

THE LIGHT DOUGHNUT

VOLUME 1.

EUGENE, OREGON

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1909.

NUMBER 4.

TWO FRESHMEN WERE MILLRAGED--BY THEMSELVES

Art Lewis and Homer Jamieson Leap
From Patterson Bridge at
Mid-day Monday.

Khoda Khan Fraternity, March 12. (Special to The Doughnut.)—Through the wire, the slickest in the world.)—Before a cheering throng of several hundred people, Homer Jamieson, a brother of Harper Jamieson, and Arthur Lewis, freshmen and members of the Khoda Khan Fraternity, were thrown in the millrace directly in front of the Gamma Delta Gamma sorority, at noon Monday, as punishment for violating a house rule against breaking dishes.

After being thrown in the water, the two young men were compelled to swim across the race for the benefit of the spectators before they were finally fished out and sent home on a run to get into dry clothes. Neither seemed the worse for his enforced bath.

The affair, however, was unlike most millraging events because of the interesting fact that Lewis and Young Jamieson millraged themselves. The rule which they broke, moreover, was of their own making, and it was to ease their consciences that they insisted on going to the Patterson street bridge, climbing the rail, and throwing themselves into the dazkling depths below.

A number of interesting questions have arisen as a result of the episode. Is a man hazed when he hazes himself? Should a man petition for the privilege of millraging himself? When does a millraging cease to become a ducking? and is it better for a freshman to drown himself to ease (Continued on Page Three.)

ARCHIBALD RAN AWAY BUT 'T WAS ALL A MISTAKE!

Impolite Steed Jumped a Ditch and
Spilled "Brick" Michael and Young
—But I Thought They Were Breaking the Rules." He
Told Doughnut Reporter.

Eugene, Ore., March 12.—(Special to The Doughnut.)—Through the discourtesy of Archibald, their horse, Stanley Young, a well-known sophomore, and Miss "Brick" Michael, a football fame, were dragged in a buggy across a ten foot ditch and spilled into a slmy pool of mud, in the course of what was intended to be a pleasure drive to Fairmount, last Sunday.

In his efforts to save the fair Miss Michael from harm, Young missed being a hero by a scant two feet. The cunning Archibald jumped like a scared sea mew when a street car suddenly hove in view, and cleared the ditch with one bound. Young was so surprised he dropped the lines.

"Oh, Stanley Stanley! Save me, or I perish!" cried the fair Miss Michael, convulsively clasping his arm.

"Never fear darling, I will!" returned the noble Young. Rising in front of the dashboard he poised himself for a desperate leap to the horse's back. At that second the buggy struck the far side of the ditch, and clutched vainly for the reins. Young lost his balance and was hurled to the street. His many figure settled with a splash in the center of the muddy roadway.

Except for her feelings Miss Michael, who in real life is Graham J. "Brick" Michael, football star and member of the Sigma Nu fraternity, was unhurt. After disposing of Young, Archibald gave a playful exhibition of trying to climb a tele-

graph pole and dumped Michael out. Young had leaped Archibald for the day on Sunday morning, and asked Michael to go with him for a drive.

"Better get a girl," suggested "No," said Young, "you be the girl!" "I'll drive and you can sit on the left side of the seat and talk." Michael was so pleased that he took it up on the instant.

Archibald was contentedly munching grass when a Doughnut reporter reached the scene of the accident.

"I was laboring under a woeful misapprehension when I ran away," remarked the horse to the reporter. "I was under the impression that the young couple were violating Rule No. 3 (cite code) which says that petitions for all semi-formal affairs must be filed with the Wednesday preceding the event. I knew this had not been done.

"Had I known, as I do now, that this drive did not come under the heading of either formal or semi-formal affairs, I most certainly would not have jumped the ditch. But you see how it is—under the circumstances, I considered that I was doing my clear duty in trying to break up the party. I will willingly make a public apology if they insist on it.

"No, I do not care to discuss the rules. But say—oh well, on the dead, I would hate to have 'em handed to me in my oats. You haven't got a cigarette about you anywhere, have you?"

WHO'S WHOUGH THIS WEEK AT OREGON AND WHY

It's Miss Jessie L. Hurley, Whose
Hobby Is Hobbies and Teach-
ing the Little Hindus.

