A meeting of the Athletic Club was called by President Lord on Saturday, April 15, in Room 11. The constitution was amended to the effect that the vice president be a member of the executive committee, thus making eight members composing this committee, instead of seven as heretofore.

President Lord spoke to the club regarding the advisability of forming a track athletic team and allowing members of it only to wear the T. After discussion by Messrs. Dickey, Andrews, Hurd, and Thomas, it was moved and carried that such a team be formed and that the particular scheme of forming the same be left with the executive committee.

Schedule of Tech, '95, Baseball Team:—

April 8. C. M. T. S. Postponed, rain.
April 12. B. L. S. at Clover Field, 32-10.
April 15. St. Mark's, at Southboro, rain.
April 19. C. M. T. S., at Cambridge.
April 22. Newton H. S., Newton.
April 24. Harvard '95, at Cambridge.
April 26. Open.
May 1. Harvard '95, at Congress St. grounds.
May 6. Open.
May 10. St. Mark's, at Southboro.
May 13 '95-'96, South End.

The schedule of Harvard baseball games which will be played in Cambridge is as follows:—

April 26. Dartmouth.
April 27. Dartmouth.
May 1. Tufts.
May 3. Lowell.
May 22. Cornell.
June 1. Georgetown University.
June 3. Yale Law School.
June 15. University of Vermont.
June 22. Yale.

As the Lounger dropped into his chair for his weekly contemplation, he appealed to his silent companions for inspiration. Macaulay's "Lays of Rome" greeted him with "that may be, on the whole, an improvement." Meaningless phrase! He dropped the book, and reaching for Carlyle's perceptions, read, "Seldom had man such a talent for borrowing." Ah! 'tis the lead-pencil fiend, quoth he, and pondered. But no! Once more he partook of an invigorator, and in Longfellow found, "I must confess to something still more strange." What gaunt imagining was this! He hurriedly turned a few more pages, and read, "He hath degraded his art into a handicraft." Through his brain shot phantoms of shocking Seniors, bar-keeper militiamen, fierce historians, and presumptuous females of the squaw variety. "I have it," said he, at last, "'tis the '94 'Technique'!" At that moment, from his latest novel his eye caught the words, "if it pleaseth thee it pleaseth me," and bowing to the wand of Fate, the Lounger turns to wider fields and untrodden paths.

Speaking of paths reminds one of glory, and this smacks of poets. In these the Lounger has lately become interested. Not in the well-known five-dollar gilt-edged poet, but in the meek candidates for gubernatorial honors, who chew their pencils for fleeting forms to haunt the unwary reader. In those who, though they may be poets none the less, do not as yet ascend to airy heights in fancy free, but with Saint Cecilia draw the angels down. To these the Lounger would say in patent medicine language,—beware of imitations. At best there are but flitting shadows of effervescent powers beyond. No; make it straight and short, and we will extol thee.

The time seems ripe for the Lounger to express himself over the much-mooted lunch question. Yea, verily, then, if the Lounger had it his way there would