but generally the subject will be too stale by that time. Let those who intend to contribute, bear in mind the fact that all MSS. must be in by the Monday following the issue of the previous Tech, in order to insure the possibility of its appearing in the next number.

Now that the election of "Technique" editors, from '90, has brought attention to matters literary and pertaining to editorships, it seems to us a fitting time to say a few words about the editorships of The Tech.

The students must understand by this time, from the frequency with which we have proclaimed and deplored it, that the support from the members of the Institute has not been what the editors have had a right to expect. The support due to a paper claiming to be a publication by the students, does not end with the payment of the subscription fee. It has often been proclaimed from these pages that contributions from the students are not only expected, but necessary, to the success of the paper. In spite of repeated assertions and appeals, it is safe to say that the contributions received this year from non-members of the Editorial Board can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There is a tradition to the effect that once there was a column devoted to "communications" from wide-awake students, which had a well-filled space in every Tech; but it is unfamiliar to the present Board. The editors this year have done, almost without exception, the entire work, even when the numbers have been cut down for a time by the demands of another publication. It is true that some classes have been more generous than others, and have at least filled the editorships due to their position in the Institute. '90 is about to enter her last year but one, and is entitled to two or three editors. We believe '90 has furnished one contribution this year.

'91 has almost finished its first year, and its editorship remains vacant. Most of the Board is made up from the graduating class; and with the present outlook, the start for next year's Tech seems dubious.

It is time the classes took the matter into consideration, and especially '90. If a class has literary ability enough to undertake the successful publication of a book like "Technique," it has ability enough to adequately represent itself on the organ of the Institute.

A Cheeky Kiss.

Her tempting face, so near to his,
He kissed—and thus did speak:
"Forgive, you cannot guess how much
I do admire your cheek!"

"I should not pardon you," she cried,
"This bold, unlicensed freak,
But, sir, I must acknowledge that
I, too, admire your cheek!"

Euphrosyne: A Story of Greece.

"The sun is setting, and the doors must be shut before nightfall;" it was Kalsandoni's last order. "Girl, what can keep you lingering so long below?" was cried out from the top of the long, steep stair that led to the summer chamber of the wife of Kalsandoni.

"I am coming, mother; I shall be with you in a moment; the sun is not going down yet," was the answer in the silvery voice of Euphrosyne, from the garden door. But the voice was more silvery still in which she whispered, "Now, be obedient, Carlo, and leave me. It will be dark immediately, and you will never be able to get into the town." The advice was received, as advice usually is, with a total disregard of its value; and the pretty giver of so much wisdom was obliged to give it over again. The listener was still skeptical in the extreme as to the necessity of so rapid a retreat. New arguments were of course necessary, and the dialogue was prolonged, until the wife of Kalsandoni was heard exerting her maternal tones yet more loudly from the summit of the tower; the sun gave a sudden dip into the sea, which he seemed to set on fire; and the noise of an authoritative foot coming down stairs made a separation inevitable.

"Farewell, then, my sweet! farewell, my