If the Editors of "Technique" intend to bring out a history of the Freshman-Sophomore game in their forthcoming volume, it is to be hoped that they will not forget a chapter on noises. Besides the firecrackers, toy pistols, and rattles of '93, and the shrill, childish treble of '94, across the field there were the yells of both sides; of the Juniors, and even those—but oh, how feeble!—of the Seniors, from their corner near the gate. The two lower classes had got up some cheers for the occasion, but the good ones lacked originality. That was not the fault with '94's first attempt at a class cheer. It comes nearest to the long yell of '92, but outquacks that by fifty per cent, while there is a pretty little stutter of Tech-Technology near the end that betrays the Freshman as yet unfamiliar with the place to which fate has consigned him. The other offering in this line by the Freshmen was plainly stolen thunder from a Cambridge armory,—three prolonged shouts of Ninety-four! Ninety-four! Ninety-four! of which the first was a roar, the second a bellow, and the third little better than a groan.

The Sophomores had a very good yell, appropriated from Amherst, with slight variations. They did not quite have it by heart, though; and at the moment when all should have been still, some one was pretty sure to start out with a double-forte Rah, that spoiled the effect and made the Freshmen laugh.

But all these cheers were nothing compared to the chorus of shouts, screams, boos, yells, screeches, and burlahs that went up when '94 made its first touchdown. Even the little muckers who came in through the fence were carried away by the excitement, and believed themselves Freshmen. Joy such as that had to be short-lived; the first touch-down was also the last; '93 went one better and took the game.

But the rush was so gentlemanly, such a well-ordered affair. The smashed hats, the torn coats, the black eyes,—how can they and the rush be linked together as cause and effect? It was so dark, too, when '93 advanced across the field, that no one could have seen any fighting without being near enough to take a hand in it. If there was any scrapping it was of a highly inoffensive kind, and none of the sanguinary, inexcusable work that other classes have indulged in. The verdict of the spectators was that there is no harm in a rush—when you are out of it.

Ninety-three never marched with more military precision on parade in the Exeter Street barracks than when they formed in double column of fours and proceeded to trample on '94, and tear the cane, that manly emblem, from their baby fingers. But how and why was it that they were so soon back again by the bleaching boards on their own side of the grounds? It was not '94 that did it! It was a tactical manœuvre calculated to deceive the Freshman into a rush over-confidence. But the movement which was to have followed it, and have left '94 literally with no ground to stand, was not successful, because a few Freshmen did not understand the game according to '93's ideas. If the reserve forces of the Sophomores who hung on the outskirts of the battle had but joined in, who knows what might have happened. At any rate, after all was over, '93's flag still waved, and '93 was able to put in a strong claim to have won everything.

It seems that there was no need for a mass meeting after all, so large a majority of the students being in favor of the Holidays as they are, but it was a good thing certainly to get together as much as half the school for any purpose whatever. There was little discussion, as is usual when Institute men come together, the thoughts of those present being mostly thoughts without words. The Freshmen were much impressed, however, by '92's eloquence. Not '92, however, but its mouthpiece did the speaking. He rose, and thrusting one hand into his pocket, and with the other smoothing his fevered brow, he sawed the air with his voice. "Who is that Johnnie?" said a guileless '94 man. "That, my dear child," said his friend and mentor, "is a character whom not to know argues yourself unknown." That is the man who found the Institute as McAllister found society, although he has not ventured into print with his opinions. Listen to the applause when he takes his seat; that is popularity! You can go to dinner, now; the motion will be lost." And so it was; the Thanksgiving turkey scored another triumph, and effectually cooked the Christmas goose.