

THE DOWNGHOUT

VOLUME 1.

EUGENE, OREGON

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1909.

NUMBER 3.

TENT FELL ON KILTZ AND VOIGHT AND SCARED 'EM

Somebody Cut the Ropes—If You Did It, At Any Cost, Don't Laugh.

Kappa Sigma House, Mar. 5.—(Special to The Doughtnut).—"Who cut Victor Voight's tent ropes?" is a question that may become as famous at Oregon as "Why did you leave the Dormitory?", or "Did you write 'Piggy'?"

As in the case of each of the other questions, the proper answer is to look dignified, murmur something about having lost your watch, and change the subject as quickly as possible to the future of the weather or Paul Reid's proposed amendment to the student body constitution. But above all things—especially if you are a girl with blonde hair—don't laugh.

Even the daintiest little giggle might be used as evidence against you.

The whole question has arisen because some merry jokers did cut Voight's tent ropes. More than that, they nearly succeeded in smothering Voight and William Kiltz, his tent mate, who had retired just before the catastrophe occurred, Tuesday night.

Voight, who is "stunt man" on the Glee Club, and Kiltz, the well known football player, have been

(Continued on Page Three.)

BIG "PIGGING" QUESTION REFERS STUDENT BODY

Take Action at Wednesday's Meeting and Expropriate the Word, Says Tom Townsend—President P. L. Campbell Highly Praises The Doughtnut.

The Doughtnut's crusade against the use of the word "pigging" and its derivatives at Oregon, is bringing good results. If the almost unanimous sentiment of students, alumni, and members of the faculty count for anything at all, then "pigging," "pigger," and "pig," the three terms against which nearly a hundred students voiced their protest in The Doughtnut last week, are on their last legs.

President Thomas R. Townsend of the student body declared yesterday that the time was ripe for the student body officially to take action against the words at its meeting Wednesday. "I hope The Doughtnut continues its crusade against the use of the word 'pigging,'" he said. "It's a good word. Every student who thinks it will realize how insulting, vulgar and utterly obnoxious the word is from any standpoint, and what a bad impression of university etiquette and respect for the co-eds it brings up."

"At the student body meeting Wednesday, I hope the matter is brought up. Every student should vote unanimously to expurge the

word from among our university expressions. It would also be a good time to select a good word in its place."

President P. L. Campbell praises the attitude of The Doughtnut in its crusade against "pigging."

"The Doughtnut is making a very creditable crusade against a very questionable word," he said last night.

Among former students and alumni who have written The Doughtnut to put themselves on record, is Everett Geary, now a senior at the Colorado School of Mines, and a brother of Arthur Geary.

"But me down against the word 'pigging,'" says Geary. "I can't think of a single good thing to say for it, and what there is to say against it isn't printable."

Here are a few of the words that have been suggested to take the place of "pigging":

Buzzing, cooing, queening (Stanford), starring (Texas), idling, fusing (Cornell), whining, and breezing.

The different forms of the word "buzzing" would be: bee, buzzer, buzzing.

WHO'S WHOUGH AT OREGON, AND WHICH

Well, It's Thomas Townsend, the Best Natured Politician Ever Born This Week.

Up at Oregon they used to have a funny custom just before they registered a new man, of asking him first of all a lot of preliminary questions about his prep work, what he was going to major in, how many hours he wanted to carry, and so forth, that left him so muddled up he could hardly talk straight. Nowadays, happily, this is all changed; the first question fired at him is pretty sure to be "Have you met Townsend?"

Townsend is almost an institution at Oregon. Oregon without Townsend would be worse than bread without butter. The real nutriment would be there just the same, but getting it down would be a half-hearted process. Townsend gives university courses a sort of flavor that makes ambitious young freshmen with 16 hours weighing them down, cry hungrily for more, and gets into the systems of the upper classmen so they can't study without it. It's a curious fact that ever since Townsend entered the university, averages and entrance requirements

(Continued on Page Three.)

WRIST IS BROKEN IN FIGHT DEADLY DUEL CRUEL HAZING BY MOONLIGHT

Tawah Club, March 5.—(Special to The Doughtnut).—The victim of a cruel hazing, Harvard "Doc" Moore, a prominent senior and Glee Club member and son of a well known Portland physician, today is nursing a broken wrist and injuries to his feelings which may cripple his gastronomic powers for life. Moore is now confined to the town of Eugene, where he raves about springtime and wild flowers, and cries constantly that he will not divulge the name of his persecutors.

Last Monday afternoon while playing on the front porch of the Tawah house, Harvard unfortunately ventured too near the edge. With murderous cruelty, the treacherous porch wouldn't be where it couldn't, and when Doc incautiously allowed one foot to stand where the porch wasn't, he fell heavily to the ground.

He alighted on his wrist, and was allowed to lie thus until his struggles had ceased.

