

THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHNUT
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THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHNUT

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A LAST WORD.

In this Farewell Edition, The Doughnut makes its final bow to its many friends and readers at the University of Oregon and elsewhere. There will be no encores.

No, Gentle Reader, in answer to a question that has been asked us a good many times lately, we can say that The Doughnut in all probability will not be published next year. For while we're optimistic enough to think we have more than "made good" from the first edition of the paper, there are a number of pretty good reasons for the decision to stop publication.

In the first place, we are told that Oregon will have a semi-weekly next year. The Doughnut was first issued largely because we saw the need of an INDEPENDENT paper run in the interests of THE STUDENTS of the University, not as a bulletin for faculty announcements or the rehashing of assembly sermons. Which, of course, is the duty of the official publication. But with a semi-weekly next year, at least one issue a week, and perhaps one and a half can be devoted to NEWS, or something like it, and the need for The Doughnut in that respect will have passed.

Then again, a feeling of decent respect for the memories of so many poor dead and departed classmates would make any levity or attempt at mirth in the news columns of The Doughnut next year ill-timed and impossible. It is strange that so many should have died thus in the bloom and pride of youth. It is tragic, pathetic, crushing. It's awful. It is—but perhaps we would better explain. For we presume that nearly a hundred students at this University have recently died and been buried, since that is the only way in which we can account for the fact that they have not paid their Doughnut subscriptions.

It takes some financing to run a paper like The Doughnut, and the memory of these poor dead souls who went Heavenwards owing four-bits, is rather deterring when one thinks of another year.

And then again, issuing the paper takes much time and labor on the part of the staff.

On the other hand, in passing The Doughnut wishes to express its sincere appreciation for the staunch support it has gotten from many students and prominent alumni—also its advertisers. It's gratifying to get letters, of which the following extract in one from R. W. Kelly, of the class of '08, is a sample of many we have received:

"Please accept my congratulations for the best college production that has ever been produced at the University. In your last editorial you remark that the June 5th issue may be the last. I hope that this is not so, and that we shall continue next year to get such enlivening news as you seem able to furnish. Please extend my congratulations to the entire staff."

The Doughnut has made no effort to set the literary world afire with rapture over any of its news productions. We wouldn't write literature if we could. But we have tried to get out a really readable, newsy paper each week, containing in addition as many valuable and pertinent suggestions and ideas from prominent students who represent the real sentiment of the student body, as possible, and we believe we have done so.

With which few remarks we will stop, for aside from wishing you all a profitable summer, continued good digestion and the pleasure of at least another year at Oregon, there is nothing more to say.

Wherefore, thus endeth The Doughnut.

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YE FRESHMEN CANNED. (Continued from Page One.)

for to protecte ye interests of ye state, and save ye gude knight Harolde from harme. "Desiste!" quod he. Ye freshmannes desiste, but ful sourlie in soothe.

Wherupon hem y-wente to ye roome of ye Irvinge M. Grodin. And whan that hem wod haven ruff housed him in swete mesure, ye unkinde Grodin seeith not ye joke, but lockt ye dore and curseth wel loude. Wich maketh ye freshmannes som madde, god woot, for him Grodin wer an Russian. "Go away—skivitch," him quoth.

"You go to O. A. C.—skivitch!" hem yelle back, or wordes to that effecte, wich pleseth them mitelie and maketh them to laffe for that hem wer ful wittie in soothe. Then ye freshmannes retire for to think upon some plotte for gettunge ye foxie Grodin.

Now in ye chemical labratorie ther been eke a generator of him stranglie pungent gas y-clept H-2 S., wich god wot been righte stronge like to ye Methuselahed egges. Wherupon ye mannes coppe ye generator, grinninge both brode and merilie. Monday eve hem got a gang and went for to fixe ye Grodin. Him lockt him dore, but ye freshmannes put ye H-2 S. under ye dore jamb and turn hir loose.

Ye Grodin laffe hertille at firste, but notte for longe. Eke soon befel ye pungent gas putteth him on ye bum. He groneth and moneth fit for to dye in dire extremetie of soule. But stil him wod not consent for to ope ye dore to let ye freshmannes in, and called lustille for help. Whereupon ye 3 boldeste freshmannes did gette an inspiration, in soothe, to-wit: ye freshmanne Walls, Dunlappe and Earhearte, all belonginge to ye Y. M. C. A. did take a laddre and put it to ye window of ye Grodin's room for to put there ye H-2 S. Ye manne Walls grabbeth ye generator and starteth uppe.