Way back somewhere in the dark ages of the nineteenth century or thereabouts, according to the old books at East— and they ought to know—they used to have a prejudice against higher education for women. The worthy fathers of the time had distinct but old fashioned ideas on the subject, the effect of which was that woman's proper sphere was out in the kitchen making muffins, trying to make a last year's cook stove last until spring, or shaking out the rugs and all that there was mighty little sympathy with this co-education idea. All of which is merely introductory to saying it's lucky for Oregon that the college year of 1908-09 didn't happen in the nineteenth century.

For if said 1908-09 had gotten on the wrong side of the ledger and swung into action 70 or 50 years ahead of place, it's entirely probable that Miss Jessie L. Hurley would not have been a senior at the University of Oregon. And if Miss Hurley were not a senior there, what in the world would ever become of the dramatic (Continued on page three).

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THE WEEK'S EVENTS.

Paste this where you can
see it.

Saturday, March 13.

Doughnut Day.

Relay Race Meet with O.
A. C. on Kincaid Field,
3:30 p. m.

Philologistian society, 7 p. m.

Laurean society, 7 p. m.

Monday, March 15.

Eutaxian society, Deady

hall, 4 p. m.

Oregon Weekly Day.

Tuesday, March 16.

Y. W. C. A., Deady hall,

4 p. m.

Wednesday, March 17.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY!

Assembly Villard hall, 10

a. m.

Thursday, March 18.

Dramatic Club, Villard

hall, 4 p. m.

Friday, March 19.

Y. M. C. A., 7 p. m.

Saturday, March 20.

Doughnut Day.

WOOD WAS FEATURE POURED HOT WATER OF THE MEETING ON THE PLUMBER

Splinters From The Philosophy of
J. LeRoy Wood.

"I say pooch-pooch for the man who works only for glory; some day he'll wish he had a tail on his back."

"If a man goes into debt, it shows he is prosperous."

Well, this student body has got a funny lot of men!

The smaller your student body is, the more people will be left outside waiting for a clever man to come and buck them.

What? Say that again, will you?

Wait a moment, whisper—no violence!

In a meeting remarkable chiefly for the pithy side remarks of president J. LeRoy Wood, the student body gave the proposition to have a graduate manager for all athletic activities a violent slap in the face by voting it down 67 to 51, decided that debaters and orators should have a baby "O," and ruled against free passes for the athletes at campus games, Wednesday morning.

Unlike most student body meet-

(Continued on page three)

Delta Alpha Fraternity, March 12.

(Special to "The Doughnut.")—House managers, house mothers, and house wives the world over will hail with joy the news that at last there has been found a way for getting rid of plumbers and cutting your winter's plumbing bill in half that is practical, safe and so ridiculously easy that anybody can use it.

To no less a person than George Hotaka, Nagasaki, Japanese chief at the Delta Alpha house, is due the credit for a discovery that may revolutionize the morals of modern plumbers.

George's methods would hardly win a prize at a humanitarian congress, but it has simplicity and effectiveness on its side. It consists simply of pouring hot water down the plumber's back till he gets tired of tinkering about here and there at your expense, and quite in a huff it worked beautifully when tried for the first time, last Tuesday.

Ever since the cold snap, the drain pipe from the Delta Alpha kitchen has worked grudgingly, and Tuesday a plumber looked it over, pronounced it a full day's work, and it worked beautifully when tried for the first time, last Tuesday.

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THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHNUT

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THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHNUT

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194 East Eleventh Street

The New Rules.

Just at present, The Doughnut has little comment to make on the proposed new rules. From a faculty point of view, no doubt they fill the bill very well, though where any student will benefit from them (as they read, at least) is not at all so clear.

The student interpretation of the rules (as they read) is very clearly given in an editorial in Monday's Weekly. Members of the student affairs committee, which framed the rules after much deliberation, have said that this was in no way the interpretation that was intended by the framers. Very well, The Doughnut is quite willing to take the word of the gentlemen in the matter, and admit that the rules (as they were intended to read), have been misconstrued. One looking at them, however, for the first time (as they read) could hardly fail to make the same interpretation, or misinterpretation of them, as the students have.

