

THE NIGHT DOUGHNUT

VOLUME 1.

EUGENE, OREGON

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1909.

NUMBER 6

THIEF "SWIPED" PIES FROM K. T.'S PANTRY

Got Into the Kitchen Three Times In One Week and Helped Himself.

Klosche Tillium House, March 25. (Special Correspondence to The Doughnut).—Somewhere in this happy land of ours there roams today one disconcerted but extremely persistent and polite young burglar, who smokes a special and expensive brand of cigarettes, and is afflicted—with due apologies to New England folk—with an insatiable and unquenchable fondness for fluffy, home-made apple pie.

It's a cliche that the burglar, whoever he is, is robbing somewhere, for no man with a pleasant, happy home would rob people's kitchens as 2 o'clock in the morning. But this burglar did. And it's equally a cliche that he must be disconcerted, for who could help feeling disconcerted with the whole Klosche Tillium house vexed at him, and the Eugene police department hot on his trail? But this is getting ahead of the story.

Anyway, in his longing search for apple pie, the burglar found an oasis in a pious desert when he got into the kitchen at the Klosche Tillium house on two different nights last week. On the third night, in his efforts to get another pie, he created a rumpus that scared the girls in the house half to death and stirred up the neighborhood for a block around; he had to jump through a window in wild dash to escape from a policeman.

Sometime Thursday night, the burglar paid his first call. It was quite an informal visit for he entered through a study window and after locating the pie shelf, didn't alter from it until he had finished. In the morning the cheerless skeletons of what had once been four luscious apple pies, the open window and a lot of stubs from expensive Russian cigarettes told the story of his visit.

Friday night the burglar paid his second call. This time he dispatched four more helpless pies. The discovery of the empty pie tins and more cigarette stubs next morning caused a furore. The situation was getting desperate. If any pies at all were to be saved for home consumption, it would be necessary for something to be done at once. That night every window in the K. T. house was locked tight, and every door was double bolted. But alas for human calculations, nobody had reckoned with the persistence of a really pie-hungry burglar.

It was about 2 o'clock that (Sunday) morning that everybody was suddenly awakened by a terrific racket in the basement. In two seconds the upstairs hall was filled with visions of frightened loveliness, who peered over the banisters and asked each other in sear-whispers whether it was a burglar. A moment later came the sound of a door trying to pry open the door leading up from the basement to the kitchen. Then there was a skurry, indeed. Emma Waterman rushed valiantly downstairs to the telephone and

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FRESHMEN TURNED HOBOES TO WIN A BET

Eugene, Ore., March 26.—(Special to The Doughnut).—This is a true story of a bet that was made by two freshmen members of the Beaver club last week, the thrilling adventures that befell them in trying to carry it out, and its final disastrous ending. Also of a successful practical joke that entered into the matter, and had quite a little to do with what happened.

The parties to the bet were George Otten and Robert Ramsdell, both popular in university society circles. Those who conceived the practical joke and carried it out were four members of the Eugene police department. Otten and Ramsdell had the misfortune to become victims of both the bet and the joke. But this is how it all happened.

Otten, who will be the main hero of this tale, was studying one pleasant evening last week, when through

the open window of his room there came the sound of a locomotive laboring up a heavy grade. Instantly Otten had an idea. He was struck with the thought that it would be a worthy deed and adventure long to be remembered to beat Mr. Hariman's Southern Pacific company out of the price of a ticket to Oregon City and return. His next step was to confide the proposition to Ramsdell.

That young man entered heartily into the spirit of the plan but declined its practicability. In the argument that followed, Ramsdell bet Otten that he could not make the trip successfully to Oregon City and return without accident, and in the next breath volunteered to go along to see what happened.

Last Friday morning the two adventurers bade their fraternity

(Continued on page three)

WHO'S WHOUGH THIS WEEK AT OREGON AND WHY

Facts and Near Facts In the Life of Dud Clarke, Football Star, and Man of Battle.

Perhaps Oregon without Dudley Clark would still be in Oregon—though there's grave room for doubt about it. Maybe the old walls of Villard hall would still stand as grim and gray and shabby looking if he should graduate tomorrow. But football at Oregon without Dudley Clarke? Football? Never! The very thought is sacrilege! As well have track athletes without Bill Hayward, the duck pond without Cap'n Briggs or Y. M. C. A. bible classes without Jim Lyman. Perish the idea, avant with it down with the bare mention even. It is simply unthinkable, and not to be so much as hinted at.

Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime, and departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time, and, yes, you know the rest, but the life of Dud Clarke reminds us, few like him can sit the line, and departing leave behind us, footprints on the faces of the other team, goal kicks on the scrolls of time, and 70 yard spiral

(Continued on Page 2.)

DRAMATIC CLUB WILL "BRIDIE" MIGHT HAVE STAGE A PLAY LOST HIS ARM

A PERPLEXING SITUATION.

Mr. Middleton F. E. Dutton
Mrs. Middleton Caroline Dunston
Tom Middleton Roy Terry
Jessie Pay Clark
Sue Edith Woodcock
Lory Enr Alberta Campbell
Maude Ioline Shaver
Mrs. Nossie Ruth Dunway
Alexander Cecil Espey
Mary (Irish servant) Naomi Williamson
Fritz (German servant) Wm. Klitz
Jack Potomus Jack Hickson
Health Officer Walter E. McIntyre

That, Gentle Reader, is how the University of Oregon dramatic club will line up for its first dramatic production in Villard hall on the night of April 15, next.

The parts were assigned the members of the cast early this week and under the coaching of Miss Miriam Van Waters, rehearsals will be in full swing within the next few days. Students in general however, will be disappointed to learn that this first production will not be given in public. The audience will be limited to members of the dramatic club only, though it may later be decided to allow each member to invite one other person to attend.

A "Perplexing Situation," the play chosen, is a laughable farce-comedy that will give those in the cast an opportunity of displaying their capabilities as budding young actors to the public. The cast is as follows: Mr. Middleton, a stinky old business man, F. E. Dutton offers Caroline Dunston, Pay Clark, Edith Woodcock, Alberta Campbell, and Ioline Shaver, playing the parts of Mrs. Middleton and "the girls." \$75 apiece, if they can keep all for a whole day. The efforts to win the \$75 and the efforts of Mr. Middleton to keep them from it when he finds they are in some danger of success, furnish plenty of fun.

(Continued on Page Two.)

Rhoda Khan Fraternity, March 26. (Special to The Doughnut).—Trying to perfect a new cure for warts nearly resulted disastrously for Glen Bridwell, a well known junior and member of the Rhoda Khan Fraternity, early this week.

As a youngster, Bridwell once violated that unbreakable legendary rule of boyhood that whosoever picks up a frog without first crossing the fingers of the left hand and making a wish, will catch a wart. The rule worked. After all the old fashioned Mother Goose remedies of washing his hands by moonlight in water left in the hollow of an old stump, jumping three times over a blazing pine knot on which a charm had been pinned, and even repeating the university catalogue backward without a mistake, had failed him, Bridwell last Friday resorted to a remedy suggested to him by Gwina Watson, a brother member of his fraternity.

This cure consisted simply in burning the warts with a hot needle that had first been dipped in syrup and then heated in an open fireplace, and over which the following charm had been solemnly repeated in the dark of a Eugene electric light:

"Fire burn, wind blow, and the warts'll go."

With Watson engineering the needle end of the operation, Bridwell endured the miniaturequisition with great fortitude. But two days later, his hand became painful he was obliged to go to a physician. The doctor told him he was in serious danger of blood poisoning.

For three days it was a grave question whether blood poison could be averted, but the doctor's efforts finally won the battle. It was on last Thursday, however, that Bridwell learned that he was out of danger.

Bridwell is still carrying his hand in a sling.

(Continued to Page 3.)

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Something About Us.

Pardon us for saying something nice about ourselves. There is this excuse for it, anyway, that if WE didn't say it, we couldn't expect anybody else to, and would be called conceited just to the same. What we were about to remark, however, was that if a number of complimentary letters are any indication, The Doughnut has hit the right chord in the sentiment of the student body. We only hope we can keep on hitting it.

Several of those who have written us say they like The Doughnut's way of handling news, and feel that it will be a paper that will be independent at all times and work for the best interests of the students of this university. It's only fair to add that one person declared that The Doughnut was an example of the very worst type of yellow journalism, and ought to be suppressed.

