg made him lose the honor to Blanchard, who managed to hold his own during the last half.

In the second half the story was different. Moulten, who was off in his punting, found himself, and this was the end of Multnomah's hopes. "Boot the ball" must have been the word passed by the coaches, and boot the ball Multnomah did. And but for that sturdy right foot, and that well-clear head of this elongated youngster there would have been no joy with the alumni and students of Oregon. Never did soldiers take the field of battle with greater determination to win than did those eleven Oregon men. Before the second half was minutes old they were playing the clubmen off their feet. The pace became terrific and the compact of meeting bodies shook the very ground. Back and forth the teams fought, now trying end runs, now exchanging punts, until finally the ball was on Multnomah's 23-yard line.

Way for Chance Comes to Moores.

There came a chance for Moores the speedy. In this lad's fleetness lay the hopes of Oregon. The student prayed that he get his hands on a fumble or once be given a chance of a clear field. It came. Around the clubmen's right end Moores slipped like a bound from a leash. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven yards he winged and wormed, dodged and ducked his way, with the entire Multnomah team after him in full cry. He so many hungry wolves. On guard and stepped out of bounds, but Multnomah's 20-yard line Moores faced the clubmen could tackle him. Blanchard got him, but when they met it was like a head-on collision. Moores was knocked completely out and received an ugly gash on his

head. Blanchard was also severely shaken up.

Doctors worked on the plucky player, but the lips of the thousands of Oregon rooters, the yelling cry of victory in sight was hushed, and their hearts cramped in the horror of fear. Anxiously they waited, but as they saw Moores rise, his face a smear of blood and his head swathed in bandages, the scream of delight was curdling. Then courageously and calmly he wiped the blood out of his eyes and went back to the game. But fear still clung to Oregon, for now two of Oregon's players were seriously hurt. First it was Captain Chandler, who, in spite of a broken nose, played on to the end.

Finally Oregon got the ball on the clubmen's 35-yard line, and Moulten for the third time essayed a place kick.

Carefully a mound of sawdust was made, and carefully Moulten measured the distance to the goal post. Then the signal was given. Snap went the ball. Then there was a boof, and up shot the ball, turning end over end, but always sailing with deadly accuracy towards and between the poles. Like a thing human the ball seemed to collapse, and it sank gently down on the spot where victory lay. It took fighting, it took generalship, and it took brains to make that 8 to 4 score. It was a victory earned by blood and bruises, but it was cleanly and well earned.

When the whistle blew proclaiming the end of the game, bedlam broke loose. One old alumni sat down, unmindful of the mud and ooze of the field, and wept. Others cheered themselves speechless, and as the crazed mob of screaming, howling thousands rushed pell-mell across the field, men and women, in their crazy joy, hugged and thumped each other on the back. All of the bitterness that had been engendered during the game vanished. People forgot that Multnomah had been penalized almost without number for breaches of the rules. In receiving penalties Multnomah was not alone, for Oregon came in for her share of punishment. This was the only feature of the game that could be criticized.

Other Northwest Games.

At Salem—Willamette 4, State Agricultural College 0.

At Seattle—Washington 16, Idaho 9.

Roseburg Pioneer Dead.

Henry Clay Slocum, a Douglas county pioneer of 1853, and a well-known resident of Roseburg for 25 years, dropped dead in Portland of heart trouble Wednesday night. He had gone to Portland to spend Thanksgiving with his daughter, but fell dead on the street before reaching his relatives, and his body was identified later by his son-in-law. He was aged 63 years. His son, Harry Slocum, is deputy sheriff of Douglas county.

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THE Masquerader

By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON,
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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CHAPTER V (Continued).

"To retire—to retire?" Chilcote broke into a loud, sarcastic laugh. "You don't know what the local pressure of a place like Wark stands for. Twenty times I have been within an ace of chucking the whole thing. Once last year I wrote privately to Vale, one of our big men there, and hinted that my health was bad. Two hours after he had read my letter he was in my study. Had I been in Greenland the result would have been the same. No; resignation is a meaningless word to a man like me."

Loder looked down. "I see," he said slowly; "I see."

"Then you see everything—the difficulty, the isolation of the position. Five years ago—three—even two years ago—I was able to endure it. Now it gets more unbearable with every month. The day is bound to come when—when?" he paused, hesitating nervously—"when it will be physically impossible for me to be at my post."

Loder remained silent.

"Physically impossible," Chilcote repeated excitedly. "Until lately I was able to calculate—to count upon myself to some extent—but yesterday I received a shock—yesterday I discovered that—that—again he hesitated painfully—"that I have passed the stage when one may calculate."

The situation was growing more embarrassing. To hide its awkwardness, Loder moved back to the grate and rebolted the fire, which had fallen low. Chilcote, still excited by his unusual vehemence, followed him, taking up a position by the mantelpiece.

"Well?" he said, looking down.

"Nothing, except that your story is unique and that I suppose I am flattered by your confidence." His voice was intentionally brusque.