Fellow club members picked up the young man in a state of unconsciousness. Then it was found that his wrist had been fractured.

"It was fortunate that porch that I am a senior," declared Moore shortly after opening his eyes, to a Doughtnut reporter.

"If I had been a freshman, there is little doubt that the porch could have been held criminally culpable

Eugene, Ore., March 5.—(Special to The Doughtnut by greased wire, the slickest in the world).—

By the light of the moon, the sparks from their clashing swords, and the flickering gleam of a railroad switchman's lantern, the Discount, Paul W. Reid, of the University of Oregon athletic aristocracy, and Duc Ralph de Dodson, a Baker City nobleman, fought a fierce duel under the trees at Bangs Park, Tuesday night.

In the presence only of their seconds, a doctor and three undertakers, the combat waged furiously for two hours before the Duc's blade snapped with a twang, leaving him at the mercy of his antagonist. A cry of triumph burst from the haggard lips of Reid. His own sword flashed the throat of the clutinous Dodson, who stood with folded arms, calmly awaiting death.

"Vote for the amendment to let order of the 'O' men go free to all campus games, at the student body meeting Wednesday, and I will spare you," panted the Discount hoarsely.

"Never!" returned the Duc. "Until Oregon becomes a bigger college, make them pay except in their own line of athletics."

"Well, die, then," shouted the exasperated Discount. "Your one vote you know, might be enough to beat us." But as he lunged fiercely at the adversary, the second jumped between the noblemen and tore them apart. The keen eyes of one had detected a faint scratch on the left

(Continued on Page Three.)

DILLON

THE DRUGGIST,

Handles a splendid line of Perfumes, Fancy Soaps, Mirrors, Manicure Articles, Military Hair Brushes and other Toilet Specialties.

We will give Particular Attention to Student Orders :-: :-:

WATCH OUR WINDOWS

Prescriptions Our Specialty.

FREE DELIVERY RED 6321

DILLON DRUG CO.

Hotel Smeede Building.

THE WEEK'S EVENTS.

Paste this where you can see it.

SATURDAY, MAR. 6.
Doughtnut Day.

Laurean and Philologist Societies meet, 7 p. m.
Delta Alpha dance, 8 p. m.
Kiosche Tillium dance, 8 p. m.

MONDAY, MAR. 8.
Tryout to pick relay team for A. C. meet, Kincaid Field, 4 p. m.

TUESDAY, MAR. 9.
German club, home of Miss Ethel Evans, Pearl and 13th streets, 8 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 10.
Student body meeting, 10 a. m.

THURSDAY, MAR. 11.
Dramatic club tryout, 7 p. m.

FRIDAY, MAR. 12.
Y. M. C. A. meets, 7 p. m.
Talent school, oratorical contest at Corvallis, J. Bond, representative of Oregon, 8 p. m.
Engineering club, 8 p. m.

SATURDAY, MAR. 13.
Relay race meet with O. A. C. on Kincaid Field, 3 p. m.
Doughtnut Day.

THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHNUT
Published Every Friday by
The Doughnut Publishing Company
Subscription Price, 50c a Semester
Single Copies 5 cents
Application made for second-class
mail rates at Eugene Postoffice

THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHNUT

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

Fair Play, If You Please.

Young Mr. Bristol is insane now and unable to tell his own side of the story, but if he were in his right mind and back at the University, no one who really knows anything about the unfortunate incident that has been so widely heralded as the cause of his misfortune by certain newspapers, doubts that his own testimony would effectually clear all whose names have been linked with the affair.

In the columns of the Portland Journal, Mr. Bristol has been dragged through a cruel "hazing," and held in a tub of icy water "until his struggles ceased." The Oregonian has "hazed" him likewise; so has The Telegram.

The Journal, The Oregonian, and The Telegram, not having been present at this "hazing" of course know all about it, and those who were there know nothing about it at all. The Oregonian, not having seen the occurrence, is free in suggesting the penitentiary. The Doughnut will not argue with these papers, if their minds are made up, they are made up, that is all, and no amount of evidence the other way would do the least amount of good.

Thus the fact, for instance, that Mr. Bristol was NOT held in a tub of water until his struggles ceased, but was merely DIPPED into water with the chill taken off, and IMMEDIATELY taken out, the whole thing not taking 10 seconds, can be of no consequence. Neither can the fact that Mr. Bristol laughed and joked about the matter, and seemed so much amused; and that he was at once given warm, dry clothes by the students, have any consequence. Nor the fact that more than 20 EYE-WITNESSES of the bathtubbing gave statements to this effect to THE DOUGHNUT and agreed to make AFFIDAVITS.

Also it is of no consequence whatever that Dr. Clarence Nichols of Portland has said young Mr. Bristol would have gone insane, happen whatever might. Nor the fact that his landlady has told of many things that convinced her he was insane long before the bathtubbing took place.