We are sorry we can't accommodate him by suppressing ourselves—but then we must consider the student body and our advertisers. We believe that The Doughnut, from its independent position, can be of some benefit to the student body. (If this is correct, we can't help it). Anyway we will try to be of benefit to it by working for what we think will benefit it. As for our advertisers—we also hope to be of benefit to them. The editors of The Doughnut at all times will be pleased to receive and to consider suggestions and criticism from the students. The columns of The Doughnut are open to them.

A pie-loving burglar invaded the K. T. house three times the same week after apple pie. He certainly showed excellent discrimination.

Eugene is indeed a town distinguished. It has just been learned that it has not the slowest train, but the second slowest train in the world.

Here's to the debaters. They put up a good fight, anyway.

Oh well, we got another chance at 'em next year.

THE WEEK'S EVENTS.

Saturday, March 27,
Doughnut Day.
Laurean Society, 7 p. m.
Philologion Society, 7 p. m.
Monday, March 28,
Eutaxian Society, 4 p. m.
Oregon Weekly Day.
Tuesday, March 30,
Y. W. C. A., 4 p. m.
Practice Baseball game.
Oregon-Utah debate at Salt Lake City, Kipitrac and Townsend composing Oregon's team.
Wednesday, March 31
Assembly, 10 a. m.
Practice ball game.
Thursday, April 1,
April Fool Day.
Friday, April 2,
Y. M. C. A., 7 p. m.
Saturday, April 3
First game in inter-fraternity baseball league, Beavers vs. A.
Dorm club, on practice diamond, 10 a. m.
Doughnut Day.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

(Continued From Page One.)
There isn't a word of love in the whole play.
After "A Perplexing Situation," the club will put on "A Regular Fix."

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

(Continued From Page 1.)
punts that have made northern football history.

Dud Clarke has been a football hero at Oregon and elsewhere for so long a time that it's hard to think of him as anything else. Ever since he was old enough to know the difference between a goal post and a tin rattle, Dud has been flitting vigorously with the goddess of football; in return for his attentions, the flattered goddess has showered him with favors. For two years Clarke has been Oregon's mainstay as full back, and his long 60 and 60 yard punts have put him in a class by himself as the premier punter of the Pacific coast, and one of the greatest in the country.

Not to chronicle of Clarke's life would be complete without some mention of his early career. Dud was born in Portland 22 years ago. The early part of his life was spent in a yellow mansion at 14th and Market streets. Now 14th and Market streets, he it said for the uninitiated, is geographically quite perilous near the precincts of that peculiar parison section of Portland known as Goose Hollow. It is told of him by his friends that for years the greater part of young Clarke's time was occupied with forcibly refuting the accusations of the notorious Goose Hollow gang on one hand that he was not of the select because he lived just outside Goose Hollow, and rebutting the fan-tangled of the rival street gang that he wasn't good enough for them because he did live in Goose Hollow. Clarke was a pretty strenuous matter for Clarke for several years. But he finally made himself known by the way to the leadership of the Goose Hollow gang, and then cleaning out the Tenth street gang in blood battle that is remembered to this day.

All of which was mighty good preliminary football training. It was while he was a student at Portland Academy that Dud first began to shine as a football star. True, before that he had been a star, once led the Goose Hollow eleven to glory victories over the hated Tenth street, but his football methods at that time were far from polished. But even before he left the prep school, Clarke made himself known by his wonderful kicking.

No story more inspiring to ambitious young athletes has ever been told than of how Clarke learned to kick a football. The story is told by a former classmate.

"One month Clarke had spent his monthly allowance even sooner than usual," says the narrator. "But on this occasion it seemed to worry him heartily to death. For two days he went about the campus moping, and buried in deep thought about something, no one knew just what."

"One afternoon after such a moping spell, he suddenly rushed to the middle of the campus, grabbed a football, and began making drop kicks over the goal posts. All that day and for a week he was kicking every spare moment. Soon he got so he could drop the pigskin neatly between the posts from 50 and even 60 yards almost infallibly. Then he offered to bet the fellows nickels that he could not miss."

