The Freshman Dinner.

The Class of 1902 held its first dinner Friday evening, March 24th, at Young's Hotel, about seventy-five men being present. The affair was a decided success and reflects credit on the committee, consisting of Messrs. Lombard, C. G. Mixter, Bright, and Strand.

The cover of the menu was ornamented by a well-executed design by A. H. Sawyer. When an excellent menu had been discussed, President Lombard opened the second part of the programme. After an address in which he complimented the Class on its spirit, as shown by the large number present at the Class Dinner, he introduced as toastmaster Mr. C. W. Kellogg, Jr., who filled the office in a most pleasing manner, enlivening the evening by many amusing stories between the speeches.

Capt. Simpson, Company B., responded to the first sentiment, "Camp Life on Irvington Street," and by his bright sallies of wit scored a decided hit. He spoke of the great pleasure of most of the Class when they learned that there would be a drill this year, in a way that was much appreciated. In closing, he mentioned the recent controversy about the Interscholastic Drill, and congratulated the Class upon having the best of the argument.

This interesting address was followed by a banjo and guitar selection by Messrs. Belcher, Chalifoux, Lockett, and Sawyer, which was promptly encored. The athletic interests were next presented by Captain Allyn of the Football team, and Mr. Wood of the Track team. The good showing already made by the Class on the track and gridiron was remembered, and the prospects for the future were set forth.

The next number was a selection on the piano and mandolin, acceptedly rendered by Messrs. Chalifoux and Poole. The toast "The Ladies," was responded to by Mr. Bright in a very happy vein. Under the title of "Chem. Lab. and Other Things," Mr. Hovey set forth the amusing phases of life at the Institute, and told some amusing stories at the expense of both Faculty and students.

This closed the formal part of the programme, but songs and stories kept the time flying until a late hour, when the company broke up after cheering for Technology and the Class of '02.

The Poet in Rogers.

(A condolence to the old clock in Rogers.)

O clock, the reverence due to you
Has suffered many a check;
And the worst of these, 'tis sad, but true,
Was rhymed in last week's Tech.

"You long have stood in state," it said;
Which means, upon translation,
You've hung upon the wall, instead!
A free interpretation!

"Time stands," as well; so says the rhyme,
In spite of all tradition.
What,—Tempus Fugit? Lie sublime!
That's false,—an imposition!

A new, electric clock will trace
The hours, where you have waited.
'Twill "move its hands around its face"
(Not 'round it's neck), 'tis stated.
O, "clock electric," 'tis in vain
Your hands move round your collar;
At twelve "o'clock" they'll move again,—
The larger 'round the smaller.
O poet, soothing is your balm;
The aching heart it numbs.

"But we'll not think the change a harm
When your successor" comes!

Notice to 1901 and 1902.

We beg to call the attention of the Classes of 1901 and 1902 to the fact that they should have a larger representation on the editorial staff of The Tech. The Editor in Chief would be pleased to meet candidates for the Board, and give them all the help in his power. Just now there is more than usual activity in every department of undergraduate life, and the three weeks immediately preceding Junior Week will be found by new men to offer exceptional opportunities for college newspaper work.