It is not the intention of The Doughnut to defend the institution of bathtubbing—which, however, in the Dormitory was used by GENERAL ALL CONSENT, on Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores or Freshmen alike, as a mild way of keeping the students better than reporting slight disturbances to the faculty. But any well kept child every week of its life receives worse treatment than Mr. Bristol received. For the child is put into a bathtub, naked, and SCRUBBED, while Mr. Bristol was merely dipped in with his clothes on, and lifted out again.

Mr. Bristol is sincerely to be pitied but there should be some little sympathy with the young men whose characters have been blackly magnified in newspaper stories, wherein the truth was safely guarded from the light of day. If a college student falls off a porch and breaks his arm, it has come to him a newspaper custom to make a hazing out of it.

The regents are to investigate the whole Bristol matter, it is said. This is well and good; for now the WHOLE truth will come out. And if the newspapers will NOT, the regents WILL give fair play.

Looks as though the debaters and orators could be avoided "O's" as at other universities, without straining a point.

The men really should not keep their hats off as suggested by the Editor of the Woman's Weekly, between the Library and Deady hall.

Some newspaper would get hold of it, and then we would have another dreadful "hazing" scandal.

President Townsend's suggestion is a good one. At the student body meeting Wednesday would be a good time to abolish the word "paigning."

With the coming of Spring, it's about time we heard from the advance guard of the Spring poets.

Of course, Gentle Reader, there really isn't any "athletic aristocracy."

It's now up to the Dormitory waiters to be practicing the lockstep.

BY DOLLY DOUGHNUT.

Athletic Aristocracy.
The college with the football team,
No proposition begs.
When a chap hasn't any brains,
They educate his legs.—Ex.

Springtime.

'Tis midnight; the setting sun
is calmly rising in the west;
The rapid river slowly runs,
The frost is in his downy nest;
The pensive goat and sportive cow
Leap from bough to bough.

Handy Method.

First fraternity man: "Our Jap's at home washing dishes."
Second fraternity man: "We don't have to wash dishes; Oliver Huston's got a dog."

Dramatic Club.

Young Author: "Now, at this point, you fall into the hero's arms."
She: "Who is the hero?"
Author: "Me, of course. What do you think I wrote the play for?"
—Manchacha.

It Isn't Made.

Freshman Correll: "Aha, my pretty miss, and how's the milk maid this morning?"
She (bashfully): "Taint made at all; we git it out'n the cow."

At Oregon.

House Mother: "How on earth did a fellow come to this awful state?"
Thirsty Rankin: "Don't tell the railroad authorities, mum, but I come in on a freight."

Cruel Awakening.

Professor Cloran, in French class: "Go to the who, and how's the milk maid this morning?"
She: "Who is the hero?"
Professor: "Me, of course. What do you think I wrote the play for?"
—Manchacha.

Doughnut ads bring results. For rates ring up Main 705 or Red 5132.

Faculty Defined.

A faculty is a body of men surrounded by red tape.—Cornell Widow.

GET A HUSTLE ON THAT OREGONA COPY!

Editor Huston of the Junior Oregonian is discouraged over the poor support that publication is being given by the students of the University. Not a story or poem has been handed in, not a college josh has appeared, and only two cartoons.

Huston did not sleep when interviewed by a Doughnut reporter yesterday, but a pained expression came into his face.

"It is enough to make one's guardian angel say Gee Whiz! or I will sell out" declared the editor with some feeling. "The students should ginger up and use some of their latent talent. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain, and the practice will do them good. For their benefit Oregonian staff has offered the following prizes for contributions:

"For the best story, five free copies will be awarded; three copies will be given for the best poem; and the cleverest college josh submitted will bring its originator one free copy.

"Lively and significant cartoons we desire and require, and the two best will each win a free 'Oregonian.' Good pictures relating to college activities we want, and we will pay for them if it is necessary. Now hope the students will come through and do their part."

These moved by this urgent appeal are requested by the staff of the Oregonian to turn in their contributions to Editor-in-Chief Huston, Associate Editor Ben Williams, or Manager Carey V. Loosley, at once.



ROY WOOD

on his way to buy
CLASSY FOOTWEAR

—AT—

BURDEN & GRAHAM'S

DRINK

RIDGEWAY'S TEAS

At Midnight Feasts Make The Best Beverage. Our Coffee has a
REPUTATION.

SEE

GREEN, THE GROCER

BERRY THE BOOTBLACK

Has Opened a New Shop.
In Sid Smith's Cigar Store, Opposite
The Theatre.

SHINE 'EM UP!

Carve Your Name On

THE INITIAL TABLE.

—AT—

THE PALACE OF SWEETS
CANDIES ICE CREAM

NEWEST PATTERNS

From the East for Spring Suits

G. F. MCLEOD

Corner of Sixth and Willamette Sts.

