THE frequent appeals of the editors of "Technique," through their posters, for literary support, should meet with a response from every man in the Institute. The excellency of "Technique," her annual, is one of the points in which she stands far ahead of all other colleges, and it should be the desire of all to see the standard not only preserved, but raised. This can only be done by the hearty co-operation of men from each of the classes. As far as getting out a book, and a good book, is concerned, it would be quite possible, and perhaps just as easy, for the editors to bear the entire labors; but to make "Technique" of interest to all and thoroughly representative of the Institute, requires the ideas, criticisms, and suggestions of many minds. The editors will be pleased to receive at any time, in the box in Rogers Corridor, grinds, quotations, verse, etc., as well as ideas or suggestions for new features, or improvements in any of the departments, or criticisms of faults to be avoided. "Technique" is published for all alike,—Freshman as well as Senior, Sophomore as well as Junior,—all will share in the praise or blame which it receives, and all should aid in its publication.

A Summer Match.

July first, and Carter Point was beginning to show decided signs of the fast approaching heavy season. The general hustle and bustle of the summer was on the rapid increase. The hotel was well filled, and rooms for August could not be had for love or money. The cottages in connection with the Bay House were all let, and it was in one of these that old Benjamin Hendrige had taken up his residence for his annual outing in the company of his two daughters. Mrs. Hendrige's death, a few years before the scene of our tale, had left in her husband's hands the care of the children. The girls were now well grown young ladies, of no inconsiderable good looks.

Each was the general of a small army of followers among the gentlemen spending their summer at the shore, and when the generals left camp the armies would adjourn by common impulse to the only available battle grounds,—the boathouse and the hotel billiard room.

Old Hendrige had been in his youth an ardent yachtsman, and now that stiffness of body and family ties kept him from the water, he would sit for hours on the piazza of their little wooden bungalow and watch the continual coming and going of yachts in the bay, and the passing of the fleets in the sound. When his married sister was not at hand he was obliged to act as chaperon to his girls, but no one minded him. A man who would perch himself on the highest point obtainable and lose himself in the revelations of a field glass and a reference chart was a good man to have about, and so it was that "Hendrige parties," as the expeditions which he generalled were known, became very popular.

With the advent of August came Billy Harris and William Evans, better known as Wiley Eva. Billy Harris had been very attentive to Amy, the elder Hendrige girl, all winter; and, likewise, his chum Wiley had been attentive to Mary, the younger. Their arrival was the signal for much conjecture, head-nodding, and whispering on the part of the social gossips. It was certain that those girls would be engaged before the summer was out. Anyway Hendrige parties became rare, and were soon a thing of the past. The rival armies went their various ways, or selected some new leader from the many daily arrivals. So things tagged on till the end of August, yet no definite moves had been made on the parts of the principals. Hendriges were still to be Hendriges.

It was the last night of August; the day had been hot and sultry, and after a most gorgeous sunset the fresh sea breeze rose in