

## The Origin of A. J. T.



ANY people believe that the Ark stranded on Mt. Ararat but the log of that first (class) cruiser which Noah put in charge of Mr. Manning, who, as everyone knows, is an old-timer, when he shuffled off this mortal coil, proves conclusively that this opinion is erroneous. The digest of this log is as follows: After the Deluge had reached its height, it began to recede very rapidly, sometimes going down as much as five or six hundred feet in a day. Noah was cruising around in the Ark when one day he ran against a pole sticking out of the water a few feet. This upon being picked up proved to be the acromotor pole on the Auditorium tower. Although Noah did his best to save the instrument on it, it was hopelessly ruined. Noah, alarmed at this, gave command to heave the lead. It crashed through the skylight of the Studebaker building. This so alarmed Noah that he came about on the port tack and sailed due south on Michigan avenue until he came in sight of the top story of the Seipp cottage at Thirty-third and Michigan. Here he put his helm to starboard, intending to make Halsted street, thinking that he would find something wet, even if everything else was dry. But the waters fell too quickly to allow this proceeding. When he reached State street there was only about ten feet of water, and just as he reached Armour avenue the waters sank away completely, leaving him stuck firmly in the Chicago mud. Seeing that nothing else could be done, Noah, after much deliberation, decided to turn the Ark into a school. In this he secured the assistance of Mr. P. D. Armour, who was an intimate friend of his son Ham. Noah, out of gratitude, named the school Armour Institute. Ham, Shem, and Japhet became the first students. They of course entered in the Academy, and as they advanced other classes came in, and so by the time they entered the Tech, the Academy was in flourishing circumstances. It had obtained a lead over the Tech which it has never lost, and it is today the most important part of the school. One day Ham was studying in the library, when Shem entered and said to him, in a rather loud stage whisper, "Say, Ham, what is the English lesson for today?" "I don't know," answered Ham; "when Prof. Gore assigned it last time he didn't talk