

istration of the board, and who shall be subject to the will of the board.

ARTICLE 5.

The managing editor shall be the president of this Association and the secretary and treasurer of the board shall also be the secretary and treasurer of this Association.

ARTICLE 6.

SEC. 1. The managing editor may call meetings of this Association, and must call them upon the request of the board of editors or fifteen members of the Association. Notice must be posted for at least two days previous to any meeting.

SEC. 2. A quorum for the transaction of any business that comes before this Association shall consist of fifteen members.

ARTICLE 7.

This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting and doing business, provided the proposed amendments are posted at least one week before the meeting.

ARTICLE 8.

The board shall fill all vacancies in the board, but must fill each from the society to which the person causing the vacancy belonged.

WASTE BASKET WAIFS.

It is the first law of nature to be supremely selfish, and yet we hear people talking about how much they love other people and how much they would do for them because of their boundless affection. Boundless affection! Nonsense! Is it possible to suppose that in this enlightened age there really exists any one who is fool enough to sacrifice anything for any one else? Now I believe in affection rightly placed, but am particular as to whom I lavish it upon. I give all the strength of my affection, all the love and service of my life to that one person who never betrays me, who always appreciates me, who never wounds my vanity, never trifles with my trust, never hurts my feelings, to that truest of friends, kindest of critics, most ardent of admirers—myself.

The *Nebraskan* in its very scholarly review of "Analytics of Literature" stated that the most delightful thing about the book was that it was so interesting. We do not mean to deny that the book is interesting by any means, but it seems to us rather strange taste of all the word of praise

that might be said about the book to select that one. The worthy editor of the *Nebraskan* also states that he found the books easier to read than a novel, in fact that he did not have to read at all, "the book read itself." We can only envy the gentleman his grasp of intellect. We confess that "analytics" did not "read itself to us." We had to read it, read slowly, read carefully, sometimes almost painfully. We remember tackling the chapter on figures four different times and are not very sure of it yet. We discovered that the notes were a volume in themselves. While there is not an obscure sentence in the book, it has been boiled down until from cover to cover there is not a word that is superfluous. We should just as soon say that Sordello "read itself," or that Herbert Spencer was "just like a novel" as to say that of "Analytics." While we appreciate and reverence those master minds to whom the theory "effects" is but a pleasant fairy tale, and to whom the chapters on the suppression of figures are but a pleasant pastime for a hot afternoon, we confess that our little brains move slowly in these great things, and that it seems to us that to have mastered "analytics" thoroughly would be to have mastered all there is in literature.

A student's boarding club is supposed to be a place where the student goes to fill up the aching void of his inner being. The purpose of a boarding club is to supply food for body and brains. Alas! No more do the clubs fulfill their high and holy mission. Students go to the table not to eat, but to talk. Viands, indeed, are piled high upon the table, but they are not tasted. Beef-steak is uninteresting compared to the fact that Evangeline and Angelina have fallen out with each other. Roast mutton is a thing to be scorned when it is well known that Lucinda and Leonidas have most decidedly fallen in with each other. Lemon pie has no charm when there is a chance to discuss the number of times Jennina has "flunked" in French. Among the professional talkers of the club, the most conspicuous are those who incessantly discuss their own affairs, and those who incessantly discuss the affairs of other people. Of these two kinds I think the latter preferable. There is always an amusing audacity about people who try to run other people's correspondence, other people's lessons, or the *affaire du cœur* of some unfortunate friend. But for dragging one's own affairs, *du cœur* or otherwise into public view there is absolutely no