which it is advisable to avoid. First, one where the young lady is a fine musician, and hence is apt to play to you the whole evening. Second, where there is a young lady whom you ought to take to the next Tech. dance, but have already invited some one else. She might talk about it, and make it very disagreeable for you. Another place to steer clear of is where the young lady's father is fond of whist, and asks you if you "would not like to take a hand to fill up a table." I might enumerate many other places where it is best not to go, but the reader of these hints can complete the list to suit his individual case.

Now think it over, and find what places are not "on the list." If there are two or more where it is equally desirable to visit, you can decide this question by tossing up a penny. After this formality you feel very settled in your mind, and must now proceed to take account of stock—in other words, to reckon up your wealth. The principal part of this must go for a box of Huyler's candy or a half a dozen roses, and the young man can now proceed merrily on his way, with light heart and a light pocket-book.

He arrives upon the scene of action—or, rather, the icy doorstep of her "pa's" residence. "Two to one she isn't at home." No takers. Ring—and, oh, my prophetic soul, she is out! Card should be produced, but after vain search it declines to turn up, and you are obliged to leave your name, rather shame-facedly.

Now go to your second choice. By the pure cussedness of things this will surely be, at least, a mile away, and of course the walking is bad, but you plod bravely on. At last you arrive there. She is at home. Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! "Won't you please step in?"

You smile and enter, and another "husking" begins.

Of course if your second choice is not at home and you have no third, you are stuck with a stock of candy and flowers. The former is all well enough, and the latter you can use for **boutonnières** until they fade.

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**A Mistake.**

**John Sullivan** and Monroe James were very intimate friends, classmates at the Institute, and living at the same house. Some weeks ago, during one of the Institute's small and far-between vacations, John determined to go and visit some friends in Connecticut, but not having enough money, he applied to Monroe. The latter was also strapped, and things looked badly for the trip, when Monroe happened to think of a watch, out of order and stored away, which he had pawned on several occasions, when hard up. This watch he brought forth, and told John that he might take it and realize, if he could, enough for his trip. John gladly accepted the offer, and at about 8 o'clock one evening he started off with the watch and his satchel, intending to pawn the former on his way to the railway station.

The next morning, at about half-past eleven, as Monroe was attending a lecture at the Institute, a messenger-boy arrived with a letter for him. He hastily opened it, and read the following:—

**Dear Monroe:**—Come down to Station 4 at once. I have been arrested for stealing your confounded watch.

Yours, in haste and distress, **John**.

Monroe started off for the station immediately, and, arriving there, was shown to cell No. 87, in which his friend was confined. He found him seated on a straw cot (about 6 x 3), a sad picture of distress. John related that he had gone to a pawn-shop on Eliot Street, had shown the watch, and asked for a loan of ten dollars on it. He said the man looked at him rather hard, and then remarked that if he, John, would wait a minute, he would go out and borrow the money, as he did not have so much on hand. John agreed, and the fellow went out, but returned directly,—not with the money, but with a guardian of the public peace, who arrested John for stealing the watch.

He, of course, denied the charge, but the policeman refused to believe him. His request to go home, obtain his friend, and have matters