

The Freshman Smoker

From their childhood days the Freshman had heard of the Smoker they were to receive when they came to Armour. A smoker at which *they* could smoke right before the Doctor and their teachers, now! A smoker at which they were to meet the older fellows, and didn't have to stand in a differential attitude, saying "yes, sir" and "no, sir," but could even speak when they were not spoken to.

It was to be a smoker at which they were to hear the famous Benedict warble on the ivories; to weep when Hiller touched their heart-strings with the sympathetic cello; and to go into ecstasies when Taussig, our tender and never-to-be-forgotten Baritone and *Violinatone*, performed. They were also to hear Hoops tighten his strings and over-work the mandolin.

The evening came. The Freshmen came, the Seniors came, the Sophs. and Juniors came, the Profs. came, the Doctor came, Alf. Hodge came, everybody came, even Alderson came. Hurrah!

We had smokes and music, smokes and speeches, smokes and songs, smokes and more talks, smokes and noise, smokes and boxing; then, ah! thanks to the kind Sherman, a climax—supper, and smokes and talks, smokes and noise, etc.