she has not forgotten her humor. "The Letters of a Half-Made Contractor to his Son at Tech," is the Sophomore History. It consists of six letters from one Murtha Clancy to his son Champion, an active member of his class. These are clever parodies on the "Letters from a Self-made Merchant," which have appeared in The Saturday Evening Post. The Freshmen have a bright and original history, which is rather too suggestive of Biblical style, but the annotation gives a truly novel air to the whole article.

Many will miss the pages of "Quotations," but the present board felt that, inasmuch as such quotations must be well-known to be applicable, the traditions of "Technique" must be broken, for good, popular and fitting quotations have long since been exhausted. To compensate for the omitted "Quotations," the "Statistics" department has been made larger and more important. Several decided novelties in the way of illustrations will drive many of the statistics home.

A new and pleasing feature is the series of "Fake" clubs, with such names as "The Fusser's Club," and "Rubberneck Society." The possibilities of such clubs may well be imagined.

The Grinds are rich and the page decorations — two emaciated and smiling men — are none the less so; the Grinds have been more closely culled than before, as but sixteen pages are occupied by the department, all poor grinds being dropped. An analogous feature which many might not notice are the bright remarks printed at the bottom of the advertising pages. On one page we find "Do not borrow trouble; it is better to give than to receive"; on another, "A splendid breakfast food is a cheery 'good morning,'" and these are chosen at random.

Nine or ten pages are covered by miscellaneous verses — more or less poetical, but universally full of jokes which Tech men love, some new and some of which we greet as old friends. "My Elective" will appeal to all, and "Arlo's Beard" is timely.

As a general summary we can say that, like former Techniques, it is a book that every Tech man needs, which will be of use and pleasure to him now and which will be a happy reminder of his student days in the years to come. In it he will find, when some day in the future he runs across it, faces of those he knew, jokes and sayings of and about the friends he met, and a record of what Tech was when he was here. If the book has its faults — and even its makers would not deny it, for "to err is human," — it has so many good points that 1904 can proudly place her Technique beside those others which Tech has produced before.