President Campbell has requested the students not to take any hasty judgment in the matter in the hope that the whole affair can quickly be adjusted in a manner satisfactory to everybody. So far as The Doughnut is concerned, it heartily accedes to this request; therefore it will not judge the rules at all (as they read) and will reserve any judgment of the rules (as they were intended to read) in the belief and hope that they will be changed as the committee has said they were intended to read. And then we shall all be able to judge them better.

In this same connection, it may be said that a number of the students believe that the faculty would perhaps not be averse to the idea of having permanent student representation on the student affairs committee; say not less than four students and perhaps six, taken at large from the University, who could present matters from a student viewpoint. The gain in promoting friendly relations between students and faculty by such an arrangement, which is in vogue in a number of other Universities, one of them The University of California, would make it worth something at least. And undoubtedly it would clear up a whole lot of the misunderstanding so likely to creep in between students and their professors, the good intention of whom nobody doubts.

Now the debaters and orators have been admitted to the Order of the "O," it's up to somebody to accuse them of trying to form an aristocracy of their own. Imagine "King" Jesse the Oncest, Prince Bebe Williams, Nicholas, the King's gesture, etc.

The Washington legislature has put in the bill appropriating money for the state university, a jokers making military drill compulsory. They must be wanting to cut down the attendance.

Now, that it's all over, what capable young man with any prospects could have been found willing to tie himself up for two years as graduate manager, at \$800, or even \$1,000 a year?

From the number of girls wearing "O's" about the campus, one would think Oregon's football team last fall was a feminine organization.

A Eugene popcorn man is said to have sold out his business recently for \$3,000. And yet they say times are short a little dull.

No, Gentle Reader, that b-n-r Monday morning was NOT a special edition of The Doughnut.

Dillon's for Drugs and Doughnuts.

Breaking the News.

The printer had just dropped a form of The Doughnut down three flights of stairs, and type lay scattered for 40 feet.

"I wish," sighed the editor sadly, "that you had broken the news a little more gently."

New line of baseball bats at the Eugene Gun Company's.

Oh, Lucky Camel!

Freshman: "They say a camel can go eight days without water."
Thirsty Rankin: "Yes, and so could I if it weren't for this confounded local option."

In French.

Little bits of repartee,
Little grains of joke,
Makes the first year French class
No place for ample folk.

Sure, We Do!

Dear Mister Doughnut:
When you come out at midnight
Do you have a chaperone?
When students at The Doughnut
Must they eat it all alone?
And if they eat the center,
Will the ending fatal be
And must they ask permission
If they'd give a Cat nip tea?
And do the Paris fashions
Give the styles in apron strings?
Or will the bees keep buzzing
If they don't get any stings?
From Ballads of Johnny Ginger
snap.

Comb The Tams.

Editor The Doughnut Sir: Before you leave the subject of hats, wish you'd ask the girls to comb out their tam o' shanters once in a while. I've seen a lot of them lately that look all matted and tangled up as if they'd never seen such a thing as a comb.

When the girls comb their hair, they could just as easily slip the comb through the tam a few times. I am sure the poor things would appreciate it. Please give this communication space and oblige.
A GIRL.

Anybody who likes to be smiled at may be accommodated by handing the Manager four bits.

POURED WATER ON

(Continued From Page One.)
leisurely sat down to begin repairs. Half an hour later a tremendous uproar from the basement brought Tom Townsend to the spot on a dead run to find Nagasaki and the plumber brandishing stovepipe sticks and about to close in deadly combat.

In rather sultry language, the plumber ordered the president that he had been sitting quietly under the pipe looking through a section of it he had just unscrewed, when Nagasaki playfully poured a bucket of hot water through the disconnected drain down his neck.

"He lay—I title 'im up—make 'im jump," explained Nagasaki crisply.

With infinite tenderness Townsend calmed the plumber and induced him to return to his task. Congratulating himself on his tact, he went back to his room. Ten minutes later there suddenly rose through the floor such a chorus of yells and stewed syllables of frenzied Japanese, that Townsend hastily organized Pinkham, George Hug, Stein, Johns, Ogden, Chessman, and McKinley into a committee for the rescue of the plumber, and plunged again to the basement.

