Williams, Chute, Dennett, A. French, Weis, Pollard, Parrish, Potter, and Allen. The last two names received an equal number of votes but Mr. Potter withdrew, leaving the requisite number of twenty-five on the committee.

The New England Intercollegiate Press Association held its fourth annual business session and banquet at the Quincy House, February 22d. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Samuel Abbott, Williams, ’87; Vice-Presidents, E. B. McFadden, Amherst; T. S. Burr, Bowdoin; W. K. Dennison, Tufts; Recording Secretary, G. F. Willett, Boston University; Corresponding Secretary, J. B. Reynolds, Dartmouth; Treasurer, H. R. Palmer, Brown; Executive Committee, F. S. Goodrich, Wesleyan; A. M. Hitchcock, Williams; H. M. Waite, M. I. T.; J. Taylor, Jr., Andover; G. A. Baker, Williams; W. R. Farrington, Maine State College; S. A. Kinsley, Worcester; C. A. Perkins, Dartmouth; H. M. Chase, Amherst. The committee on resolutions reported favorably on the plan of strengthening the N. E. I. C. P. A., and later working for a national association; on admitting to membership in the association representatives of college papers edited by young women; on holding semi-annual meetings of the association instead of annual, as at present, and opposed opening the association to the secondary schools.

A few more “Techniques” can be obtained at Maclachlan’s.

LITERALLY TRUE.

I pushed the wavy, golden locks
From off her forehead fair,
And where a frown had lately been
A kiss I printed there.

I held the tresses shining fair
As yellow buttercup.

“Was that a good kiss, Love?” said I;
And she replied, “Bang up.”

—Brumonian.

A chattering nuisance of an English sparrow
that has his nest in one of the Corinthian capitals
just outside the windows of the sanctum, imparted
to the Lounger, among other local items, the re-
mark that “it was spring.” The Lounger admires
the little bird’s nerve, although he does not believe
his statement. In its travels over the length and
breadth of the city for several years, the Lounger
has become weather-wise, and knows better than
to pin his faith to the almanacs. These easterly
winds, this Lenten downpour, this fathomless ocean
of mud, these piled-up drifts of snow, are they the
harbingers of spring that are the inspiration of the
poet?

Spring is the time of the waking year,
The sprouting blade, and the opening bud,
When foot and footprint disappear
In the oozy depths of the springy mud.

Spring is the time of sun and shower,
Of skies that frown and smile again;
The sun appears for half an hour
Between two weeks of cloud and rain.

Spring is the time when the zephyrs play
Again from Winter’s chains released;
But the balmy breeze has a terrible way
Of hauling round to the nor’-nor’-east.

Spring is the time of birds and song,
And all that lovely sort of thing.
The season’s signs have all gone wrong.
Or else this is not gentle spring.

Why is not something done about this weather?
Here we have at the Institute a professor of Meteor-
ology, Climatology, and kindred subjects. Why
does not he bestir himself and get a new barom-
eter, or head off the Gulf Stream, or bring the
matter before his colleagues of the Faculty for
summary action. The Lounger has been in doubt
for two weeks whether an ulster, an umbrella, or a
spring overcoat is the proper thing to keep off the