Will draws a handkerchief, hastens to Jack
Who is watching the scene, lying flat on his back.
Jack sees the handkerchief held to his breast,
And soon recognizes the perfume and crest;
Ejaculates "Dastard!" and quickly finds strength;
With a blow Helen's husband is stretched at full
length.

Then out of his pocket a photograph falls,
"Tis picked up by Helen (which indicates squalls):
"Jack's wife—and my husband!" Her voice be-
comes hoarse.
"Broken-hearted,—deceived,—I demand a divorce!"
"Sir!" "Villain!" "Oh, Traitoress!" "Scound-
drel, my wife!"
"Deceiver!" "Go, woman!" "Corruptor, your
life!"

Then, suddenly, quiet, there enters Therese;
Though pale, she says calmly, "Sir! Madam! the
police!"

A moral, of course, a last chapter or so,
To line up the characters all in a row;
And whether they end in New York or in jail—
Immaterial quite to the plot of the tale.

The Proper Thing.

A lass, about to go into society,
And not wholly sure in regard to propriety
In lité-lité cases, behind shady palms,
Involving moustaches and intimate arms,
Requested her dad—if he would be so kind—
Please to give her some points, which she might bear
in mind.

Her dad, with surprise, and a smile in his eyes,
Took a kiss—for his subject—and spoke in this wise:
"Suppose a chap should ask you this:
'May I request a single kiss?'
The proper answer, I maintain,
Is this: 'You may request—in vain.'

"And if a chap should whisper this,
'I'm going to steal one single kiss,'
The proper thing, so I should say,
Is just a quick regardé glacé.

"But if a chap should take a kiss,
Without referring to the miss,
Well, then, say I, 'tis ten to one,
The proper thing—has just been done."

As THE LOUNGER carefully places the last of his
"special mixture" within the bowl of his brier, it
suddenly occurs to him that it is meet that he should
be thankful. At last his labors have borne fruit.
The Freshmen have "buried the hatchet." The
hallowed precincts of the Secretaries office are to be
no longer disturbed by an underclass "rough house."
Listen, and rejoice;—the beforetime sportive
Freshmen, in order to show their appreciation of
the Sophomore class, procured a carriage, conveyed
the same to the home of one of the "Sophs." and
requested the honor of his presence for a short ride.
Now, paradoxical as it may seem, this "Soph."
actually sent word to the anxious men at the door
that he was "out" and would not be in until late.
To THE LOUNGER this seems base ingratitude on the
part of the "Soph.," though it may have been due to
shyness or to the innate antipathy of publicity in
a Sophomore.

Some weeks ago it was suggested to THE LOUNGER
that the time had come for him to take up the
cause of struggling co-eds, or at least that portion
of the cause which dealt with their physical
well-being, in order that more exercise might be
indulged in than is obtained by merely ascending and
descending some twenty flights of stairs in one
quarter of that number of minutes, to get to the recita-
tion room on time. After grave and mature deliber-
ation THE LOUNGER has come to the conclusion that
basket ball should be the means adopted to afford
what extra exercise might be needed. Back in the
early nineties our co-ed athletics was one of the
brilliant features of the Institute; no LOUNGER was
needed to arouse drooping enthusiasm. Not since '95,
however, the year in which Harvard Scrub was so
severely defeated by the famous gridiron team of Tech
Co-eds, has a co-ed done anything in athletics. As
football has been abolished at Tech, the only other
real gentle and lady-like game which remains, is
basket ball. In this contest, the most serious in-
juries possible are a scratched face and the loss of a
few locks of hair (which sometimes are but the
matter of small expense), with perhaps a sprained
ankle or two; hence all of the girls may play and