

THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHNUT
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THE MIDNIGHT DOUGHNUT
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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) was 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 Ben Williams, Nicholas, the King's gesture, etc.

The Washington legislature has put in the bill appropriating money for the state university, a joker 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 still 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 con-founded local option."

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

Sure, We Do!
Dear Mister Doughnut:
When you come out at midnight
Do you have a chaperone?
When students eat 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, I 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 accomodated 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 stovewood sticks and about to close in deadly combat.

In rather sultry language, the plumber told the student body 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 lazy—I stir '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 committee listened sympathetically while the plumber tearfully 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 could 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 Hotstovo Makahashi, the Tawah club Jap, celebrated the victory later with a quiet game of pool.



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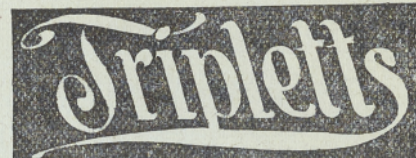
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