"Tech., Rah! Rah! Tech., Boom! Bah!
Ninety-seven, Ninety-seven, Rah! Rah! Rah!"

And as the lusty cheer died away last Saturday evening, one hundred and seven members of the Sophomore class seated themselves before a repast as inviting as has ever been given at the Thorndike. Merrily the tempting viands were attacked, and as the dinner drew to a close it was clearly proven that Ninety-seven men as diners could hold the record individually as well as collectively.

The dinner over, chairs were pushed back in anticipation of the toast list. The pent-up enthusiasm vented itself in hearty applause when Mr. Allen, as President of the class, appropriately introduced the toastmaster, Mr. Franklin E. Bragg. Mr. Bragg in turn called upon Mr. Allen to respond to the toast "The Class of '97," which was done through the medium of a series of witty Course prophecies, no doubt causing many a man to wish that he could have heard the toast before choosing his profession in life. After the Ninety-seven Quartette, Messrs. Baker, Lamb, Robinson, and Howland, had rendered a charming selection and encore, the toastmaster cordially invited "our Chauncey M. Depew" to say a few words on "Technique." Mr. Wilfred Bancroft, thereupon, modestly accepted, and with his eloquent arguments succeeded in convincing the class that "Technique" was a "good thing," and they should "push it along." Owing to the enforced absence of Mr. Putnam, the music which he was to have given with Mr. Schuman was omitted, and the class was obliged to forego the pleasure of hearing strains "untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony." "On Rogers Steps" came next, and Mr. Allen W. Jackson responded admirably by reading in a poetical vein a dream of a weird nature, occasioned probably by overwork in the laboratory. Mr. R. S. Howland then sang a solo to which the class could have listened, as he himself earlier in the evening had sung he could eat, "all day." In response to time-honored "Technology," Mr. Sheldon L. Howard, after telling a few amusing anecdotes, gave, in verse, the vow of a youth afflicted with "that Technology feeling."

Athletics next claimed attention, and Mr. Edward A. Sumner's earnest appeal to the class for more work in the gymnasium was received in a manner which indicated that though Ninety-seven is weak in material, her sympathies are with the training-table.

A second song by the Quartette was hardly ended when Mr. James T. Baker began a discourse upon "The Faculty" in such a knowing way as to leave little doubt in the minds of his hearers that he was intimately acquainted with his subject. Then, after singing a few well-known melodies, and receiving an agreeable surprise in the vocal verbosity of Mr. Augustus C. Lamb, the members, with another cheer for the Class and Technology, departed.

REALISM.

"Tell me, O honey bee, whither away?
Where are your gardens of amber sweet,
Meadows of clover? Where tread your feet,
Dusting the golden chalice to-day?"

"Amber and nectar and sunshine no more!
Bees of Hymettus would die at our task,
Journey from hive to the syrup cask,
In cells artificial false honey we pour."

—Yale Courant.