EUGENE STEAM LAUNDRY

Corner of West Eighth and Charnelton Streets.

TELEPHONE MAIN 521

COCKERLINE & WETHERBEE

Dry Goods and Furnishings,

Eighth and Willamette Streets

EUGENE DYE WORKS

WE PRESS CLOTHES

White Gloves Cleaned 125 E. 9th.

EUGENE'S PRIDE

—IS—

OTTO'S GRILL

It's the Best Place to Eat.

We Invite ALL to Inspect Our New,
SPRING

Suits, Dress Goods, Silks, Women's and Men's Furnishings

S. H. FRIENDLY,

592 and 594 Willamette Street.



NO MORE TROUBLE

With The Dressmaker, if you buy our
READY MADE Women's Suits,
Gowns, Silk Gowns, Linens and
everything to wear.

Women's Furnishings Our Specialty.

THE STORE WITH THE GLASS FRONT.

Willamette, Between 9th and 10th.

THE PAINLESS BARBERS

Toughest Beards Shaved Skillfully at
SCHWERING AND LINDLEY,
Ninth, near Willamette Street.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC ENGINEERING COMPANY

Everything Electrical

516 Willamette Street

GRIFFIN HARDWARE CO.,

We don't give special prices to students, but charge them extra if they will stand for it. Ask Bull Hurd.

YOU COLLEGE MEN!

TRY A LITTLE GAME OF
BILLIARDS AND POOL
JAY MCCORMICK'S
Theatre Block

BREAD AND CAKES

BETTER THAN
MOTHER USED TO MAKE

DUNN'S BAKERY

4 E. 9th St. Phone Main 72

WITH THE DOUGHNUT
DRINK BACON'S TEAS
COFFEES, EXTRACTS, PURE
OLIVE OIL

BACON BROS. IMPORTING CO.
55 E. 9th St. Phone Main 737

PAGE'S PROMPT PRINTER

OUR SPECIALTY

OFFICE STATIONERY, PROGRAMS
MENUS CARDS, WEDDING INVITATIONS, TAGS, FANCY BOOKLETS.

634 Willamette St. Phone Red 5671

The FIRST INTERCOLLEGIATE *RELAY RACE* Ever HELD in the NORTHWEST

Agricultural College VS *The State University*

Each Team Composed of Five
Men, Each Man Running One
Mile. The Entire Race Will
Take Place Inside of the Field

At THE KINCAID FIELD Saturday, March 13, 3 P. M.

This will be the first Intercollegiate Relay Race ever run in the Northwest and everybody should show an interest and come out.

On Friday, March 26th a big indoor meet will be held in the Armory. Wrestling will be a feature as there are to be eight or nine interesting bouts. Since the advent of this art

into the athletic world at the University of Oregon, a great many speedy men have been developed and rivalry has become very keen, especially between the different classes. Among the Freshmen grapplers are some mighty husky men who may spring a few surprises.

There will also be good exhibitions of pole vaulting, high jump-

ing, broad jumping and sprinting.

Some of the best men in College will participate in these events as well as in the shot put.

One of the most amusing events of the evening will be the Marathon Potato Race. This event was gotten up especially to satisfy the Marathon craze by Trainer Hayward and Manager Bean.

THE FIRST INTERCOLLEGIATE

RELAY RACE

HELD IN THE NORTHWEST

Agricultural College

The State University

Two Teams Composed of Five
Men Each Then Running One
Mile The Entire Race Will
Take Place Inside of the Field

THE KINCAID FIELD

Saturday, March 13, 3 P. M.

Union Depot For College Supplies

FOUNTAIN PENS A SPECIALTY.

SCHWARZSCHILD'S BOOK STORE

DO (UGH) NUT

Forget the place to have your pictures taken is at the

DORRIS ART GALLERY

ELECTRIC LIGHT FIXTURES

Give Satisfaction
When Installed by the

EUGENE ELECTRIC CO.

483 Willamette Street.

TOLLMAN'S PHOTOS

Flatter the Face

518 Willamette Street.

GEO. T. HALL

Headquarters for

CHEESE AND DUTCH LUNCH

583 Willamette Main 48

CAMPBELL-FELLMAN CO.

The Housefurnishers,

Complete Line of Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Tinware, Graniteware, etc. First-class Upholstering. Manufacturers of Couches and Mattresses. Special Prices to Students. Phone Main 43. 50 West 8th Street, Eugene, Oregon.

SMITH & McCORMICK'S

POOL AND BILLIARDS CIGARS AND TOBACCO

Opp. the Theatre.

Yoran Shoe Store

THE STORE THAT SELLS

Good Shoes

ELECTRIC AND DREAMLAND

THEATRES

New Films Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays.
The best Motion Picture Shows in Town.

