on a certain day (three days notice having been previously given) be placed in a box provided by and under the supervision of the Class Executive Committee. The Executive Committee then will count the votes in a room from which all others are excluded. The men receiving the twenty-five highest votes shall constitute an Electoral Committee, which is to appoint either from among its own members or from the class at large a definite man for each of the positions on the "Technique" Board of Editors, excepting the Editor-in-Chief, who shall be elected by the Board, any vacancy that may occur thereby being filled by the Electoral Committee.

In answer to many inquiries, we wish to say that it was not "Birthington's wash day" or any one else's wash day, but simply Washington's Birthday.

On February 22d, in the Melrose A. C. cross-country run of five miles, F. A. Sargent, M. I. T., with a mark of 1 minute 45 sec., won first place, receiving also a cup for the best time. As the course is a very rough one, Mr. Sargent deserves great credit for his splendid race, and for the laurels which he brings the M. I. T. A. C.

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ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MACHINE RECLAIMS IRON FROM OTHERWISE WASTED ORE.

"An invention attracting the attention of Boston financiers and investors is on exhibition at 40 State Street, Room 53. Iron and steel men are especially interested, for it effects a wonderful saving in the reduction of low-grade iron ores. The International Ore Separating Company of New York, recently organized by Erastus Wiman, has a machine here, and demonstrations of the process are given daily. Running on refuse ore from the Glendon Iron Company's mines at Hibernia,—ore that for the past one hundred years under the ordinary process, although containing thirty-three per cent of iron, and forming forty per cent of the total mine output, has necessarily been thrown on the dump and wasted,—the separating machine produces one ton of concentrates worth $6 at the furnaces from two tons of this otherwise valueless stuff."

The above is on exhibition from ten to four o'clock daily.

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O tell me, aged one, when thou wast in thy youth,
Didst thou have fancies too, that seemed to be the truth?
Didst thou too, oftentimes, feel thou wast in love with maid,
Yet faltered to declare that love, because afraid
That it, perchance, might prove to be a fleeting gleam,
Bedimmed by stronger love, as noonday dims a dream?

R. H. S.

I.

My purpose fixed! Yet still in grief
I drew her close to me,
And gently stroked the silken locks
Which I could hardly see.
I could not bear to cut the ties
And in the bud to nip
Such hopes. And still she clung to me,
And still she kissed my lip.

II.

"You are not old enough, my dear,
Not old enough by half.
The fellows scoff to see you near;
Even the ladies laugh.
The parting will not be for long,
Only until you grow
A noble, grand reality—
A swell moustachio."

T. C. D., '94.

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Fleeced Again.

I bought some land in a far Western boom,
The deed, "in fee simple," seemed right.
I searched for that place, and I met with my doom;
I was "simply out of site."

R. W., '93

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ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The fact that Atlas bore the world
Upon his brawny shoulders,
We all have heard, 'till worlds now seem
As small as common boulders;
And Atlas needn't think his feat
Was such a deed of wonder,
For men to-day who bore the world
Are truly without number.

—University Cynic.

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A REVISED PROVERB.

"Tis a proverb old
That "haste makes waste;"
But a new one's told—
"Tis laced makes waist."

—Unit.