

# The Armour Republican Club

## Membership Roll

Everybody but "Aldie" and Judson

Well, you should have seen them. The whole blooming works turned out to march for old High Tariff Mack, and it was a hot gang.

First came our huge President with a yellow ham, large enough to feed the crowd. Then came the band wagon with our poor, hungry-looking Seniors, who were too near starved to death to stand the strain of walking round the block.

Then came the Drum Corps, who kept good time as a rule, but occasionally forgot to pound, when a good specimen of Chicago beauty was in sight. Then came the gang. Such a pandemonium of noise as was continually "wafted upon the bowling Autumn breeze," from this crowd, has not been heard since Mark Anthony was bitten on the nose by Cleopatra's pet parrot. Well, we marched a few thousand miles and there turned into a bean-house for a Chop Suey sandwich.

This was the end of the great parade. We are sure that the sight of our red hats and broad smiles and our dusty shoes served to convince many a hard-hearted "Demmy" of the evil of his ways. Well, anyway Mack was elected, and we all turned out to hear about it on election night. And we certainly owned the town, and we didn't get "pinched" either.

Long live the Armour Republican Club and its big leader!

