The Sophomore Dinner.

The annual dinner of the Sophomore Class took place at Young's Hotel last Friday evening, and was an occasion long to be remembered. As a proof that the class spirit is not yet dead, seventy men filed into the hall to lay out the extensive menu provided by the Executive Committee. The festive board, extending nearly around the room, was soon loaded with the substantial things of life until the well-seasoned oak groaned aloud to the tune of "Oh what a difference in the morning." It was a pleasant coincidence that the Annual Dinner of M. I. T. '75, was taking place in an adjoining room, and while the evening was yet young, the Alumni were drawn from their own board by the resounding Tech. cheers of the undergraduates, and showed their hearty fellow-feeling in a loudly cheered, delightful speech by their Vice President, Mr. B. L. Beal.

The proper, comfortable, happy state being at last attained, the President, C. F. Tillinghast, in a fitting speech, introduced the presiding officer of the evening, Mr. E. H. Huxley, who, with his usual urbanity, superintended the following list of toasts: "The Class of '95," George W. Hayden; "The Tech.," Andrew D. Fuller; "The Eleven Hundredth Student," Thomas B. Booth; "Class Spirit," Edward Leber; "Athletics," James W. Thomas; "Our Junior Year," Albert Geiger, Jr.

Mr. Huxley called upon Mr. Hayden for the first address, and in well chosen words, the former president spoke of the past career of '95, and urged the class to develop more interest in all its undertakings. Mr. Fuller then gave a short history of The Tech, and assures us that our circulation will lose none of its present rotundity through his remarks. A number of pleasing selections were then given by a quartette composed of Messrs. Schmitz, Wason, Reed and Sias. In response to "The Eleven Hundredth Student," Mr. Booth presented an interesting history of the Institute, its growth and high standing of the present day, ending by suggesting a method facilitating a more thorough co-operation of the entire student body. Mr. Leber arose apparently to roast "The Class Spirit," but, owing to the large attendance, decided to keep the roasting for the grinds, and congratulated the class on its present success.

A difficult piano solo was well rendered by Mr. Reed; and then came "Tommy's" turn, and three rousing cheers for the captain of the 'varsity team. Mr. Thomas gave the class an interesting view of its standing in athletics, and prophesied bright prospects for the future. On the vague subject of "Our Junior Year," Mr. Geiger offered his hopes and ambitions, the usual heat joke not being neglected; and as a soothing final Mr. Smetz rendered a bass solo, doing it all by himself. Then after repeated cheers, and some many encored songs by the quartette and Mr. Sias, in the choruses of which the whole assembly joined with more or less success, the curtain dropped on '95's second successful dinner, and all pursued a more or less devious course for home.

A ages ago the scalds have said
Was fashioned thereof an arrow head,
And a blind old god without definite plan
Shot the same at a married man,
Who died of being too much impressed
With the feeling that some one ought to be kissed.

The connection is not altogether clear.
They hang it now to the chandelier,
And little blind gods on the berries sit,
And shoot whoever comes under it:
Nobody dies of it now as then;
They like it, even the married men.

—Yale Record.