The Senior Ball.

On Friday night, April 10, the event in the annual social history of Technology came off in Odd Fellows’ Hall, and the ball to the Seniors of ’85 was started “a rolling.” We cannot speak authoritatively as to the difficulty in starting the mass; but as to its subsequent capers, it may truly be said, that there was scarcely a “moment of inertia,” for any of the human particles therein.

The Fates were propitious and interposed no obstacles to disturb the even tenor of its path, for a smoother, more slippery floor never sent thrills of expectant collapse to the hearts of the devotees of Terpsichore.

It has seldom been the privilege of the scribe to witness a more charming array of fair ones than lined the spacious hall on this evening; and many a sigh was breathed, and many a heart carried away with the image of a fascinating partner; or perhaps, only the fascinating image of a might-have-been partner in the ’steenth extra. The men were a highly respectable and distinguished looking class, and reflected great credit upon their Alma Mater.

The members of the committee were zealous in their efforts to make those present enjoy the evening, and the “ghastly row of unattending men” was limited to a select bunch at the doors, which was useful in protecting those within from the draught.

The design of the dancing cards was very unique and graceful, and had the arms of the Institute in relief upon a raised bar running across from corner to corner. The covers were bound together by a crimson knot, and the orders were held in place by gray tassels.

Mrs. Francis Walker, Mrs. William Sedgwick, and Mrs. Charles Otis received the guests, and were the most delightful of matrons.

The music was excellent, and many a festive repeated waltz indebted us to J. Howard Richardson’s orchestra.

We cannot forbear expressing our dislike to the venerable Institute custom of buying tickets for supper, and suggest that it would be far better to have the subscription price proportionally larger and include the spread. We are not aware that the custom prevails anywhere else.

Without exception, this was the most agreeable and successful Senior ball that we have ever had, and redounds greatly to the credit of the managers and committee.

’85 “Professors’ Evening.”

Some time ago it was suggested, at a meeting of the class of ’85, that a pleasant feature of Institute life would be an occasional social meeting of professors and students, making possible a friendship which would extend beyond the limits set by class-room and laboratory exercises.

The suggestion was at once adopted and carried out last Friday, when sixteen of the professors responded to invitations to spend a social evening with ’85, past and present, at Young’s Hotel.

At half past eight nearly all who attended had arrived. Mr. Richards, class president, then called the meeting to order, and welcomed the guests, alluding to the friendly relations already existing between those present, and the absence at the Institute of all those feelings of hostility between professor and student, which are too often found elsewhere.

The programmes of the evening’s entertainment were then distributed; these had been papyrographed, in a manner true to life, by the committee of arrangements, and were accepted as a matter of course by the class, though causing considerable amusement among the guests.

The first event of the evening was the playing of an overture by the class quintette, an organization of considerable local renown. This was followed by a paper on “Moonlighting,” by Mr. F. H. Newell, and by vocal music by Mr. H. J. Williams. Refreshments were then served, and conversation glided on smoothly. Later, the assembly listened to a flute solo by Mr. E. B. Homer, and a minuet by the orchestra, shortly after which the guests began to take their leave, and the class was left alone, to express its pent-up feelings of gratification in a ringing cheer.

All present seemed well satisfied with the success of the undertaking, and several of the