BERGER-BEAN HARDWARE COMPANY

IN NEW I. O. O. F. BUILDING.

THE BELL THEATRE

HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE

3—Shows Every Evening—3
7:30—8:30—9:30
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday
Afternoons.

Latest Motion Pictures
and Illustrated Songs.

VOIGHT AND KILTZ SCARED.

(Continued From Page One.)
T. R. was sleeping in a tent behind the Kappa Sigma fraternity house. About 11 o'clock Tuesday night as Voight was falling asleep, he heard a stealthy step outside the tent. Then came a scraping sound as of some one cautiously meddling with one of the ropes. Thoughts of robbers flashed through Voight's mind. Just as he raised himself on his pillow, he heard Kiltz there came a frightful shaking of the tent, a chorus of excited whispers and giggles, and with a lurch the whole canvas fabric tumbled on top of them. Kiltz awakened with a yell. A tent pole flopped across his face, and 10 or 12 yards of stiff canvas settled over his nose. Gasping, shouting, scrambling, clutching, the two unfortunates were half suffocated before their fraternity brothers heard the racket and pulled them out of the wreck. Voight's first act was to go in hot pursuit of the jokers, while Kiltz set off at high speed for the nearest butcher shop to borrow a dog.

Pettie footsteps were plainly visible leading down by the mill race, and up to the board walk on Aider. After following them to a point between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, Kiltz borrowed dog lost the track.
"I'd give a hat to know who cut those tent ropes," said Voight to a Doughnut reporter. "I would recognize the laugh in a minute. It was so distinctly a blonde one—and it sounded tall. But then, of course, I may be mistaken."
"Anyway, I'm going to make everybody in college laugh until I find the right person."

WHOS WHO AT OREGON.

(Continued From Page One.)
Comments have been soaring until some of them look actually appalling to any but the sturdiest minds.
Thomas R. was Townsend's christened name, but at Oregon he's more generally known as Tom, or just plain T. R. While T. R. is a pretty good sign in itself. If a better natural politician than T. R. was ever born, Oregon would like to hear from him. "You bet, T. R.'s," says the writer, is a campus expression you can hear any fine day. Since he first saw the light (as the poets say) in Willapet, Canada, 24 years ago, T. R. has either been actively engaged in politics, or preparing to do so.
His first political venture at the age of four, was inducing his father, Presbyterian minister, to move to Turner, Ore. Learning that Independence was infested with a bold band of Populists and Democrats who needed converting, T. R., already a staunch Republican, in his sixth year, got them to move again. His migration was to Roseburg.

In Roseburg they still speak affectionately of T. R. as the greatest office holder they ever had. During his high school career, T. R. held every office in the school, and most of them two or three times.
He graduated in 1903 and went to a lonely district in Lake county, where he taught school for two years at 40 plunks per. Having complied with this nominal apprenticeship, T. R. then entered the University.
During his first week in college he jumped into class politics with both feet, by breaking up the customary Eugene "ring" and electing Arle C. Hampton of eastern Oregon president of the freshman. T. R. was elected to the Laurian society soon after, and celebrated the occasion a year later by making the debating team. In his junior year, he sprang a coup by running for editor of the Weekly and winning hands down. They talk about his editorial as yet. He was also a junior orator.

But T. R.'s big chance came at the end of last year, when he ran for student body president—and what was more, got it. After that honors came pouring thick upon him. In quick succession he became president of the Laurians and the Y. M. C. A., a favorite in the Carson's classes. They tell of T. R. that he

makes a point of knowing by name and shaking hands with every student at the university—which would come handy if he ever runs to succeed Mr. Taft. If he does run, he is sure to get it. T. R. has never run for an office he didn't get.

Among his other accomplishments, T. R. is a philosopher and maker of epigrams. Here are some of them: "A freshman is like a rubber ball; the harder you throw him, the higher he will fly." "Many a man is like a dark lantern; his light is only stored up, and when you pull the slide, he shines out the stronger."

"Don't be a weather cock and be blown about by the wind; be a mountain and change the course of the wind."

Yes, they swear by Townsend at Oregon. When you leave, they will yearn, what will we ever, ever do!

VICTIM OF CRUEL HAZING.

(Continued From Page One.)
In my mind is this: Suppose there had been a bathtub under the porch, which I had fallen into. Would I now be included in the list?

Dr. DeBar, who set the broken wrist, gave orders to the young man to keep his arm in a sling for the next four weeks at least.

FIGHT DEADLY DUEL.

(Continued From Page One.)
wrist of Reid. Both had been drawn, and honor satisfied.

Discount Reid was seconded by Marquis William Woodde of Kappa, and Don Ferdinand Henkel of Betauer. Baron Chaucney de Pewvenning and Lord Walter of McIntyre seconded the first.