Chilcote paid no attention to the voice. Taking a step forward he laid his fingers on the lapel of Loder's coat.

"I have passed the stage where I can count upon myself," he said, "and I want to count upon somebody else. I want to keep my place in the world's eyes and be free."

Loder drew back involuntarily, content struggling with bewilderment in his expression.

Chilcote lifted his head. "By an extraordinary chance," he said, "you can do for me what no other man in creation could do. It was suggested to me unconsciously by the story of a book—a book in which men changed identities. I saw nothing in it at the time, but this morning, as I lay in bed, sick with yesterday's fiasco, it came back to me. It rushed over my mind in an inspiration. It will save me and make you. I'm not insulting you, though you'd like to think so."

Without remark Loder freed himself from the other's touch and walked back to his desk. His anger, his pride, and against his will, his excitement were all aroused.

He sat down, leaned his elbow on the desk and took his face between his hands.

"Don't ridicule the idea. I'm in dead earnest." Loder said nothing. "Think—think it over before you refuse." For a moment Loder remained motionless, then he rose suddenly, pushing back his chair.

"Tush, man! You don't know what you say. The fact of your being married bars it. Can't you see that?" Again Chilcote caught his arm.

At the word speech Loder turned involuntarily. For a fleeting second the coldness of his manner dropped and his face changed.

Chilcote, with his nervous quickness of perception, saw the alteration, and a new look crossed his own face.

"Why not?" he said quickly. "You once had ambitions in that direction. Why not renew the ambitions?"

"Add drop back from the mountains into the gutter?" Loder smiled and slowly shook his head.

"Better to live for one day than to exist for a hundred?" Chilcote's voice trembled with anxiety. For the third time he extended his hand and touched the other.

This time Loder did not shake off the detaining hand. He scarcely seemed to feel its pressure.

"Look here," Chilcote's fingers tightened. "A little while ago you talked of influence. Here you can step into a position built by influence. You might do all you once hoped to do."

Loder suddenly lifted his head. "Absurd!" he said. "Absurd! Such a scheme was never carried through."

"Precisely what you need. People never suspect until they have a precedent. Will you consider it? At least consider it. Remember, if there is a risk it is I who am running it. On your own showing you have no position to jeopardize."

The other laughed curtly.

"Before I go tonight will you promise me to consider it?"

"Then you will send me your decision by wire tomorrow. I won't take your answer now."

Loder freed his arm abruptly. "Why not?" he asked.

Chilcote smiled nervously. "Because I know men and men's temptations. We are all very strong till the quick is touched. Then we all wince. It's morphia with one man, ambitions with another. In each case it's only a matter of sooner or later." He laughed in his satirical, unstrung way and held out his hand. "You have my address," he said. "Au revoir."

Loder pressed the hand and dropped it. "Goodbye," he said meaningly. Then he crossed the room quietly and held the door open. "Goodbye," he said again, with emphasis.

Until the last echo of his visitor's steps had died away Loder stood with his hand on the door. Then closing it quietly he turned and looked around the room. For a considerable space he stood there as if weighing the merits of each object. Then very slowly he moved to one of the bookshelves, drew out May's "Parliamentary Practice," and, carrying it to the desk, readjusted the lamp.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL the next day Chilcote moved in a fever of excitement. Hot with hope one moment, cold with fever the next, he rushed with restless energy into every task that presented itself, only to drop it as speedily. Twice during the morning he drove to the entrance of Clifford's inn, but each time his courage failed him and he returned to Grosvenor square to learn that the expected message from Loder had not come.

It was a wearing condition of mind, but at worst it was scarcely more than an exaggeration of what his state had been for months and made but little obvious difference in his bearing or manner.

In the afternoon he took his place in the house, but though it was his first appearance since his failure of two days ago, he drew but small personal notice. When he chose, his manner could repel advances with extreme effect, and of late men had been prone to draw away from him.

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"Come," he said, "I pleased to find some one whom to vent his irritation. It was that wire come for me?"

"No, sir. I inquired five minutes back."

"Inquire again."

"Yes, sir." Allsopp disappeared. A second later after his disappearance the bell of the hall door whizzed loudly.

Chilcote started. All sudden sounds, like all strong lights, affected him. He half moved to the door, then stopped himself with a short exclamation. At the same instant Allsopp reappeared.

Chilcote turned on him excitedly.

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" he said. "A battery of servants in the house and nobody to open the hall door?"

Allsopp looked embarrassed. "Crap-ham is coming directly, sir. He only left the hall to ask Jeffries."

Chilcote turned. "Confound Crap-ham!" he exclaimed. "Go and open the door yourself."

Allsopp hesitated, his dignity struggling with his obedience. As he waited the bell sounded again.

"Did you hear me?" Chilcote said.

"Yes, sir." Allsopp crossed the hall.

"No."

As the door was opened Chilcote passed his handkerchief from one hand to the other in the tension of hope and fear, then as the sound of a telegraph boy reached his ears he let the handkerchief drop to the ground.