"It was a keen money making stunt. The nickels simply poured in on him. I have seen as many as 12 scores of fellows with nickels against him on the result of one kick. Of course, Dud would win and pocket their money. He made enough that month to keep him supplied with more money than he could spend."

At the Academy Clarke also was known as a baseball player, and one year in center field batted at the head of the league with a percentage of something like 18, dropping every fly that came near him during the season. It was a record that has never since been approached. Like every normal young man, Clarke has had his ambitions. The most famous one was when he tried to become a prize fighter in prep school days. On one occasion Clarke and a classmate fought a grueling nine round battle in a barn which ended only when Clarke by a lucky uppercut, knocked his opponent out. In addition to being elected football captain of next year's team, Clarke has played a great game of baseball at third base, and has been prominent in student body affairs. He is a junior, and a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. It will surely be a sorry day for Oregon's football team when Dud Clarke leaves college!



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FRESHMEN TURNED HOODES.

(Continued from Page 1.)
brothers a fond farewell, and set out to find Mr. Harriman. They had arranged to stop a night or so in Oregon City at the home of Wallace Caulfield, a brother of Ray Caulfield, swinging on the head coach of the north bound passenger, they were soon in a snug place on the top of a baggage car. Not far from the yard, so they managed to keep out of sight of the train men until Oregon City was reached. But Oregon City coppers have keen eyes. No sooner had the dusty couple slid from their perch and started to walk unconcernedly away than they were nabbed by a trusty guardian of the law, who grabbed each by the coat collar, and in spite of all their protests, marched them off to jail.

It might have gone hard with the youngsters, if Caulfield hadn't swung into sight just at this moment, and having some sort of a stand-in with the cop, he "squared" the matter and secured their release. Somewhat shaken, Otten and Ramsdell remained with Caulfield until last Sunday afternoon, when in accordance with their bet, they again caught a train, climbed to the roof, and started back to Eugene.

This time, proceeding by experience, they were much more careful. It was dark when the train rolled into the depot. Biding their time, they slid cautiously down between the cars and were just making a successful get-away when—
"Hey, you be's, hands up there!" came a voice in their ears. "Don't try any monkey business now, but come along!" and the started two found themselves face to face with Police-men Purdy and Collision of the Eugene police force, who had gone down to meet the train and see that no tramps dropped off at Eugene. Before they knew it they were being gripped firmly by the collars and marched off towards the Eugene city Prison.

As soon as they fairly realized what was happening Otten and Ramsdell began to raise an awful howl. It was too dark for them to see that both officers were concealing broad grins and exchanging quick chuckles with each other—for Collision had recognized Ramsdell as a Beaver the moment he hopped off the train.

"Oh, now, please let us off—we won't do anything at all!" began Otten.
"It was just a bet" chimed in Ramsdell.
"And we'll be disgraced for ever" said Otten.

"We'll never, never do it again," promised Ramsdell.
The officers appeared somewhat moved by the piteous appeals of the youthful young hoboes. One held back with some difficulty what may have been a laugh, or a sob. Then he began to lecture them on the enormity of their offense.

"But if you'll never do it again," he began.
"Oh, never, we promise, never, never, never—if you'll only let us go this once," declared Otten and Ramsdell as one man. Admiring them to get straight home before curfew rang, the cops let 'em go. As the two started off on a run, Collision and Purdy laughed till they could hardly stand. Hurrying up town,

they found Bonny and Charley Evans of the night squad, and told them the joke. At that particular moment the two Beavers, tired and dusty, and decidedly disgusted with their adventure and bet, turned in at a coffee house and ordered something to eat.

Just as the hungry lads turned to their steaming cups of coffee, suddenly the door of the coffee house opened and a straggler, Bidley and Evans. They walked straight up to the two, and arrested them as a couple of hoboes who had escaped custody. In vain Ramsdell and Otten protested. The officers were firm. It was only when Ramsdell finally confessed that he was a member of the Beaver club, and wouldn't leave home and campus again during the whole college career without a guardian along with 'em, that Evans apparently was induced not to take them along to jail. And after they had finished their coffee and sinkers, he solemnly escorted them up to the Beaver house. Don't say "but,"—"riding the tops" or "practical joke" to Otten and Ramsdell hereafter, if you want them to consider you a friend. Strangely enough, similar bets were all the rage among Portland-bound students last week and the week before. Among other betters were "Pinky" Blagen, Bill Kitz and Sap Lalorette, prominent Kappa-Sigas, who are said to have served a few hours in a Salem dungeon before they could convince the police that they were not real college students but only a lark.

