

But started straight for Armour Tech.
 Into the crowded hall he rushed
 But there he paused—the crowd was hushed:
 A mighty “Fresh” strides down the stairs,
 The crowd bows low, the farmer stares.
 “I guess that thing is It”, said he.
 And so he spake on bended knee:
 “Well you are the wise ‘Fresh’ no doubt,
 That I have heard so much about.”
 “Fresh” modestly inclined his head
 But, “Pray, proceed,” was all he said.
 The farmer sadly told the tale
 Of how each year his crop would fail
 Of all the stuff he’d tried to raise,
 Potatoes, fruit, wheat, oats and maize,
 And how the bugs and cold had killed
 The products of the land he tilled.
 “I’ve come to you to be advised,
 Your wisdom is much advertised,
 Most worthy sir, what can I raise
 Throughout my few remaining days”
 (His voice here took a mournful drop)
 “So that each year I’ll have a crop?”
 The brilliant Freshman thought a spell
 Then gave a most unearthly yell
 And laughed out like the very Dickens;
 Turned to the jay and shouted, “Chickens!”
 A few days later, when the jay
 Was shaking down a pile of hay
 With which to feed a hungry “Jack,”
 He smiled and slapped him on the back
 And said, “Old boy, I was a fool
 To go way up to that ’ere school!
 I saw a Freshman, it is true,
 But then, I’d rather talk to you;
 A wiser head sets on your neck
 Than on a ‘Fresh’ of Armour Tech.”

LOONEY.

