“Not a bit. But seriously, Arthur, do you think she would look well in your house.”

“Who the deuce said anything about my house? But I don’t know why she wouldn’t.”

“How would she get on with Mrs. Wingate?”

“Well enough. All your society manners and city style are a mere lacquer. It would be as good a polish for her as for any of them. She could imitate Mrs. Wingate’s stately flow of conversation to a nicety in a week.”

“I thought you always held that one must be born to good society.”

“I used to think so, but I’ve changed my mind. I’d as lief hear small talk about the last meeting of the Farmers’ Club or the Charitable Society, as about a lecture on Esoteric Buddhism, or the last Symphony concert. Manners have to be learned, I suppose. It’s very much like learning to dance. Most people are slow, but I’ve heard of one’s learning to waltz in a single lesson.”

“I’d no idea you were so desperately in earnest, Arthur.”

“In earnest! I’m only saying what has always been true, I suppose. As to Miss Way, it’s evident that she wasn’t intended for me. She is very young.”

“Time will remedy that defect,” said Thornbury. “Her breeding is against her, though she can be very charming when she wishes.”

“I don’t see but that she is well bred enough,” said Laurens, with some spirit.

“O, I mean her connections and surroundings. Where did you tell me she came from?”

“South Chanton, I believe she said. I don’t know where it is. I tried to get her to talk about her family, but she fought shy of the subject.”

“So you don’t care to play King Cophetua?”

“O stop your chaff, Thornbury. I’m not such an incurable snob as not to see that Miss Way is good enough for me. The trouble is, she evidently thinks the disability lies the other way. Very likely it does.”

“It strikes me that you are getting decidedly serious.”

“Not so serious as you imagine. You seem to be the one who has a deep interest in the young lady’s affairs. You’d better go in and win her.”

“So I have your full permission?” said Thornbury, smiling indifferently.

“Unconditional,” said Laurens.

(To be Continued.)

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

TO THE EDITOR OF TECH:—

I was much interested in the letter of your correspondent, L., ’87, in No. 3 of The Tech, and while I say that I agree with him most emphatically as to the desirability of having such an annual publication for the benefit of the alumni, I cannot agree with him as to the propriety or feasibility of making one number of The Tech serve this end. In the first place many of the things mentioned are actually published in “Technique” as your correspondent ought to know, and it would be excellent if “Technique” would consider his suggestions in regard to those things which it does not publish. Such a number of The Tech as proposed could not fail to injure “Technique’s” sale among the alumni, and it should be far from the policy of Institute publications to antagonize each other. From long experience as an editor of The Tech I know how little reliance there is to be placed on receiving enough literary contributions from the alumni to fill up a number, and this is due not so much to the unwillingness of the alumni to favor The Tech with contributions, as to the utter inability of the editor to find the time necessary to maintain the extensive correspondence with his alumni friends, which is requisite to produce from them the desired article. Besides the objections of interfering with “Technique” and the difficulty of getting contributions from the alumni, there is the further objection that it would be difficult to find the time. This your correspondent passes over hastily, as it takes none of his time, and he wishes to persuade you that it would not take much of yours. If your correspond-