B: "Oh! it's adapted from a book, is it? I didn't know that! Is it a good book? What is it like?"

A: "Yes, it's fine! I—er—don't remember much of the plot now. You see, it's sort of a kid's book, and I read it when I was a little fellow!"

Mrs. Burnett's book was first published in 1886.

It seems to be the general impression that this year's "Technique" will far outstrip its predecessors in point of excellence. It certainly ought to. The peaceful self-satisfaction depicted on the mugs of its editors, now-days, can be nothing but the reflection of visions of glory and jingling dollars.

I understand that there will be several new features besides those indispensable with the nature of such a publication. However, don't it seem rather queer that the only prize offered, besides that for the cover, should be for "gags"? Why especially "gags" rather than something of real merit? Is it an advertising scheme? If it is, it is a good one. However, it seems a bit like trying to force the market, so to speak. Wit squeezed out of a man at a dollar a yard is apt to lose some of its "spiciness" during the squeezing process. We shall await with some anxiety the product of the man who "sits him down" and, spurred on by that five-dollar sign in front of him, sets out to be "excruciatingly funny."

The political campaign has not been a very hot one in New England, and is drawing tamely to a close. Lord West's letter of advice to a naturalized Englishman, giving him "pointers" as to what would be for the best interests of England in the coming election, has proved fatal to Mr. Cleveland. The British minister is the Burchard of this campaign, and the worst of it is that he has made a blunder which explanation and denial cannot correct. Mr. Cleveland and his friends are helpless. They have sent West home in their anger, but that will not alter the fact that the highest English authority in this country has proclaimed, in a letter which he acknowledges, which election will most benefit England. It became a question whether such election would exert a balancing benefit here.

Burchard gave our Democratic party the Irish vote with his R. R. R. in 1884, and Lord Sackville West returned the compliment for Mr. Harrison. The country at large may laugh at the Englishman's simplicity, but some at least will thank him for his honesty. It is not necessary for the Republicans to cuss him for meddling in American politics; the Democrats are doing that in good, hearty form.

To the Freshman: When you enter the Secretaries' office, never for a moment think of removing your hat. It is not expected of you, and, besides, to do so would indicate that you are afraid of the party behind the desk. Of course you are not. On the other hand, always take off your hat when you approach the "birdcage." You are expected to. The occupant is a keen student of human nature, and judges you by your umbrella handle. When you meet General Moore, say "How-dy do." When you pass the President in the corridor, give him the military salute. You might just as well get these little points right. Don't think that the gym. belongs to you. It is such a short time since the Sophs had it that they may feel some lingering claims yet. To dine either at Vercilli's or the Waquoit gives you good social status. Some prefer the latter resort, but it is from purely personal reasons.

Make it a point to join groups of upper classmates. They like to see that you are friendly. If you strike a social chill, get out!

When Hammer and Tongs indulge in a sidewalk entertainment express your approval, and offer timely suggestions to the managers. They like it. Don't become saturated with the idea that the Pope runs the Institute. The religious department is across the street.

Why is it called the Chapel? We don't know exactly. We think it is so that your account books may wear a religious aspect, and still be truthful.

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**Exchange Gleanings.**

There is talk of discontinuing the Department of Arts at Columbia.

In the Andover-Exeter tennis match, Stearns of Andover won the singles, and Harrison and Soule of Exeter the doubles.

A new periodical, *The Collegian,* is to be published at Wakefield, Mass., devoted to the interests of the college world. The articles are all to be written by undergraduates. Subscription price, $3.00 per year.