A letter has been received from A. M. Robeson, '94, written off the coast of Portugal on his way to South Africa. The De Beers Co. sent him to Chicago before leaving this country to get a triple expansion engine, built for the company; then he was instructed to visit electric plants and factories in London and on the continent. He is wondering how "Technique" finally looks and how it is received. No place to him is like Technology. Of the Berlin Tech. he writes: "The buildings and grounds are finer than ours and the neighborhood is more suited to study than at Tech, but they have no athletics, no college feeling among the fellows, nor does the system of teaching exactly suit me. Everything is by lectures, even mathematics; you only know how you stand when the final exams come at the end of a year or two; you pick out your course of lectures, pay each professor for those you take from him, and when you are ready for an exam, let him know . . . They don't go ahead of our Tech very much. In fact I would prefer to graduate from ours. I met Professor Riedler of the mechanical engineering department. I wish I were worth about a million, it would be my first duty to endow a chair of mechanical engineering at Tech with the condition that Riedler should fill it. He is a young man and is the acknowledged head of the profession as regards hydraulics and compressed air, as well as steam. . . . Professor Riedler is now on his way to America to see the Exposition, and to look over American technical schools. I gave him a complete idea of what was being done, the best, etc., and you can bet that old Technology got a good send off." This letter is very characteristic of Robeson; with able and enthusiastic lovers of Tech like him in different quarters of the world, no wonder Technology is respected the world over. Mr. Robeson will be chief engineer of the Kimberly diamond mines in a short time at a salary—well, its worth the trip to Africa.

The Technology Assembly.

AN we longer doubt the existence of Tech social life? Those who have been fortunate enough to attend the first Technology assembly, the Glee and Banjo Club concert, or the numerous dinners of late, must admit that Tech is not so far behind in this direction after all.

The weather on the afternoon of April 4th seemed to clear on purpose for the assembly. Long faces shortened, and cheerfulness prevailed with all. Pierce Hall was beautifully decorated with creepers, palms, and other tropical plants; the dressing rooms were supplied with cut flowers, and the balcony in the hall was further adorned with two silken Tech flags.

At eight o'clock Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Rogers, and Mrs. Swain arrived. To the encouragement and advice of these kind ladies much of the success of the affair is due. Soon gay dresses began to enliven a scene already charming, and pretty faces were in abundance. It had been deemed advisable to depart somewhat from the assembly principle and have dance orders as a matter of convenience, because so many of those present were unacquainted. The whole idea was to make everything as informal and pleasant as possible. The orders were very neat—on the front a pretty etching, executed entirely by Mr. Mott-Smith, the insert being held by ribbons of red and gray. The music was furnished by Daggett, and could hardly have been better.

About one hundred and thirty persons were present, the men outnumbering the young ladies by eight or ten, to the great satisfaction of the latter. If we judge by their opinions, Technology may be proud of its first assembly. There was no exception to the general enjoyment save occasionally with a few who