

CLARKE WAS BUNKED

(Continued from Page One)

to hear this talk. "What you got?" he asked briskly. The man eyed him keenly. Then he winked at himself. "You're on, bo," he declared. Looking cautiously about him, stealthily from his pocket he pulled what looked like an enormous nugget fastened to a stick pin. It was fully five inches long, and it was yellow and heavy, and glittered in the sunlight. He thrust it into the hand of the astonished Clarke.

"Heft that!" he said. "Now, what is it?"

"Gold?," cried Clarke and Espey together in awed tones.

"You're on!" declared the man again. "It's the purest kind of gold. Say, I'm a minin' man meself, pal. I glommed this from a mine I've just staked out down near Tonopah. I'm on my way to Seattle, t' interest some capitalists in developin' it, but bo's I'm up against it—fierce run of tough luck. I was savin' this for a pin for me little gur-rl, but I got to sell it. If you'll steer me to some—"

"Give you \$3 for it," broke in Clarke abruptly. The man sputtered in wrath.

"Three bones!" he shouted. "It's worth 300. But I'm up against it, I tell you. It hoits me t' part wid de gold, but gimme 90 plunks and it's yours."

Clarke finally compromised by giving the stranger \$10.70, every cent he had with him. Then he hunted up Billy Wood and showed him his good fortune.

"Well, you are stung," said Wood. "That's brass."

It was. When Dick Charman put a drop of nitric acid on the beautiful "gold" of the nugget, it sizzled and fizzed and left great black spots on the "golden" surface. That is why a merry ha! ha! is going the rounds of the University today at the expense of Clarke.

But don't mention "gold brick" to Dud Clarke. He might not like it.

SOME WILL BE STUNG

(Continued from Page One)

Thomas R. Townsend, one of the best executives the University student body has ever had. Gossip has it that four or five well known members of the junior class are thinking seriously of entering the lists. Among those mentioned most prominently in connection with nomination for the office are Ralph Dodson, Harold Rounds, Victor Voight and Cary Looseley. It is also rumored that Ben Williams may be a dark horse in the race, according to present intentions of his friends, and that his candidacy may be brought out strong on the very day of the meeting.

For vice-president, to succeed J. LeRoy Wood, few candidates have appeared so far. Will Cake is expected to make the race, and Harper Jamieson is also a possibility. It is quite likely also that one of those now talked of for president will run, but the booms of these two probable candidates have so far assumed most tangible form.

But a real contest is promised over the office of secretary. This has always been conceded to the coeds, and deep interest attaches to the nominees, particularly from a co-ed point of view. Five young ladies have already been prominently mentioned as exceptionally well fitted for the office. They are Miss Bertha Dorris, Miss Ruth Hansen, Miss Eva Allen, Miss Jennie Lilly, and Miss Grace La Brie, while other possible candidates may develop later. Miss Nieta Harding, the former secretary, graduated in February and that office at present is vacant. It is likely that a secretary will be appointed before the election to serve until the new administration takes office next June.

Louis Pinkham, Arthur Van Dusen, Dudley Clarke, Oliver Huston and James Neill seem among the logical candidates from whom will be elected three members to the Athletic

Council. None of them is now a member of the Council. All are strong men for the place.

For the Executive Committee of two members at large to succeed Harvard Moore and Ormund Bean, are mentioned Oliver Huston, Ormund Rankin, Will Cake and Chauncey Cunning, any one of whom would make a good race.

Editor-in-chief of The Oregon Weekly is thought to lie between W. C. Nicholas and Ben Williams, if the latter does not run for student body president, although Oliver Huston might enter the running. All have had considerable experience in writing for college publications and Huston has been correspondent in addition, to a metropolitan newspaper. Fritz Dean, now assistant manager, according to custom will probably step into the place of Dean Goodman, the retiring manager, who was recently elected football manager for next year.

Miss Ruth Hansen, who has made a very capable editor of The Oregon Monthly under difficult circumstances this year, is a possible candidate to succeed herself. Otherwise the position lies between Miss Marion Stowe and Miss Jennie Lilly of the present corps of assistants. Roy Getz will probably be elected manager of the publication.

In addition to the nominations, two constitutional amendments will be submitted to the meeting Wednesday and will be voted upon first. One of these amendments is to increase the student body tax to \$6 and include in it the subscription price of \$1 for the Weekly. It is introduced by Clarence Steele.

The officers elected a week from next Wednesday, with the exception of those on the publications, will take office the first Monday in June, when the present administration retires.

CARNEGIE MEDAL

(Continued from Page One)

rushed out and caught the lines and calmed the indignant nag to a standstill. When the vegetable man came tearing around the corner at a Marathon pace a few moments later and found his property safe and sound, he loudly hailed Hug as his parton and benefactor.

In the first flush of his emotion, the Italian begged to be allowed to furnish the Delta Alpha house with free cabbages for three months. Hug refused to accept this sacrifice, and the vender tried to stuff his pockets full of turnips to carry home in evidence of his appreciation. Hug wouldn't take them either, and the man was in despair. But suddenly an idea appeared to flash through the mind of the dispenser of greens. With a cry of triumph he fished a pencil and piece of paper from his pocket and started out to circulate an initiative and referendum petition asking Andrew Carnegie to grant Hug a hero medal for distinguished conduct.

