Freshman Class Dinner.

The Freshmen held their Class Dinner Thursday, April 17, at the Gymnasium, with about a hundred members of the class present. The guests of the evening were Mr. Burrison and Coach Daly. Music was rendered by the Tech Orchestra.

When full justice had been done the dinner President Lombard welcomed the guests and enjoined each one to see that everybody else had a good time. He then introduced the toastmaster, Mr. F. S. Elliott.

The toastmaster explained to the Freshmen that it was the duty of each one to cut drill as much as possible, and then introduced Mr. G. B. Jones, who responded to the toast "Technology."

This toast was more or less technical in its nature, especially the copper test for tin (heads, it is there: tails, it is not), which will be introduced by Professor Pope in his Qualitative Analysis lectures.

"Athletics" was responded to by Mr. W. O. Tuch, who predicted a future for the athletics of the class even more bright than the past has been. His talk was very enthusiastically received by the members of the class, and even the orchestra joined in the applause.

The co-eds had a ready champion in Mr. C. R. Boggs, who had for his subject the "Class of '05."

After the singing of the Tech song the toastmaster called upon the guests, who were enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Burrison discovered for once "our lines have fallen in pleasant places," and gave a short lecture on "Prospective Drawing; the Difficulties to be Encountered when the Salary is Large." Coach Daly told the class of what a fine team they had this year, and of the hopes to be entertained for next year's victory.

Several members of the class were then called upon to speak on subjects of special interest to those present, and then after much enthusiastic singing, the first social event of the class ended, and ended as a complete success. Too much praise cannot be given the committee, F. S. Elliot, R. N. Turner, C. R. Boggs, C. W. Johnston and E. B. Hill.

Being an Explanation of Something the Sophomores are Sad About.

Late in the afternoon of last Thursday, F. S. Elliott, toastmaster for the Freshman banquet, was taken in a cab to the room of some Sophomores in Massachusetts Chambers. Four of his friends tried to prevent his capture, but failed. One, however, succeeded in following the cab. When a half dozen of the Freshmen found they were without a toastmaster and could expect no help from the police until a search-warrant was sworn out, they were a pretty sad crowd. They knew, however, one thing, and that was that somewhere in the Massachusetts Chambers F. S. Elliott was a prisoner. In half an hour nearly a hundred Freshmen began to infest the big building, and strange were the experiences both of the searchers and of divers occupants of rooms. It was soon found that the chief officer of the Freshmen battalion was in a room the door of which was on a level with the street but whose back windows were a story from the ground. Then the attack began. A long plank served first as a window-breaker and then as a scaling-ladder. A Freshman climbed up, but was put under a bed as soon as he reached the room. In front, at the door of the room, the janitor of the building was trying to end the disturbance, but found the only way was to send for the police. Just at the time several arrived at the back of the house, one came to the front, but would not enter the room. So the Freshmen kindly aided the janitor to break the door, thus allowing the captive to escape.

TECHNIQUE out to-morrow.