On last Saturday evening the crystal room of the Parker House was the scene of great enthusiasm, and of a general good feeling; it was, indeed, the meeting of the Freshmen for their first class dinner. With characteristic spirit one hundred and five men were present to make the occasion one long to be remembered, and one worthy of example in many ways. The toast period arrived at an early hour, when Mr. Flood, as toastmaster, rose and fittingly introduced Mr. Rockwell, as first speaker, on the subject of "96." Never did the Freshman feel so proud of his class as then, when the president so ably rehearsed the glories the class had won during its short existence. In closing, the cane from the cane rush was produced, and hearty cheers for '96 were given. Mr. Hurd was next introduced, to speak on "Athletics." He referred to the long history of the M. I. T. A. C., of its future prospects, and of the possibility of making Technology known to the world in an athletic as well as a scientific line. Mr. Jackson spoke feelingly on the subject of "Grub," and made all merry during his talk. Mr. Crocker, in treating of "Traces," reviewed the many kinds, and especially those of the high plane of Technology, which has gained such an honored position in the scientific world. At the close a toast to President Walker was drunk with a great deal of enthusiasm. The subject of "Technology," which was received with applause, was then treated in an appreciative way by Mr. Meed.

Mr. McGann, on "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," gallantly told of the tribulations of those who are learning in drill how to protect their country's flag. Mr. Anderson then rose to the toast "Class Spirit," after which Mr. Russell reviewed "Nocturnal Tech" in its varied aspects. Last, but not least, the '96 "Class History" was dwelt upon by Mr. Franklin. Together with the toasts and the dinner, stands a musical programme of great merit. A quartette composed of Messrs. Laighton, Stearns, Barker, and Young sang several times during the evening, and deserved all the applause won. Mr. Laighton rendered a splendid solo, and Mr. Crosby yodled in his usual good style. The cornet quartette of Messrs. Beers, Hapgood, McCarter, and Grush, and later Messrs. Beers and Hapgood in a duet, played most creditably. After hearty cheers for "Tech," "'96," "'94," and "The Toastmaster," the dinner was broken up, with each man feeling that it had been a perfect success, and that next year should find even more present.

A Reverie.

Once I saw upon the street
A man of princely mien,
Thought I, "It is a Senior;
I will myself demean."

As he approached I noticed
He had a cane—quite swell.
Thought I, "It is a Junior
Out for a stroll—'ts well."

Then he commenced to swing his cane
Around his little finger,
Thought I, "It is a Sophomore;
I will no longer linger."

Just as we came together
With a clash his cane did fall.
And I muttered with impatience,
"'Ts a Freshman after all."