The question of publishing an "Alumni" Tech seems to be creating a good deal of discussion among our graduates. What future Tech boards may do in this matter we are not prepared to say. As for us, although we fully realize what a benefit such a publication as that outlined in a recent contribution would be to all men previously connected with the Institute, we at the same time do not consider the duty of producing such a publication incumbent upon us. The "Technique" very nearly occupies the field proposed for the "Alumni" Tech, and our annual would seriously object to any such enterprise. Moreover, the present Tech board is already overworked, and does not feel equal to embarking upon any new undertaking.

If the "Technique" is not what the alumni want, the editors of that publication would undoubtedly be willing to so change it as to meet the requirements of the graduates, or perhaps, if need be, publish an entirely different magazine for their benefit.

We shall be glad to publish any further communication bearing upon this subject.

The editors of the Architectural Review may well be proud of the universal commendation of their publication, voiced in the strong letters from the best representative architects of America, which they reproduce in this circular.

Were there no other inducement offered by the Review, this unalloyed praise of the paper by those having the best interests of our embryo architects at heart, should be enough to flood the editors with subscriptions.

---

A Bad Break.

We were seated in the hammock;
It was sometime after dark;
And the silences grew longer
After each subdued remark.

With her head upon my shoulder,
And my arms about her close.
Soon I whispered, growing bolder,
"Do you love me, darling Rose?"

Were her accents low, to equal
All my heart had dared to hope?
Ah! I never knew the sequel,
For her brother cut the rope!

Sam.

Samuel Harris walked thoughtfully up the street to the house where dwelt Mistress Dorothy Andrews, to whom for the last year he had been, if not formally betrothed, at least the understanding in the two families was that they were soon to be so. It was in the year 1776, and Samuel was now thinking of the events of the last few months,—the battles of Lexington and Concord, and other exciting incidents of greater or smaller importance.

The door stood open and Sam entered, the wrinkles vanishing from his forehead as he crossed the threshold. The hall was dark, but he knew where he was, and turning to the left he entered the parlor. But at the door he stopped, as if petrified by the sight that met his eyes. There on the sofa, enfolded in each other's arms in the first rapture of requited love, sat Dorothy and—William Dale. They started at his exclamation, and sprang to their feet. The two young men stood confronting each