They found the plumber swearing lustily and making efforts to kick Nagasaki, who was threatening him with a can opener. After restraining Nagasaki, the listless president sympathetically while the plumber tenderly related how he had been resting a few minutes under the open drain when a second deluge of boiling water from the kitchen overwhelmed him. In spite of all the committee tried to do, the plumber insisted that he had been insulted, grabbed his tools and left. It took Pinkham just ten minutes to get the pipe in working order.

"I make 'im jump—hey!" dryly declared Nagasaki to a Doughnut reporter shortly after the departure of the plumber. "Lazy—I fix 'im!"

Nagasaki and Roy Hotsotovo Makahashi, the Tawah club jay, celebrated the victory later with a quiet game of pool.



ROY WOOD

on his way to buy

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SMITH & McCORMICK'S
(Continued From Page One.)
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WHO'S WHO, AND WHY

(Continued From Page One.)
club, and the Woman's Weekly, and last year's junior bulletin, and good English, and the little uneducated Hindus in India, with a host of other activities and hobbies, is something no loyal student cares to contemplate. It would be almost a calamity.

The initial "H" of Miss Hurley's name, singularly enough, is also the first letter of "hobbies." The coincidence is a happy one, for Miss Hurley and hobbies go together. Her friends say that since she came to Oregon three years ago she has taken up and discarded more hobbies than most people ever heard of. Sometimes she will have three or four hobbies going at once, and as everyone knows what quarrelsome creatures different hobbies are apt to be, it speaks well for her executive ability that she has been able to manage them without a single accident. In fact her friends have only one fear in this direction and that is that Miss Hurley will corral all the hobbies at Oregon and take them away with her when she graduates in June.

One of Miss Hurley's best known hobbies is being nice to everybody. And it is one she never discards. Her friends say that being nice comes as natural to her as her gift of reciting Shakespeare, while her enemies would say has never been learned, for the simple reason that nobody has ever heard of her having any enemies. Another of her principal hobbies is good English. Our latter day lodge joggles of slang, and word corruptions, and colored expressions of the Kiplingesque variety, find small favor with Miss Hurley; to her own use of correct English, she is a purist in the best sense of the word.

Just at present the hobby that Miss Hurley is most enthusiastic over is the dramatic club. In this self-confident aggregation of nearly a hundred heroes, assistant heroes, villains and villainesses, curtain raisers, and supers, there is a quantity of real genius. But Miss Hurley is not content with having some of the University's dramatic talent in the club; she would like to have all of it there. For which reason it is a good deal of a compliment to have her ask, "Are you going to try out for the dramatic club?" It's a good sign you have talent in that direction.

Among the other hobbies of Miss Hurley may be mentioned "people without brains" and philosophy. One of her favorite pursuits is to discuss questions of deep philosophic import at the dinner table at the Gamma Phi Beta sorority, of which she is a prominent member; for which her seat has been dubbed "the philosophy corner." Miss Hurley also has a soft spot in her heart for the untutored youngsters of foreign climes. Not long ago she startled some of her sorority sisters by declaring her intention of going to India after her graduation to devote her life to teaching the young. How to shoot in the minds of the thousands of little yearning unlearned Hindus there. At other times she has declared for Alaska, the Philippines, or Honolulu. It is possible she may go to Springfield.

Since graduating from Allen's prep school in Portland three years ago, Miss Hurley has played a pretty

active part in co-ed politics at the University. Among other offices, she has held those of editor of last year's junior bulletin, literary editor of the junior annual, president of the dramatic club, and editor of the Woman's Weekly. It was in the last position that she won much fame by writing an editorial on hats which was widely copied.

Fortunately, Miss Hurley is not a woman suffragist; but if woman suffrage ever does become universal, she can be depended upon to be elected to some of the offices. And she will not have to nominate herself or make use of unusual efforts in her own behalf to bring it about, either.

The store with the glass front is Triple's, and its specialty is ready made clothing for women.

FRESHMEN MILLRACED

(Continued From Page One.)
his conscience, or even his competence and live easily ever after? These are a few of the more complicated ones.

