

THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHNUT

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TWO FRESHMEN WERE MILLRACED--BY THEMSELVES

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

Khoda Khan Fraternity, March 12. (Special to The Doughnut by greased 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 millracing events because of the interesting fact that Lewis and Young Jamieson millraced 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 darkling 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 millracing himself? When does a millracing 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 of football fame, were dragged in a buggy across a ten foot ditch and spilled into a slimy 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 clutching vainly for the reins, Young lost his balance and was hurled to the street. His manly 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 uninjured. After disposing of Young, Archibald gave a playful exhibition of trying to climb a tele-

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

"Better get a girl," suggested that youth.

"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 turned in by 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 only 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 Teaching the Little Hindus.

Way back somewhere in the dark ages of the nineteenth century or thereabouts, according to the old books at least,—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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WOOD WAS FEATURE OF THE MEETING

Splinters From The Philosophy of J. LeRoy Wood.

"I say pooh-pooh for the man who works only for glory; some day he'll stump his toe, and then his glory will fall on top of him.

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 bunk them.

Huh? Say that again, will you?

Wait a moment, whisper—no violence!

In a meeting remarkable chiefly for the pithy side remarks of vice-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 meetings (Continued on page three)

POURED HOT WATER ON THE PLUMBER

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 Hotcako, Nagasaki, Japanese chef 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 quits 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 (Continued on page Two.)

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.
Philologian 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.