Allsopp took the yellow envelope and carried it to his master.

"A telegram, sir," he said. "And the boy wishes to know if there is an answer. Picking up Chilcote's handkerchief, he turned aside with elaborate dignity.

Chilcote's hands were so unsteady that he could scarcely insert his finger under the flap of the envelope. Tearing off a corner, he wrenched the covering apart and smoothed out the flimsy pink paper.

The message was very simple, consisting of but seven words: "Shall expect you at 11 tonight."

"I'm entirely in your hands," Chilcote spoke with abrupt emotion. Moving to the table, he indicated a chair and drew another forward for himself.

Both men sat down.

Chilcote leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. "There will be several things to consider," he began seriously, looking across at the other.

"Quite so." Loder glanced back appreciatively. "I thought about those things the better part of last night. To begin with, I must study your handwriting. I guarantee to get it right, but it will take a month."

"A month?"

"Well, perhaps three weeks. We mustn't make a mess of things."

Chilcote shifted his position.

"Three weeks?" he repeated. "Couldn't you?"

"No, I couldn't." Loder spoke authoritatively. "I might never want to put pen to paper; but, on the other hand, I might have to sign a check one day." He laughed. "Have you ever thought of that—that I might have to, or want to, sign a check?"

"No, I confess that escaped me."

"You risk your fortune that you may keep the place it bought for you?" Loder laughed again. "How do you know that I am not a blackguard?" he added. "How do you know that I won't clear out one day and leave you high and dry? What is to prevent John Chilcote from realizing 10,000 or 50,000 and then making himself scarce?"

"You won't do that," Chilcote said, with unusual decision. "I told you your weakness last night, and it wasn't money. Money isn't the rock you'll split over."

"Then you think I'll split upon some rock? But that's beyond the question. To get to business again. You'll risk my studying your signature?"

Chilcote nodded.

"Right! Now item two." Loder counted on his fingers. "I must know the names and faces of your men friends as far as I can. Your woman friends, don't count. While I'm young, you will be adamant." He laughed again pleasantly. "But the men are essential—the backbone of the whole business."

"I have no men friends. I don't trust the idea of friendship."

"Acquaintances, then."

Chilcote looked up sharply. "I think we score there," he said. "I have a reputation for absentmindedness that will carry you anywhere. They tell me I can look through the most substantial man in the house as if he were glass, though I may have lunched with him the same day."

Loder smiled. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Fate must have been constructing this before either of us was born. It dovetails ridiculously. But I must know your colleagues, even if I'm only to cut them. You'll have to take me to the house."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all!" Again the tone of authority fell to Loder. "I can pull my hat over my eyes and turn up my coat collar. Nobody will notice me. We can choose the fall of the afternoon. I promise you 'twill be all right."

"Suppose the likeness should leak out? It's a risk."

Loder laughed confidently. "Tush, man! Risk is the salt of life. I must see you at your post, and I must see the men you work with." He rose, he walked across the room and took his pipe from the rack. "When I go in for a thing I like to go in over head and ears," he added as he opened his tobacco jar.

His pipe filled, he resumed his seat, resting his elbows on the table in unconscious imitation of Chilcote.

"Got a match?" he said laconically, holding out his hand.

In response Chilcote drew his match box from his pocket and struck a light. As their hands touched an exclamation escaped him.

"By Jove!" he said, with a fretful mixture of disappointment and surprise. "I hadn't noticed that." His eyes were fixed in annoyed interest on Loder's extended hand.

Loder, following his glance, smiled. "Odd that we should both have overlooked it! It clean escaped my mind. It's rather an ugly scar." He lifted his hand till the light fell more fully on it. Above the second joint of the third finger ran a jagged furrow, the reminder of a wound that had once laid bare the bone.

Chilcote leaned forward. "How did you come by it?" he asked.

The other shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, that's ancient history."

"The results are present day enough. It's very awkward, very annoying."

Loder, still looking at his hand, didn't seem to hear. "There's only one thing to be done," he said. "Each wear two rings on the third finger of the left hand. Two rings ought to cover it." He made a speculative measurement with the stem of his pipe.

Chilcote looked irritated and disturbed. "I detest rings. I never wear rings."

Loder raised his eyes calmly. "Neither do I," he said, "but there's no reason for bigotry."

But Chilcote's irritability was started. He pushed back his chair. "I don't like the idea," he said.

The other eyed him amusedly. "What a queer beggar you are!" he said. "You waive the danger of a man signing your checks and shy at wearing a piece of jewelry. I'll have a fair share of individuality to study."

Chilcote moved restlessly. "Every body knows I detest jewelry."

"Everybody knows you are eccentric. It's got to be the rings or nothing, so far as I make out."

Chilcote again altered his position, avoiding the other's eyes. At last, after a struggle with himself, he looked up.

"I—I came to discuss details," he said quickly, crossing the space that divided him from his host. "Shall we—Are you?"

Continued Next Week