This is how the millracing came about:

For some time it has been the wholesome custom at the Khoda Khan house to make the Freshmen wait on the tables. In a spirit of self-sacrifice, one knew it, young Jamieson, Hawkins and John Moore, those falling under the new rule, bound themselves by a sacred oath that the first one to break it should cease his conscience by making a public dish on the millrace, and the swimming across it. All went well until last Saturday.

On that day Arthur Lewis, who is studying to become a lawyer, and consequently knows something about juggling, invited a number of Freshmen to a juggling contest. Having no law statutes handy to juggle with, in their enthusiasm the young men used plays, instead of the law. One dish lay cruelly broken and mangled on the floor, a physical and mental wreck, its round top crushed in the very height of its flower. Under the pricking of a remorseful conscience, young Jamieson and Lewis decided there was nothing left for them but to fulfill the agreement and jump into the millrace.

Just at noon Monday, dressed in their oldest clothes and escorted by Harper Jamieson with a stop watch, Glen Bridgwell with a rope, Bill Mott with a sawman in lieu of a starter's pistol, and the rest of their fraternity brothers, the two walked with a steady tread to the bridge. As they slowly climbed upon the rail, Mott with his long bent to count. "One, two, three—ready, bang!" As one man the two leaped into the water. According to Jamieson's stop watch it took them just five minutes to swim across the stream and climb to the bank.

"As an easy remedy for an uneasy conscience, millracing beats 'em all," said Lewis to a Doughnut reporter, soon after leaving the river. After getting out of the water I felt as though I had never had a conscience."

Remember that here in Eugene we have the most artistic store on the coast. **Exton's.**

"College Widow" Senior Play.
May 7 has finally been fixed as the date, and "The College Widow," a George S. Kaufman ever-popular drama of college life, chosen as the piece for the senior play. Although the entire cast has not been named by Prof. Glenn, who will do the coaching, it is known that Herbert Clark will be leading man, and Francis Nelson, leading woman. Walter E. McIntyre will play "Silent" Murphy, the big blacksmith. Others in the cast are Tom Townsend, a Cereus, Adele Goff, LeRoy Wood and Don Lewis. William Woods will manage the production.

Hill's Gun store for all kinds of Spalding goods.

Oregana Special Offer.

Those of you who want to take advantage of the special offer of \$1.25 for the Oregana, will have to hurry. Manager Cary Looney has announced that the offer will be closed March 23, after which the full price of \$1.50 will be charged.

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If you never got a closer glimpse of what a baseball looks like than through the meshes of the wire-netting at the ball park, or haven't unlimbered your hurling wing beyond chucking an old boot occasionally at some catwauling cat—if you don't even know the difference between a Willie Keeler autograph bat and a lemonade with a big stick in it—yet you'll be eligible to play in the inter-club and fraternity baseball league that's soon to be started at Oregon.

The proposition has been revolving in the minds of a number of the more enthusiastic baseball men for quite a while, and one or two challenges have even been sent out, but it has finally been decided to form a winter league in which each team will play each other one at odd days during the season, for the championship.

To add interest to the contest, The Doughnut has decided to put up a silver trophy cup for the winning team. The team which wins the property of the team with the highest percentage at the end of the season. It will be called The Doughnut cup and will be on exhibition soon in a down town jewelry store.

Varsity men will be allowed to play in all the games for their respective clubs or fraternities, with only the proviso that they must not play in their regular positions. Outside of that, rules and regulations governing the games will be very scarce.

The Beaver club has already formed a team which Bill Huggins says can wipe the diamond with any other fraternity or club team in college. The Alpha club has a team all picked out on paper, and the Delta Alphas are right on deck. Herbert Clark is guiding the destinies of a star aggregation of Kappa Sigmas, while Arthur Geary and Arthur Van Dusen are forming a team that looks bloodthirsty in print. The other clubs and the Dormitory club are preparing to fall in line.

Dean Goodman, of the Delta Alphas, Herbert Clark, of the Kappa Sigmas and Arthur Van Dusen compose a committee to fix up a schedule and officially award the Doughnut cup at the end of the season.

It is expected that about eight teams will join the league.

Page's Prompt Printery prints programs, office stationery and all kinds of invitations.

