The curtains parted promptly at eight o'clock, and Miss Evangeline Jacksing started the disturbance with a song. After a few struggles with a lump of excitement which rose in her throat, she opened her mouth and sang. The organist attempted to tune his instrument to the key in which she sang, but finding it a hopeless task, swung round on his stool and listened to the song. The applause following was long and loud, and Evangeline was obliged to repeat the effort, after which she closed her mouth and withdrew.

The next number was a short recitation by a young orator whose training had not been at fault,—in fact it seemed as if he had been over-trained,—but who did not realize that his life was not at stake. Encores were in vain after this number. Then came a sweet duet by Miss Jacksing and Miss Goosinberry, which was ably rendered.

Several amusing, but not remarkable, songs and recitals followed, gaining long applause in every instance. One selection, however, should be mentioned, not only on account of its excellence from a dramatic point of view, but also because it might have been the last of the entertainment. It was a dialogue between two darky boys. In the beginning a serious misunderstanding takes place between them, which gives them no alternative but fight. The battle began, and continued in the most realistic manner conceivable; and the public excitement reached a high pitch as the youths swayed from side to side, and clinched with a deadly cinch. They did not heed, however, the edge of the stage, and before anyone realized the fact they were tottering over the stove. With a strange cry they embraced each other closely, and, locked arm in arm, fell headlong over upon the stove, and subsequently into the orchestra stalls, where they were lost to view.

But the best number came last. It was a play. Martha, a chambermaid at the hotel, and two waiters, interpreted the parts of a society belle and two suitors, respectively. The opening scene showed Martha seated in a rocking-chair, closely wrapped in thought and a fur cloak. It was not long before one of the suitors appeared, and after kissing Martha's hand, sat down near her and began to relate a long, fictitious tale about the other lover's character. Martha heard him through, and let him kiss her hand again. Then he departed, and lover No. 2 entered. Martha greeted him in a decidedly affectionate manner, and soon told him what she had heard about him from the other, saying at the same time that she did not credit such reports. Now was the time for a proposal, and Martha blushed and said yes very softly when it came. But why did the curtains not close? The betrothed couple held each other's hands, and in painful anxiety waited. In vain. Martha's eyes rolled like those of a tigress. At last she could stand it no longer, and yelled, "Drap de curtains, yer fool!" The curtains, together with the pine decorations, dropped, and thus ended the entertainment.

M. S. J., '96.

MORE WORK.

"I try to give each class a little more to do than the one preceding it."—Professor ——

More work, more work is Tech's remorseless maxim,
Shove every victim till he's bound to shirk
Half his allotted daily grind, then tax him
With any number of hours you please. More work.

Aye, though at every Prof.'s old time-worn jesting
In quick response, we broadly smile and smirk,
E'en though we loudly laugh at tales of testing,
'Tis all In vain; it only means more work.

If, 'neath the cloud of near examination,
We fondly dream some chance for us may lurk,
To pass unscathed, in honest application,
We're baulked; some greedy Prof. expects more work.

Oh! some day, when I see him there selecting
New tomes, I'll steal behind him with a dirk,
And madly plunge it through him unsuspecting,
And burn the books he's bought to make more work.

Then, though the guardians of the peace should catch me,
E'en though some morning with a sudden jerk,
To heaven (or somewhere else) they should dispatch me,
I'd never hear again, "More work, more work."