Now it did hap that ye foxie Grodin thogh ful sore in mind and bodie, y-heard ye placinge of ye laddre and did prik him up his earen for to liste. And him queetlie stode garde wyth ye pitcher ful of water, in soothe, wherwyth to fighte. "Halt-ski, or I'll fireski," him call to Walls, but he not tak hede, him y-climben wyth ye H-2 S. Then drew ye Grodin a breth longe and deepe. Nexte raised he ye pitcher and leet flee ye water on ye poor Walls ker-splash! Oh, methinks it wer an gudely bathe! And whan that ye Walls did gasp perplext, "gug-gug-gur-rggle-ooop!" in soothe ye nifty Grodin wyth ye erthen pitcher then did smite him ful across ye blocke, god wot a gude stoute smack! In soothe ye blowe almost y-bent his skulle, for that ye pitcher wer y-busted in twaine and then som more. Sikerly ye Walls wer redy near to falle wyth paine for wo he gan to yell righte lustily to quyte.

So hir befelen that two days y-gone ye Facultie committee did y-hear of ye episode and hem investigate, ye recommendation beinge to-wit: that ye freshmannes be y-fired from ye Dorm and also ye schule for ye reste of ye semester. Wich came ful sorely upon ye laddes. But whan that it were comen to ye whole facultie., ye Doctor Shinne of ye chemistrie did plede ful merrie and wel for to save them. Wherat it cometh for to passe that ye Facultie by ye vote of 12 to 7 didde decide to let hem stay in scule, but canneth hem from ye Dorm.

Here endeth Chaucer his tale.

Hurd Goes to Tacoma.

Lee Hurd, captain of Oregon's championship baseball team this year, left for Tacoma Saturday night to play in Russ Hall's team in the Northwest League. Curtis Coleman is also a member of the same team, and made good so well that Hall telegraphed to Coach Kelly to send him another of his crack ball players. Hurd is a left hander with a fine baseball head, good curves and plenty of steam. He was the most versatile man on the team this year.

Mr. Cobb's Article.

Owing to lack of space in this issue, The Doughnut regrets that it is unable to print Mr. Phineas Cobb's promised article on "Commencement Presents, and How to Give Them." However, if any there be who would like personal advice on this interesting subject, Mr. Cobb will be pleased to do what he can for them. For one thing, a poached egg always makes a unique gift.

Captains Elected.

It's Dudley Clark, football and baseball captains, now. Clarke became two men Saturday when the baseball team elected him next year's leader to succeed Lee Hurd, who will play professional ball. Oliver B. Huston was re-elected captain of the track team to succeed himself. Oliver expects to adjust matters so that he can run in the Conference meets next year.

Old Grad Writes (Continued from Page One.)

or the board of regents.

But after this is done, there still remains the fact that the debaters do not have the expert instruction necessary to fit them to cope successfully with the teams they meet. Let the students be as as willing and persevering as they may, they cannot, without assistance, develop into first class debaters, in the time they have to expend on that kind of activity. I think Mr. Williams is right in so far as he suggests that the demand for instruction and the higher regard for debating and oratory should largely originate with the student body, though I am sure that the faculty and regents will heartily sympathize with the movement. The institution, however, must supply the instructors, if money there be, and there ought to be, with which to pay them, who will make debating and oratory step out of the obscurity in which they have so long dwelt and take rank as honorable and (according to the plan of Mr. Williams) profitable pursuits. The Alumni Association should memorialize the board of regents to that effect this next commencement. There can, of course, be no question as to the material at hand available for this work, our students are as fluent and quick-witted and logical as others. The problem is to make use of it in an expert and up-to-date manner. Yours truly,
GEO. O. GOODALL.

Three Freshies Would A-Roving Go.

A desperate plot on the part of three young freshmen to run off with the Sell-Floto circus and some day become great bareback riders was foiled Thursday night through the vigilance of Leland Steiwer, a well known junior and member of the Alpha Club, who rounded up the stagestruck trio and returned them to their respective homes.

The three embryo circus stars who wanted to run away were little Rex Turner of the Alpha Club, "Tubby" Alton of the Sigma Nus; and Paul P. Correll of the Tawahs. Correll is said to have planned the naughty scheme. Filling the receptive minds of the other two youngsters with glowing tales of the joys of a career in the mad whirl of the sawdust ring, he induced them to hide in the monkey cage, just as the circus train was about to pull out. There Steiwer, whose suspicions had been aroused, found them and brought them back.

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