The duel was caused by an alleged proposal on the part of the Discount to expand the student unionism giving free tickets to "O" wearers to include free street car tickets to the city. When the Duc refused to sanction this, Reid is alleged to have challenged him.

Have you Eaton a Doughnut this week at Eaton's? Five cents a copy.

HERE THEY ARE--THE HAT PETERS

U. of O. Mar. 5.—Editor The Doughnut, Sir: Will you allow me a word or so on the subject of hats.

In the woman's edition of the Oregon Weekly appeared a paragraph relating to the doffing of masculine hats to the ladies encountered on the path between Deady Hall and the library. The editor advised the men to do away with the trouble of tipping their hats so often, by simply taking them off and walking bareheaded down the walk.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am a young lady, and as such I have the deepest interest in this hat problem. I think it is excellent advice, but it is rather hard on the poor men. You know some of them present such a graceful picture in the act of tipping their hats that it seems an awful pity to take away their only opportunity by which they force the privilege. Why, there's Thomas Townsend—he can take off his hat more gracefully in the shortest time of any young man I know of. Earl Mayo has a beautifully dignified way of tipping his hat that is immensely taking. He wouldn't be half so nice with his hat off all the time! Arthur Van Dusen does his hat just beautifully (he is simply a dear) but the whole effect would be lost if he had to walk along bareheaded. And there's that young man, Cary Loosley. He stands so high up I'm afraid he might get sunburned if the ladies should insist on a rigorous enforcement of the new rule. I don't see how it is possible for a man to do so hate to hear that Earl Mayo was sick, all on account of a hateful rule like that.

Then again Mr. Editor, just think what a monotonous spectacle it would be if we had to look at so many heads all the time. When the men all wear their hats you see, there is so much pleasant variety. Mr. Carson's new hat is too cute for anything. Earl Mayo's Fedora and Arthur Van Dusen's fedora look lovely when they are mixed with a big bowler hat like Cary's or a pretty green like Leland Stewer's.

So please Mr. Editor, put me down

against the new rule. I think the girls all ought to think about this, and oh yes! I nearly forgot! Everybody must help The Doughnut get rid of that frightful word "pigging."

Sincerely,
AGNES.

AND HERE'S ANOTHER—THIS FROM A MAN.

Editor, The Doughnut, Sir: Before reading the editorial about hats in the woman's weekly, I was a promising young man, happy, contented with my lot, and not a worry in the world. Now I am a man, I am on the verge of nervous breakdown, fearful of venturing on the street, and, awfully, awfully miserable.

It's all on account of that editorial. You see, it was just the thing I am a senior taking a pre-medical course, 21 years old, of medium height with feting grey eyes, dark curly hair, a pleasant looking manner, good disposition, and—and— Mr. Editor, a—a—a cap. I hesitate to say I was a freshman for three years. I forgot to add that my first name is Harvard, which is also the name of a prominent Eastern university.

Mr. Editor, I don't like to stretch a point, but—oh well, you know their I will not stretch a point. I won't have to doff it when I meet a young lady. You see it's this way—

If I were to take off my hat (or cap) very often, the damp morning air would, in all human probability, ruin it. I don't want to do that. This is something I hardly dare contemplate. Now what I want to ask The Doughnut is this. Will you please inform the women?

The worthy faculty of the time had distinct but old fashioned ideas on the subject, the effect of which was to make the woman's proper sphere was out in the world. They were wearing muffins, trying to make a last year's stock stove last until spring, and shaking out the rug and all that there was mighty little sympathy for the student body. I don't know if you have seen the proposed rule committee's plan to keep their hats off while walking from Deady Hall to the Library?

On second thought, I don't care what you think. It is enough for me to know that I think justice should prevail in all things, and that I would be as just to the men as I would be to the women. As a representative of the state of Oregon, I protest. This walk belongs to the people of the state, and it must be kept as they would keep it. In short if anything goes on in this walk that the people of the state would not like to see, I propose to let them know about it. Those who can not live up to proper ideas of decency, and who can not get off it and walk in the street.

It makes no difference to me whether I get my enemies in this statement or not, for I am not here to make friends. I prefer to be known by my enemies.

At this place I think it would be well to make up a code of rules to govern the conduct of those using the walk. It would be well to insert a provision that there shall not be any noise on it after noon; as there may be some of us who would like to do that hour. Those violating the rule could be turned over to the faculty.

more of the students would try to lead blameless lives, the University would be a pleasanter place for me.

Truly yours,
LUKE MCGLUKE.

ANOTHER HAT LETTER BY THE LAST MAIL.

Editor The Doughnut, Sir: I am a freshman, but unfortunately bald. In case of my being proposed for editor of the woman's weekly goes through, I would probably have to be bald. I don't like to do. I hope to see The Doughnut, which I know as a fearless newspaper, start a crusade in favor of making a reasonable offense for a man to doff his hat at all on the campus.

