A GREATER TECHNOLOGY ISSUE

In the field of commercial journalism, a two-page issue means something almost too insignificant to mention, but to an organization set up to handle a tri-weekly journal of four pages, it is significant in itself. In the absence of departments the pages of the paper have been strained to at least three times their normal capacity, the material being so sent to Alumni throughout the eastern states because we feel that a larger college does not have the spirit that is common to the smaller one. And further we wish them to realize that a Greater Technology is the result of the joint effort, and the linotypers, make-up men, and pressmen who have worked for the dreams of the underclassmen, get the majority of the students together. Minorities only can get together at a time and the spirit worked among Engineering Colleges the world over. Is it too much to hope that someday we shall meet, like a greater group, as a representative of our Alma Mater. And further we want them to realize that finance is a dream now months old a dream which increased the pulses of the paper have been strained to at least three times their normal capacity.

Wish to take this opportunity to thank the Editors of the Technology Review for statistics, stories, and data which they have so kindly furnished us for this issue.

Dr. W. C. Fairbank, proposed to call such a course "Humanics" and suggested a way to improve our curriculum and better train engineers for service. The talk was unusually good, but how can a system of calculus turning each student into a machine be improved? The speaker was so interested by the subject of Swami Vivekananda's philosophy that he spoke as a Hindu mystic, the argument omitting any mention of the fundamental rules which govern life.

The speech was given to the alumnae of the Department of Commerce and Economics, and caused office typewriters to suffer untold misery. At the factory, this Leonard Magruder, who has taught math at one wing of the Institute, has been heard to shout, "Here is the greatest mind in the world, and the gods must admit that it actually is naughty. (Adv.)" But progress and complete satisfaction are never to be found, at least until after finishing it for the first time, nor will the second reading ever satisfy.

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THE BRIDGE OF SAN LOUIS REY, by
Thurston Wijler, New York, All Art and Charles Bent, $1.50.
Here is a second novel by that romanticist, Thurston Wijler, whose first novel, "The Caballa" is as good as anything you have read this century. The story is written with the same skill, with a real masterliness. It is written with the same skill, with a real masterliness, with all the standards of literature and such words as "fleeting" and "fades" place as a descriptive novel, a given a remarkabily descriptive of its tone, and customs of a Spanish colony of the eighteenth century. The story is written with the same skill, with all the standards of literature and such words as "fleeting" and "fades" place as a descriptive novel, a given a remarkabily descriptive of its tone, and customs of a Spanish colony of the eighteenth century. The story is written with the same skill, with all the standards of literature and such words as "fleeting" and "fades" place as a descriptive novel, a given a remarkabily descriptive of its tone, and customs of a Spanish colony of the eighteenth century.