HIS is the season of the year when a few marks on a man's cuffs may avail him more than many lectures. So it is that the ingenious student, who scorns to grind, puts himself to work to devise means of escape from impending FF's. It is one of the necessary evils of the present system, when a good examination will atone for a deal of half-done term work, that cribbing flourishes, in spite of the obstacles in the way of its success. For it is no easy thing, even for a man of experience, to have about him, convenient for easy reference, a condensed mass of knowledge covering fifteen weeks' work in mathematics, still less so to stow away a syllabus of his course in geology or literature; and if one begins to select, it is an even chance that the wrong set of questions turns up, and one finds that he has selected what will be as useless to him as the pictures in his last box of cigarettes.

The examiner, also, may not always be absorbed and unmindful of affairs around him; in fact, he is often very much alive to the situation: then what does it profit a man if he has all the wisdom of the ancients on his person, the use of which, for prudential reasons, he is obliged to forego?

Still, as has been said, cribbing is a time-honored institution not more in vogue at Tech. than elsewhere, and perhaps not less. There are no statistics regarding it; for obvious reasons its brilliant successes, as well as its melancholy failures, are matters of tradition, not of record. If they were not, it is probable that they would go to prove that, as a royal road to credits, it is most frequently no thoroughfare, and that—a fact that needs no demonstration—few are they who get more honors than are due them.

WHEN we have so much else to think of, it seems only fair that we should remind our readers of the competition for the prize poem, which is still open. Studies should, and do, come primarily in importance in our minds, and especially at this season of the year; but some work in a lighter vein serves to awaken new energies and latent talent hitherto untapped. Now why should you not devote some part of the vacation or the early part of the coming term to writing a poem for The Tech, —a song worthy of our perceptress, or both?

You never know what you can do till you sit down, with malice aforethought, and try. Try, and if you don't get there the first trip, follow the maxim. The prize of—dollars would make an excellent lining for your waistcoat pocket, or at least would suffice to send marked copies of The Tech to all your best girls and admiring relations.