Truly,
THE MIXER.

Editor The Doughnut, Sir: What if you don't know any of the young ladies and so you have to tip your hat? That's exactly my fix. I don't see why the innocent must suffer with a reasonable offense for a man to do down against going bareheaded.

Yours,
EARL K.

WHEN YOU GO DRIVING
Call Up
BANGS LIVERY CO.
Main 21.

ALOHA !!
To enjoy yourself visit
MIKE WALKER'S
"MIKELODIAN"

Hill's Gun Store

SPALDING AGENCY.

This  To
Means
Guarantee of Quality
PRICES FIXED

Buy by the Mark
A Necessary Guide
to Quality in
all things
Athletic



there know nothing about it at a
The Oregonian, not having seen
occurrence, is free in suggesting
penitentiary. The Doughnut will
argue with these papers; if the
minds are made up, they are ma-
de up, that is all, and no amount
evidence the other way would
the least amount of good.

"DEACON"

Will Measure You

FOR YOUR NEW SPRING SUIT
We Carry a Big Line of Fine Suitings

HEADQUARTERS FOR HATS

MEN BUY AT FOLDERS'

OUR SHAVES

Fit Your Face
For an Artistic Haircut, Try
Caldwell's Barber Shop
595 Willamette Street.

BOOKS

POTTERY

Arts and Crafts Goods.
Student Trade a Specialty.

EATON'S

THE ARTISTIC STORE

MAKE A DATE

—WITH—

THE DOUGHNUT

Phone Main 705 or Red 5132 and
have the manager call around to see
about your ad.

If you are hungry for news, read
The Doughnut.

CHAMBERS'

HARDWARE, FURNITURE AND
STOVE STORE.

ALL KINDS OF STUDENT

FURNITURE

TRY OUT FOR RELAY CRISP NEWS NOTES TEAM IS HELD OF THE BASEBALL MONDAY DIAMOND

A tryout to select the five men
who will defend Oregon in the inter-
collegiate relay race meet against
O. A. C. on Kincaid field next Satur-
day, will be held Monday afternoon.
For several days Trainer Hayward
and Captain Oliver B. Huston have
been busy getting the distance men
into condition for what promises to
be a fierce and grueling race.

Among those who stand an excel-
lent show of making the team are:
Reddell, Downs, Garrabrandt, Davis,
and Reynolds. Davis is the prom-
ising freshman who finished third in
the inter-class relay meet just before
Christmas. The others all have fine
records.

The coming race will be the first
contest of its kind between college
teams ever held on the Pacific slope,
and interest in the event is intense.
Word comes from O. A. C. that more
than 15 men are preparing to try
for the agiles team, which will be
picked there sometime this after-
noon.

The race will be five miles long,
each member of the team running
one mile. The whole race will be
around the track on Kincaid field,
making it possible for spectators to
see the contest from start to finish.
A number of preliminaries will
be on the program.

STUDENTS AT U. OF O. LAW SCHOOL CHOOSE DOUGHNUT AS OFFICIAL PAPER.

If the Doughnut can play even
the smallest part in making students
of the many different departments
of the University of Oregon better
acquainted with each other, it will
feel that the publishing of the paper
has been worth while. The follow-
ing letter from a member of the law
school at Portland is reprinted with
pleasure:

Editor Doughnut, Sir: In order
that the students at Eugene might
have a little more knowledge of the
affairs of their brother (or sister)
students of the department of law,
of the University of Oregon, we
have chosen The Midnight Doughnut
as a medium.

At present the all absorbing ques-
tion with us is the debate between
the law departments of the Univer-
sities of Oregon and Washington,
to take place April 2, in Portland.
Choosing a suitable hall has been
left with the student body committee.
All preliminary trials have been
held and the following teams elect-
ed:

R. F. Peters, of last year's team,
as leader, with Leon Behrman and
Norman Landis as assistants, and
J. H. Jones, alternate. The ques-
tion, "Resolved, that Portland shall
adopt the Des Moines system of gov-
ernment, leaving local questions
aside," will be argued by our op-
ponents, while our team will argue the
negative.

Another matter of importance is
the appointment of a committee by
the class of '09 to formulate an
alumni association.

Long live The Doughnut!

F. D'ARCY.

Merle Chessman Wrote 'Piggy.'

Well, it's out at last.
The author of "Piggy," the cleverly
written story in the Oregonian
Monthly that stirred up so much ex-
citement about the campus, is none
other than Merle Chessman, man-
ager of the Glee Club, senior, and
member of the Delta Alpha fratern-
ity.

"Yes, I wrote it," said Chessman
to a Doughnut reporter yesterday.
Also, I heartily endorse The Dough-
nut's crusade against the use of that
abominable word "pigging." No, I
didn't absolutely refuse to sign "who
the moral of the story was intended
to be."

