in citizens' clothes were present, the president of the board stole quickly into his chair, and with a graceful wave of the hand began the ceremony.

Then it was noticed that there was a vacant place and that the ministerial secretary was absent. It was explained that his health was unequal to the pressure of Senior balls, minstrel entertainments, and other debauches, hence his non-appearance. Resolutions of regret were passed, and a large plate of corned beef laid aside for him. The dinner itself was a sample of the skilful cooking and excellent service which characterize the Brunswick. (See advertisement in another column.) While the courses were being served the reporter was engaged in some original investigation which would be of little interest to the general reader, —and at this point we deem it advisable to introduce our hero. Mr. Leonard arose, and in a few words (five, as we remember) introduced Mr. Chase as rex convivii.

In entering upon his duties, Mr. Chase, in a most fitting sentiment, proposed the memory of Professor Rogers, after which the following toasts were responded to:

"The Tech," Mr. Leonard.
"The College Press," Mr. Little.
"The Architects," Mr. Eppendorff.
"The Mechanicals," Mr. Gale.
"The Civils," Mr. French.
"The Electricals," Mr. Litchfield.
"The Miners," Mr. Tenney.
"The Gymnasium Committee," Mr. Bunce.
"The Freshmen," Mr. Gamwell.
"C. C. M. I. T.," Mr. Locke.
"Athletics," Mr. Robinson.
"The Ladies," Mr. Smith.
"Our Advertisers," Mr. Hardon.

The speeches were received with much [applause] and [laughter], except in the case of Mr. Gale, who held his audience spell-bound while he dragged mythical heroes from antiquity and introduced them as hard-working mechanicals.

Mr. Chase introduced the toasts very happily, and when he proposed "The Miners," whose creed is 1st Hen, 2d Len, 3d Ten, one member was so affected that he accidentally drank the toast in vinegar. The remarks of the exchange editor, in which he compared The Tech to other college papers, were extremely interesting and reassuring. When the advertising agent arose, and prefaced his remarks by a slight tremor of that red eyelid, it was evident that he had something to say, and it will take long years to efface from our minds the memory of that nervous Choaterian eloquence as he held the floor amid a storm of napkins.

The wisdom of the toast-master in giving this speech the last place now became apparent. The company immediately began to disperse.

The reporter glanced at the drooping eyelid, and, seeing that it indicated twelve o'clock, hastened away to revise his notes for the morning edition. As he passed through the hall, he caught these momentous words from the lips of the irrepressible dude, "Isn't this my coat? Well, that proves it."

83 Class Dinner.

During her four years' course at the Institute, '83 has not been backward in entering heartily and actively into the continuance of time-honored customs and the establishment of new projects which have taken hold upon the interests of the students. Throughout the course the class purse-strings have been loosely tied, and on all occasions her members have been found ready to subscribe to worthy objects, and to spend their money and time that others as well as themselves, and sometimes to the exclusion of themselves, should gain enjoyment. It is therefore with especial pleasure that we chronicle the event of the first —and the last—class dinner; for '83 has preferred to spend her money for other objects, and only regale herself with a single banquet. But the success of this affair and the pleasure enjoyed by all who took part bring out clearly the fact that had the class seen fit to have had its annual dinners, as many other classes have