"It was one of the bravest deeds I ever saw" declared the Italian enthusiastically to a Doughnut reporter. "I was several blocks around the corner at the time, but you can say for me that I already have nearly enough names to the petition to insure its being granted."

TOWN PURPS BEWARE!

(Continued from Page One)

there wasn't enough left of some of his victims to make good sausage out of. Last summer Pink loaned "Duby" to Arthur Van Dusen to take to the Astoria Regatta and there the dog met with a sad end. After nearly killing five dogs in the course of a ten mile walk with Van along the water front, he was stolen by a covetous dog fancier.

Last autumn Pink was still mourning the loss of "Duby" so much that his father made arrangements to have another dog sent to him. Just one night before it was put on the cars however, Pink's prospective Fido got loose and in the course of a

glorious free for all fight in the kennel he was killed.

"Prokos," the new wonder, comes from kennels situated on the islands where old Fort Moultrie used to stand. He is of a long line of patriotic bull dogs. His great-great-grandfather was in Fort Moultrie when it was defended against the British in Revolutionary times, as a result of which so deep a hatred of things British was instilled into the old dog's very being, that it's instinctive in little Prokos. When he was taken to the Delta Alpha house, his first act was to drag a small British flag off the wall and tear it to shreds. And it took him several days to become reconciled to the presence of George Sullivan, Pinkham believes because of the similarity between Gorge's first name and that of King George III.

Pinkham says he is going to train his dog to fight by naming his opponents "General Sherman"—but from present indications the pup isn't going to need a very great amount of guidance in that direction.

13 INNING BATTLE ROYAL.

When The Doughnut went to press, the first game between Oregon and the Multnomah Club was in the 13th inning, with the score 1 to 1. Henkel was twirling great ball for Oregon and Norris for the Clubmen.

HURD'S AIRSHIP

(Continued from Page One)

over a stiffening framework. The aeronaut goes to the top of a long sloping hill, straps himself to the wings, takes a good run and jumps off, and perhaps he finds himself gliding gracefully through the air on his wings, and perhaps not. Anyway, all went well with Hurd on the trial trip till it came to the point of jumping off. Then what happened was painful to see.

Instead of gliding gracefully and all that, the "Suffragette" started straight up—and then straight down again. It capered about for five or six seconds, poised about 30 feet in the air, then suddenly gave a convulsive shudder and upset. Of course Hurd fell with it. By huge good luck he managed to land on his feet, and the only casualty was the spraining of his ankle.

Hurd will put the "Suffragette" under a severe course of training before risking his neck to its caprices again.

Hurd has been granted honorary membership to the Aeronautic Society of America.

MC EWEN NEAR DROWNED

(Continued from Page One)

dent that turned the balance in their favor.

McEwen and Michael had gone fishing in the boat. Neither knew anything about rowing, and still less about swimming. The fish were biting at a furious rate, and as they fished, they let the boat float along down the current without thought of danger. All went well till they came to the head of a long riffle terminating 300 feet below in a roaring rapid and waterfall. Here McEwen tossed his fly into the water and in an instant it was seized by an enormous fish. Michael on the other side hooked a huge trout as his line struck the riffle. Neither noticed that they were drifting until, caught in an eddy, the boat began to swing around and forward in dizzying circles. Then it was almost too late.

Michael grabbed an oar and as the spinning boat shot past a boulder he leaned far out and touched it. For just the smallest pause the boat hung steady for an instant, then the slight impetus swung it out of the middle of the stream. McEwen and Michael grabbed the rock for their very lives. Inch by inch they worked the skiff back upstream. Half an hour later, they were safe, but exhausted.

Aside from nearly losing their lives, the two athletes had a splendid time. They caught several hundred trout. Michael gained ten pounds on the trip and McEwen eight.

Go to "The Haberdasher" for fine things for men.

Second Tennis Tourney Ends Today.

Finals in the second of the tennis tourneys to secure a team to represent Oregon in the inter-collegiate championships will be played today, and the third tournament will begin at once. The games played during the week resulted as follows, the name of the winner appearing first:

First round—Williams vs. Gam-mans, 6-3, 6-4; Nelson vs. Clark, 6-8, 6-1, 6-1; Bates vs. Robison, Bates by default; MacKenzie vs. C. Moores, 7-5, 6-3; Stein vs. Wood, 6-1, 6-1; Snow vs. Van Scoy, 9-7, -6, 6-2; Eastham vs. R. Moores, 6-3, 6-4; Gray vs. Kiltz, 6-2, 6-2.

Second round—Nelson vs. Williams, 6-2, 6-2; Mackenzie vs. Bates, 7-9, 6-4, 6-3; Eastham vs. Gray, 6-4, 6-4; Stein vs. Snow (postponed).

In the semi-finals Nelson has beaten Mackenzie 7-9, 6-3, and 6-4 and the winner of the Stein-Snow set must play Eastham, the winner of this in turn meeting Nelson for the finals.

"Dud Clarke is a natural outfielder," says Kelly. "I will shift him to the outfield and develop Tom Word or young McIntosh on second. That will strengthen the outfield and solve the infield problem."

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