For all the news, read The Dough-
nut.

"Why is it that co-eds talk less
in February than in March?"
"Oh, that's easy! February only
has 23 days."

With four veterans of last year's
team in college, the engagement of
one of the most successful college
coaches in the country, and a squad
of 45 promising and ambitious
youngsters to pick from, Oregon's
chances for a winning baseball team
this year are the best.

Thomas Kelly, the new coach, has
for several years coached the baseball
men at Santa Clara college, in Cal-
ifornia, with remarkable success.
Under Kelly, the Santa Clara lads
have won the inter-collegiate cham-
pionship by defeating several times
with ease, and have made teams
like the Chicago White Sox and the
New York Giants play the game of
their lives to beat them. Kelly has
the rare quality of putting ginger
and snap into the men he coaches.
Among the Santa Clara men devel-
oped by him who later made good in
fast company are Hal Chase, the
wonderful first baseman, Hogan of
Oakland, McGregor, whose spit ball
delivery created a furore in the
Coast league some seasons ago, and
a host of young fellows now playing
in California and the Northwest.
Kelly himself has played professional
base in a number of big leagues.

Before Kelly reports, which will
be about March 20, Captain Leland
Hurd hopes to have baseball prac-
tice well started. As soon as the
field dries up a little the squad will
be called out and put to work. Four
or five cages, each 62 feet long
and about 10 feet wide, will be
built behind the present backstop
for the pitchers and catchers to work
out in, and Hurd will put another
diamond, for infield batting practice,
in the lower corner of the field.

Captain Hurd will have general
supervision of the practice, while
the other three members of last
year's team will help him in bring-
ing out the youngsters. Hurd has
assigned Dudley Clarke to coach the
outfielders, Carls Coleman to di-
rect the infielders, and Ferd-
kel, the fast southpaw, to look after
the pitchers.

Usually a left-hander on a college
team is something rare to see, but
this year Oregon will be well stock-
ed with them. Hurd himself is a left-
hander, and so is Henkel, and Rine-
hart, one of the new men. Among
the right-handers who will make a
strong try for the box are Van Mar-
tyr, who outpitched O. A. C. twice
last year, and Tom Word.

Eaton's, Schwarzschild's, and Dillon's
drug store.

Their Canoe Was Swamped.

Hurled into the swift water near
the intake of the millrace, when
their canvas canoe was swamped
"abouting the rapids," last Sunday,
Alfred Powers, a junior and E. J.
Hines, a freshman, had to swim for
their lives. After a lively struggle
they made shore, minus most of their
clothes. They did not nearly drown,
however, as reported.

NO RELATION.

At the personal request of Rolland
C. Kennedy, a prominent Beaver,
The Doughnut takes pleasure in mak-
ing the following statement: Mr.
Kennedy states that he is no relative
of the Rev. H. D. Kennedy, evan-
gelist, who will shortly be in Eugene.
If necessary, Rolland Kennedy says
he can prove that his name is Cas-
sidy.

Those six tennis courts are coming
sometime in the spring, is Christmas.
But the comparison isn't fair, is it?
Christmas is sure to come.

"Bob" McKenzie is trying out for
third base. McKenzie played on the
second team last year, and is a logical
candidate for some position on the
varsity.

You can subscribe to The Dough-
nut by dropping the manager a card,
care of Box 537.

Write or phone the manager of
The Doughnut about that ad. Main
705, Box 537.



Just Received,
A Full Line of
WALKOVER SHOES
DAVID LINK

KODAKS! CAMERAS!

Let Us Develop Your Pictures. We
Carry All Photographic Supplies.

LINN DRUG CO.

DAD The DAD
Popcorn Man

Delicious Popcorn, Fine Peanuts at
Dad's Corner, Willamette and 8th

WATTS JEWELRY
CO.
Special Rates for
Glasses During
February and March.
Willamette and Ninth Streets.

FOR GOOD PHOTOS
GO TO
LARE'S STUDIO,
TENTH ST.

GO TO GILBERT'S
FOR PENNANTS

In Commercial Club Building.

BLANCHARD AND NAYLOR,
FINE CIGARS
572 Willamette Street

THE
HOFFMAN HOUSE
Eugene's Leading Hotel.

DUNN'S
Fine New Tan and Oxford Shoes.
CROSSETT—FOR MEN.

JULIA KOEKENG—FOR "WOMEN."

W. M. RENSHAW,
CIGARS AND TOBACCOS
Wholesale and Retail.

Phone Main 47,
513 Willamette St.

HAMPTON BROS.
CASH STORE

NEW MITTS,
NEW SHOES,
NEW GLOVES

Spalding, Stall & Dean,
Rambler and Racycle Bi-
cycles—Repairing :: ::

EUGENE GUN
COMPANY