



THE FARMER & THE FRESHMAN.



A farmer who had had hard luck
With all his crops and garden truck
Was in despair. "The frost" said he,
"Killed all my fruit in ninety-three,
The locust ate up all my grain,
And what they left was spoiled by rain.
From ninety-four to ninety-eight
Each crop I tried met some such fate;
Now what am I to do?" "To do!"

Exclaimed a friend of his. "To do!!!
Why, have you never heard it said,
That there ne'er grew a wiser head
On any man of intellec'
Than on a 'Fresh' of Armour Tech?
Tis said that when a Prof.'s in bed
With ache in stomach or in head,
The dean, with due respect and awe,
Will bow low ('tis a Freshman law)
And ask, ere busy 'Fresh' can pass
If he won't teach the Senior class
For just that day. All men their woes
To him they take, the story goes,
So, why don't you go up and call?
You see, a Freshman knows it all,
And he can surely help you out
No matter what you're worried 'bout."

The Farmer thought the matter o'er—
'Twould cost him twenty plunks or more
To take the trip up to the school.
"Well, well," said he, "I am a fool
To even think of the expense
When all my crops from this year hence
Depend upon that paltry sum."
So, to Chicago he did come.
Down-town he didn't twist his neck

