

ARTICLE II.

Each officer shall be inaugurated at the meeting in which he was elected.

ARTICLE III.

Sec. 1.—All regular officers shall be elected at the beginning of each college term.

Sec. 2.—All regular committees not otherwise provided for shall be elected at the beginning of the college year except the baseball and football committees, which shall be elected at the beginning of the winter term.

ARTICLE IV.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

- I. Call to order.
- II. Reading of minutes.
- III. Elections.
- IV. Inaugurations.
- V. Reports of committees and officers.
- VI. Regular business.
- VII. Adjournment.

A SKETCH—JONES.

He was a queer fellow—was Jones. Jones of course was not his name; I only use it to save him embarrassment. Jones was a remarkable man; not brilliant, he never studied, he never worked, he never went into athletics, but yet he lived and seemed to enjoy himself. If you asked him if he was ever conditioned, he would with pride tell you no. He never made over seventy on an average, however, you would find upon further questioning. He just took things as they came—did Jones; he was never bothered by debts, nor lessons, professors or girls. He had one failing and that was a love for a show. The moment a play, "a take off," or indeed anything that required a little acting was suggested, then Jones' blood was up. He was right in for it. He would be the hero, the heroine, the villain and the minister, all in the same play, if he only had half a chance. He would have composed and sung all the songs, have built all the scenery and sold all the tickets

just for an opportunity to tread the stage before an audience.

A crowd seemed to inspire him. He forgot himself amid the applause of the spectators and became all actor, he awoke from his usual state of lethargy and would go through the most admirable lot of contortions imaginable. The play ended and Jones, the actor, became Jones the easy-going, Jones the dreamer. Nothing delighted him more than an opportunity to don a new pair of trousers, a Prince Albert coat, a high collar and a red tie and then to spread himself in some ludicrous oration for the benefit of some admiring crowd of friends; nothing pleased him more than a chance to sing to the public a joke on some poor freshman. Whenever you saw him sitting silently on two legs of his chair, with his feet upon the radiator, and his eyes gazing at nothing, then you knew that Jones had a scheme, not for a piece of machinery, but a parody on something, it mattered not what, which within a few weeks would be sprung on the unsuspecting public.

Jones' room was the loafing place for all college. I spent an evening with him. Old pipes and tobacco boxes were strewn promiscuously on the table, paper-backed novels were strewn everywhere while the window sill, the radiator and all the chairs were covered with visitors. Such guests I never saw. They all had their lessons—except their host, and he did not seem at all troubled by the prospect of a total ignorance of his next days' recitations. He was right in his element; surrounded by jovial friends telling excellent stories and marvelous experiences in love and war—what better could a man want; why trouble about the morrow. Thus reasoned Jones, for that was his nature. The visitors did not leave until the electric lights went out and then he retired, to sleep, well satisfied with his life and acquaintances. There are plenty such men in all colleges, easy-going creatures whose soul ambition is to get through. We see them strolling the campus and lounging around the halls, never taking any apparent interest in anything excepting an occasional hobby of some sort.