(Class-day Election—Continued.)

mond, for Poet, needs no word of praise. As Editor on Tech his record speaks for itself. He is a member of Delta Phi, an officer of Hammer and Tongs, and was formerly an editor on the Tale Courant. Mr. Morss will make a good Prophet. He is a Theta Xi and Hammer and Tongs man, and was an editor on the '93 "Technique." The Cap and Gown vote resulted: Yes, 60; No, 63. This vote is not decisive.

AN UNHAPPY EXCEPTION.
The world is full of changes; there's nothing here abiding. All things are evanescent, fleeting, transitory, gliding; The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars,—where'er the fancy ranges, The tooth of time forever mars—all life is full of changes. Like sands upon the ocean's shore that are forever drifting. So all the fading scenes of earth incessantly are shifting. Change rules the mighty universe; there is no power to block it. There's change in everything, alas! except a fellow's pocket.

You may curse most anybody For grasping after worth, But you cannot blame the seasick man Even though he wants the earth.

—Williams' Lit.

MY CONSTITUTION,
Name, immaterial; Object, fun; Officers, numerous; membership one; Meetings, continuous; Voting, unanimous; Treasury, emptiness—thus doth it run.

—The Syracusan.

She bought some gowns, expecting that In Europe she would roam; But when her husband paid for them They had to stay at home.—Ex.

FERRY CHRISTMAS, comrades! Merry Christmas to

ONE WORD SHE WILL NOT SPEAK.
She has studied all the ologies that are taught in modern colleges; She can talk in French or Spanish, German, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Greek; She can quote the Latin grammar, and speak Russian and not stammer; She knows the ancient poets, and can quote 'em by the week. The truth is, as a linguist she is certainly distinguished, Yet she lacks in Anglo-Saxon, though that fact you'd never guess; I've been trying for a year, sir, trying hard to train her ear, sir, And to teach her lips to utter just one simple little "yes."

—Tuftonian.

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.
With hazy gleam, o'er woods and stream, The sun is moving down the sky; Through cloudy rifts the glory sifts, And tints the fields with changing dye. In curving lines the river shines Between the hills that guard its way; In stately ranks, along its banks, Tall elm trees watch the ripples play. Deep silence fills the circling hills; In quiet hours the leaves float down; Like fading hopes the maple slopes Have changed their hues to sober brown. From vale to steep the shadows creep, The landscape softly fades away; Beneath the heights the village lights Call home the wanderers of the day.


THE WEDGE.
The football half back pays his bills, And laughs with infinite glee; For he sees how much easier now than before It is to break a "V."

—Brownsonian.