ALTHOUGH the attendance at the Senior Dinner was considerably smaller than at any other of the series of undergraduate dinners of the Class of Ninety-six, the affair was by no means the least successful. The Class was distinctly fortunate and was in no slight degree honored in its ability to hold its last undergraduate dinner at the beautiful University Club on Beacon Street,—a Club which has hitherto been most conservative in extending its hospitality to similar outside organizations. Everything which could add to the comfort of the men was placed at the disposal of the Class by the University Club, and the whole occasion was one to which Ninety-six may look back with pride.

The Dinner itself was an agreeable surprise and a most welcome innovation after the more or less trying and unsuccessful attempts at suitable service and suitable appointments during previous years at several of the hotels of Boston.

The menus were handsomely gotten up with shag board covers and English rough paper inserts printed in red and tied with red and gray ribbon. The front of the cover bore an excellent gelatin reproduction of Old Rogers in black on tinted Japanese paper, and on back a small pen-and-ink design, also in black.

The viands disposed of, and the coffee served, Mr. Hyde, as President, rose, and after extending a few words of appreciation for the hospitality of the University Club, in behalf of the class, introduced Mr. Edward Arthur Baldwin, as Toastmaster.

The following list of toasts was well enjoyed by all present:

Music . . . . . . Ninety-Six Quartette.
Edgar Harrison Barker. Conrad Henry Young.
Address . . . . . . Charles Gilman Hyde.
"And oft a retrospect delights the mind."—Dante.
At Worcester . . . . Henry Cummings, Jr.
"We have had pastimes here, and pleasant games."
—Love's Labor Lost.

Technology, . . . . Irving Sewall Merrell.
"Mens et Manus."
Our Sinecures . . Herman Adolph Poppenhusen.
"The spirit of deep prophecy he hath:
What's past, and what's to come, he can descry."
—Henry VI.
The Finish . . . . . . Butler Ames.
"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so."
—Pope.
"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."
—Merchant of Venice.
The Raconteur . . . . Conrad Henry Young.
"He is a marvelous good neighbor."
—Love's Labor Lost.

Retrospection.

'98.
A year ago I was a Freshman gay;
How great a change in one short year!
How diffident I was, what common clay!
The contrast now is very clear.

'97.
A twelvemonth back I was a Sophomore,
Exalting in my sapient age.
That self-conceit but proved I still was raw;
For such vain boasts I'm now too sage.

'96.
Last New Year's Day I was a Junior here;
And musing as befits all such—
At it again, by Jove! I really fear
Time has not changed me very much. KAW.

The Souvenir Fiend.
He thought it wrong to smoke and drink;
He'd never crib nor swear;
He never tried his work to shirk—
He thought it quite unfair.
And yet at his class dinner,
Betwixt the toasts and songs,
Within his bosom front he hid
The silver sugar tongs. T. E. T.