PIE THIEF AT K. T. HOUSE.

(Continued from Page One.)
called up the police station. A masculine voice at the other end asked Kitz who was calling.
"Oh, there's a horrid burglar here—in our basement—and he's trying to get—please come quick," she cried. The policeman dropped the receiver with a thud and started for the scene.

In the meantime the burglar was exceedingly busy. With a "jimny" he worked persistently at the bolted door barring the way to the coveted pie. It was an exciting situation. Every time the cellar door creaked from the efforts of the burglar to throw it open, a stifled scream would come from the hall. The girls pinned their hopes on Angelina Williams and Harriet Lane, who shakily tried to load a little revolver at the wrong end—in preparation for the time when the door should give way. At this exciting moment, the telephone suddenly rang violently. Miss Waterman again bravely went down to answer while the burglar politely ceased his attacks on the door so that she could hear.
"This is the policeman," said a voice. "Where is this burglar? You forgot to tell me."

"At the K. T. House," cried Miss Waterman, "and please, please hurry! He's almost got the door hammered down."

The officer, supposing the burglar was at the Gamma Phi Beta house, waked the members of that sorority with his pounding on their door. Miss Jennie Perry, questioning him from the window, convinced him of his error and directed him to the K. T. house on up the street. But the burglar meanwhile had not been idle.

After the telephone call, he redoubled his efforts on the door. Under a continuous volley of shakings and poundings, it began to give way. With a last violent effort, he knocked it off its hinges and had just started towards the pantry when—

The door bell rang. It was the policeman inside. But as the girls hurried to open the door and let him in, the burglar grabbed pie, gave a furious wrench at the pantry window, pulled it open, and jumped out into the night.

The best thing about this story is that it is all true.

BRIDGELL NEARLY LOST.

(Continued from Page 1.)
"Let me impress one thing upon you, young man," he declared later on. "Doughnuts are important. That is, under no circumstances lift a frog without first assuring yourself that your fingers are crossed, and indulging a wish. I feel I owe a warning to the world at large. No, I have no further comment to make."

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Beavers vs. Dorn Club, Saturday morning, April 3, at 10 o'clock.
Sigma Xus vs. Rhoda Klans, Saturday morning, April 10 at 10 o'clock.

Kappa Sigmas vs. Delta Alphas, Saturday morning, April 24 at 10 o'clock.

Alpha Club vs. Tawah Club, Saturday morning, May 1 at 10 o'clock.
Chairman of League, Dean Goodman, Delta Alpha Fraternity.

Subject to changes, that is how the first round of games in the inter-cup fraternity baseball league for the Doughnut silver cup will be played. The season opens next Saturday morning on the regular baseball practice diamond behind the library, when the fast Beaver organization, captained by Tom Word, will cross bats with the Dorn club team, led by Van Martyr.

A tentative schedule of games was arranged and a list of simple rules to govern the league were drawn up at a meeting of the committee composed of Dean Goodman, Herbert Clark and Arthur VanDusen, which has arrangements for the organization of the league in charge, at a meeting Wednesday. Here are the rules they decided upon:

1. The team winning the cup will be determined by a process of elimination, similar to that in team tournaments, a team dropping out of the race after being defeated in a regular championship game.

2. The cup shall become the permanent property of the fraternity or club winning the cup in succession, being turned over at the close of the season, however, to the fraternity or club winning the championship, to be kept in its possession until won the following season by another team.

3. In all league games, the umpire will be selected by the captain of the two competing teams; the umpire's decisions shall be final.

4. Games postponed on account of the weather shall be played off at a date arranged by the managers of the two teams.

5. A satisfactory excuse for all games postponed for any other reason than the weather must be filed at least one day before the game with the chairman of the league by the manager of the team. Failure to file this excuse forfeits the game.

6. No player having made the varsity team at any time shall play in his regular position on any fraternity or club team.

7. Each team shall furnish the umpire with one new official spalding ball for use in each game.

8. In all cases a passed ball or an overthrow by the first shall be good for only one base, but the captains of the two teams may agree upon ground rules before each game.