ROY WOOD FEATURE

(Continued From Page One.)
ings, this one didn't once lag in interest. It didn't have a chance to. When Dean Goodman, of the Delta Alpha, Earl Kilpatrick, President Townsend, Earl Strong, William Woods, Oliver Huston, Arthur Geary and Clarence Steele weren't giving vent to something striking or witty, Le Roy Wood was. Some of Wood's philosophic tid-bits were word gems rare to see. Wood was in favor of a graduate manager, and said so. "If a man goes into debt, his main tenance is that it shows his prosperity," he declared once, after President Campbell had given a few reasons why he liked the graduate manager idea, and William Woods and Arthur Geary had questioned the wisdom of the step from a financial point of view. Then after Dean Goodman had said his say for the manager, and then Williams and Oliver Huston wanted to know where the assistant managers were going to come from when there was no glory in it for them, the resourceful Le Roy rose to the occasion again.

After a bit of real repartee between Strong and Kilpatrick on marriage, a subject dear to the hearts of both of 'em, Oliver Huston said something about an athlete's aristocracy. This brought William Woods and the Discount to their feet as one man. "We're squelched" said they. It was too true, they were. When the question came to a vote, Reid, Victor, Volight, Louis Pincham and Earl Kilpatrick alone voted for it. That ended it.

As The Doughnut goes to press today, the local track season is being opened on Kincaid Field with the long awaited Relay Race against a picked team from O. A. C. Although most of the Agraria team are track veterans, Oregon's chances for success are bright.

In a tryout to select the team of five men held Monday afternoon, Reddell, Reynolds, Garrastrand, Davis, and Downs won places in the order named. Against them O. A. C. sends a team composed of Cross, Boulan, Howard, McLaughlin and Brown. The performances of Boulan, McLaughlin and Brown are unknown. Three of the Oregon men are not even in the intercollegiate meet before. The race promises to be hard fought from beginning to end of the five mile course around the circular track.

Track Manager Ormund Bean is already making preparations for the indoor meet in the armory the night of March 26. His pet invention, the potato-Marathon race will be one of the features. Whether it is fun or not, it will certainly be funny. According to Bean's plan, 25 potatoes will be laid around the track at intervals of ten feet or so, which the runners will have to pick up. To add to the interest of the affair, the winners will get all the potatoes.

Another feature will be a wrestling match between Bailey, the long freshman, and Carey V. Loosley, who is only a inch shorter, with six feet five. Efforts are also being made to pit Claude De Forrest Bartram, the little man with the long name, and Ralph Cromie, against each other, in a boxing contest, as one of the preliminaries.

MAKE IT "PIKIN'?"

(Note: The following letter was received, and unfortunately, too late to print in the last issue. It is run without comment):

Dear Doughnut, Sir: After reading last week's Doughnut, I am torn by conflicting emotions; I am as a bit of tumble-weed driven by wind; I am a frail boat on a limitless ocean; I am as undecided as a man with a choice between two dates to be a bride, I know not whom to admire the more in the noble struggle for the expurgation of the Mother Tongue, The Doughnut or Professor Brander Matthews. In my groping darkness, there is but one guiding star; you are struggling not alone for cold academic prizes, but for the honor of fair woman as well—a journalistic Sir Galahad.

Galahad gets my money every time. Down with the word "piggling" and all its infamous derivatives! Avant and quit my sight! A bas! Git 'ell out o' here! and other words to that effect. It would be a disgrace to a business college co-ed.

But will you, please, etc? This is the question with rusty nails in it. Customs of speech stick closer by the proletariat than a cockle-burr in a fur coat. If we go after it in the strenuous Carrie nation method we'll not embed it the more deeply? I should advise the sabbler, more deductive method of the drug store clerk who offers you "something just as good" when you ask for the old, reliable corn plaster.

In some of the eastern and southern universities they have a word whose contour and general specifications are similar to the present incumbent, but whose after-taste is not so dark brown by several hundred shades. The word is "pikins"—"pikins" they pronounce it in the South—and it implies selecting, choosing the best of the known. One picks flowers, strawberries, peaches, winners, and that sort of thing. Any pickings would be morally justified in wearing two or longer nappies after having the word applied to her.

Trusting that the avalanche of what is technically known as "pikins" which you will receive in regard to this matter will not be too much for you, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

F. J. A. Constant Reader.
Eugene, Ore., March 9.

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