then done, standing and in silence. Turning
then from the founder to the founded, Mr. Rob-
inson was called upon to answer for the Insti-
tute. Then followed Mr. Richardson for the
instructors, and Mr. Pratt for '85. After vari-
os derogatory simniles had been indulged in by
the toast-master, the departments were taken up
in the order below:

Civils. — Messrs. Worthington and Williams.
Miners and Chemists. — Mr. Robertson.
Architects. — Mr. Harding.
Electricals. — Mr. Dawes.

To their credit be it noted that not a man
said he was too full for utterance.

The remaining toasts were then proposed and
responded to as indicated:
Σ. M. E. — Mr. Richards.
2 G. — Mr. Fiske.
Athletic Club. — Mr. J. L. Kimball.
The Tech. — Mr. Little.
The Battalion. — Mr. Richards.
Ex-Members. — Mr. J. M. Kimball.
Minstrels. — Mr. Spalding.
Freshmen. — Mr. McKim.
Chapel. — Mr. Spring.

The responses, which were all received with
enthusiasm, were particularly noticeable for the
many truly witty things which they contained;
and notwithstanding the number and frequency
of the toasts, there was not the least external
symptom of alcoholic endosmosis.

In answering for the "Minstrels," Mr Spal-
ding gave an exhibition of his wonderful skill
upon the bones, and received a well merited
vote of thanks. Then came the "Freshmen,"
and here the confidence of the toast-master for-
sook him for the first time, as he confessed
with tears in his eyes to having searched in vain
through "Cruden's Concordance." "Webster's
Unabridged," and the revised "Encyclopædia"
for words to clothe his subject. He could say
no more, but the class coming to his rescue,
filled its glasses with that beverage so natural
to the youthful subjects of the toast and drank
their health in milk.

When these ceremonies had been duly hon-
ored, an hour or more was devoted to music
and reminiscence. A vote of thanks was ten-
dered Mr. Litchfield for the greatly admired
menu, and another for his efforts as toast-master.
The committee also received a merited acknowl-
edgment of the obligation of the class.

As the members separated, each party gave
the other a hearty cheer, and before an hour
after midnight the last man was on his door-
steps fumbling for the latch-key as he conscien-
tiously cheered himself.

MR. EDITOR: — We had about made up
our minds that the Freshmen did not
know exactly what they did know, and were
somewhat doubtful if they knew that; but we
were mistaken.

They have at last put their brilliant little
heads together, and after due meditation de-
cided to substitute a supper for the usual semi-
annual dance.

Not a supper to be participated in by the
upper classmen. Oh, no! Probably our typi-
cal Freshman has a too open heart, or rather
too open stomach, to wish any of the upper
members of the Institute to lower themselves
by breaking bread or drinking milk with him-
self; or, perhaps, he fears that the two hundred
and fifty dollars subscribed for his ball will not
be more than enough to satisfy his own and his
comrades' delicate appetites.

At any rate, there will be no Freshman ball
this year. Not that this is anything new to the
Institute at large; but the brilliancy of the idea
of reconsidering the question of a dance at this
eleventh hour, and, the ball being laid aside, the
brain requisite for the conception of a supper to
take its place, — that is what we want appreci-
ated, if possible.

If the dance had been permitted to die a
natural death, and nothing put in to take its
place, we might have done our thinking in
private; but, like the last straw on the camel's
back, this is too much.

'86 started with every promise of leaving be-
hind it an enviable reputation, and an example