manners and boarding school back-boards that I felt like letting myself out last summer."

"Well," said he, "Mr. Benbury seemed to get the best of that."

"Mr. Benbury?" she asked doubtfully. Then with a mischievously radiant smile, "O, yes."

"I don't understand about Mr. Sniggins," said he.

"What don't you understand about him?"

"How he came to be engaged to you."

"Who said we were engaged?"

"Why, you did."

"I did? Never! If I had I should have told a most atrocious fib."

"I certainly understood you so."

"I can't help your understanding."

"Well, whom were you engaged to?"

"I wasn't engaged to anybody. I never heard such impertinence! As soon as you are introduced to Miss Way, of Boston, you ask her whom she is engaged to."

He looked at her with a new hope in his eyes, but could not gather his thoughts to say a word.

"You were so intent on giving the poor country girl a chance to refuse you, that you took everything for granted; that's all."

"What an immeasurably stupid—" he began; but she, seeing his growing excitement, and catching sight, too, of Mrs. Wingate coming to look for her, said, with a twinkle of fun: "What a nice story that would make, wouldn't it? But it's all in the past. No," she went on, laying her fan on his lips as he began to say something about taking up the subject where they left it, "I was acting a part; I didn't give you fair play. If you want to see me, you must come just as if you had never met me till to-day."

"How can I?"

"I don't know. That's for you to find out. Come and try. It will be awfully funny. I shall be relentless, and if you make the smallest allusion to last summer I shall send you directly home, sir. Come to-morrow evening."

T. M. O. 

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COMMUNICATIONS.

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

To the Editors of The Tech:

Although greatly opposed to changes as a general rule, I still think there is one change which would be of benefit to our institution; that change is in regard to our college colors. There are very few of the leading colleges in the country that do not have some one shade for their university color. Harvard has crimson, Yale has blue, orange is everywhere recognized as Princeton's color, green as Dartmouth's, and even the fair damsels of Smith College appear, in general assemblies, clad in their college color—white. Now why should Tech. not have some one color? Is not our Alma Mater a leading college? Let some one color be taken which can be united with other colors to form combinations enough to suit the most fastidious taste. One great object of the single color is that the different classes can combine it with other shades to form their class colors, and thus there will be some conformity,—a virtue which at present is conspicuous by its absence.

There are many colors at our disposal, though the best ones have naturally been taken already. One color, gray, which has been a Tech. favorite, still remains. Gray can be united with different shades to form some of the finest of combinations, such as crimson and gray, the present Tech. colors, and blue and gray, the colors of '90.

The idea of this change in the college colors was strengthened at the Tech.-Williams football game last Wednesday, when a Tech. fellow asked the writer why the cheering was led by a youth with '90's colors. He seemed greatly surprised to learn that they were the college colors. Another instance: at our last mass meeting a freshman arose and asked the chairman what the Tech. colors were. Now, his question was not due to any extra amount of greenness, but rather to the fact that the great variety of colors of the classes, and the lack of conformity to the Institute colors, had become mixed up in his mind with mathematics and chemistry. If the Tech. had had one single color, and if this color had appeared in each of the class combinations, that Freshman would not have made himself so conspicuous.