According to the schedule seven games in all will be played by the league. The committee found it necessary to adopt a system of eliminating the losing team; otherwise a schedule of something like 56 games would have been necessary. At the University of Washington, where there is a flourishing fraternity league of nearly thirty teams, this system has been adopted.

With eight clubs in the league, the first round will eliminate four of them. According to the plans of the committee, the winning four will play off their series, sometime before Junior week end, as it is the intention of having the final game played on Thursday, May 12, of Junior week. Admission may be charged then in which case the proceeds will be turned over to the Junior class to help defray the expenses of their celebration.

Baseball Manager Hearn has made a ruling that will interest members of the different teams. To prevent conflicts and make it possible for all the clubs to get plenty of practice, Dean says the two teams which are to play on Saturday mornings can use the baseball field on alternate nights during the week before the game.

The Dorn Club, the Beavers and the Rhoda Klans have elected captains and managers for their teams.

HAYWARD'S ATHLETES SHAWED SPEED AT MEET

(By Harry Mix, the Doughnut's War Correspondent.)

Bill Hayward's basketball athletes opened the season with an indoor meet last night that brought out a big and enthusiastic crowd. Although the world records were broken some classy events were pulled off. The event between Loosely and Bailey, the long freshman, did not take place as Bailey was unable to find a suit long enough to help him.

The first event was a fifty yard dash. Bristow and McEwen reached the finals, the former winning in six seconds.

In the shot put, the participants dwindled down to Kellogg, Means and McIntyre, Kellogg winning with a heave of 31 feet 6 1/2 inches.

There were only two entries for the broad jump and Bristow won from Hawkins by a jump of 19 feet, 4 inches.

In the pole vault Williams climbed 8 feet, 3 inches, leaving Watson over half a foot behind. It was during this event that Cary Loosely distinguished himself, by offering to replace the ball.

Johnnie Vaulter failed to make the top. He received more applause than any three athletes in the house.

When Newman, the freshman jumper, cleared the bar at 5 feet 9 inches. His form was almost perfect. Johnnie won second in this event and Hawkins third.

Manager Bean's Potato Marathon was at it to the good. To the surprise of some lucky sorority house, Jack Hickson picked up enough spuds to bombard the wolf for the rest of the semester.

After this event came the wrestling matches, which were very well refereed by Eugene Vaulter, a former wrestler of national reputation. In the lightweight bout, Morgan pinned Kelly's shoulders to the mat for the first fall in thirty-two seconds. They went after each other for the second fall like a couple of wildcats and this time it took Morgan one minute and twenty-four seconds to put Kelly down.

Pigeon and Huggins were so evenly matched that each took a fall, in one minute and twenty-five seconds. Main was given the second fall for aggressiveness and the third was declared a draw, thus dividing honors evenly.

Announcer Van Dusen then introduced Sloux McKenzie of Albina and Billy Woods of Astoria. They went right at it. Woods won the first fall and Sloux the second and then they decided to call it a draw. Van Dusen in a burst of Clatsop enthusiasm announced the audience by breaking out with an Astoria yell, which nearly caused a panic.

It was the Farris-Snell bout, each got one fall, and it was called a draw.

Skamokawa Bates and Salmon-wrestler Voigt went three falls in the first round. Bates winning the first by a bit of pretty wrestling and Voigt the second and third.

Thomas Kelly, the new baseball coach, reached Eugene Wednesday night and from the moment that he inspected the squad for the first time Thursday, baseball stock has gone soaring. Kelly is an old professional ball player who knows baseball, talks baseball, and thinks baseball with an enthusiasm that is good to see. More than that, he puts his own spirit into the men he is coaching.

For several years he has been coached the Santa Clara college team in California with such good effect that they have literally won the California soil with their opponents.

A good athlete's got to be 35 per cent bluff—50% and 15 per cent ginger and hustle was one of the new coach's side remarks to the squad Thursday night before a big game. His coming has put a world of confidence in the baseball fans.

Harry Patterson and Van Martyr are manager and captain for the Dorn team. Will Ciske and Tom Word for the Beavers, and Sam Davidson and McKenzie for the Rhoda Klans.



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