

Fragments of the Armour-Lewis Game



A RHYME BY J. M. J.



*Wailing at Lewis and sadness,
Trailing in dust, the blue;
Banished and gone is their gladness;
Hope lost, and victory, too.*

*Woeful the day, sad and woeful;
Armour provided the woe;
Wounded and sore their eleven;
Play the dirge softly and slow.*

O'er the city fell, from the Alley L,
Armour's glad pæan of glee;
Chicago heard the Armour Yell,
And Chicago rushed to see.

The Armour contingent
in a special elevated train
startle the city.

On the wondering gaze of the city
We flash, and then fade from their sight;
As a comet will dazzle, then vanish,
We hasten on Lewis to "light."

The yellow gleams bright, as Armour's sons
Gaudily decking each car;
Banners proclaim our mighty name,
And cry Lewis' downfall afar.

Now o'er the meadows (?) we hurry,
When our "Special" is bade good-bye,
And wandering switch-engines chase us,
Ere the Lewis gridiron is nigh.

After devious journeyings
to arrive at a so-called
field.

The rosin-daubed benches we overcrowd
(Beg pardon; Grand Stand's the name),
The soft (?) pine boards e'en now are proud
To partake of Armour's fame.