



A Fable in Slang.

Once upon a Time, in the not so Very Awful long ago, there existed a certain Joint yclept by the Wise Ones, Armour's Institute of Technicality. Every twelve rosy Moons, when this self-same House of Learning felt itself called upon to shove some Would-be Engineers upon the Market, It got Busy and ejected a Few upon a Waiting and Expectant Planet. Now, to accomplish said Undertaking, this aforementioned Joint had to rope in some Timid and Unsuspecting Mortals.

At the Call, in the year 1905, there came a vast Horde, some as Verdant as the not unusual Freshman, some as Wise as the Proverbial Senior, and not a few as Foolish as the Stuck-up Sophomore; from Far and Near—from every Direction this mighty Bunch beat it and lined up along the nigh Pie-counter to Pay their Respects to the Gate-keeper of said School for Poor Young Workingmen.

Now, it was destined by the Goddess of Chance, and by various other Fates, that this Tribe of '09 should be a Humdinger. At the end of the first week, all the Rubes hiked to the Get-together Hall, where they got the glad Mitt in the usual Line of Bunk. Then they got down to Biz, and by the following Wash-day they had Figured out some Big Doings. Along about eleven of the Tick-tock, after the sun had made its Get-away, Sundry Gentlemen in old clothes meandered forth and engaged in a Bunker Hill with such other Gentlemen from the Bunch of 1908 as ventured into the Open. My! but they had a La-la of a time, just Grand! And then with their little Brushes and Paint Cans they commenced to beautify the Scenery.

When old Sol opened his Peepers and all the Rubbernecks were Conclaved, the annual Rush of the Ruffians began. O! those Cruel Boys. Bingo! it sounded as the grand Doe-ces-doe mixed, and Bang! it sounded as the Class of 1908 was twice Bumped into Cap Larson's Beanery. When the Inventory was taken, two men and 'steen Shirts were on the Blink, and the Faculty threw a Fit.

Bimeby a football Game came off, and like a Buzz-wagon in a Parade, the '09 Marathoners tore through the '08 Pipe-stems, while the Band played Annie Laurie, and the Score Marker scratched Down Skiddoo to Nothing. Long did the '09-ers yell, till their Pipes were on the Bum, cheering on the Stalwart Heroes who left their Puny Opponents far from the Goal Line.

Then with a classiest of the Classy Bowling Team, they annexed the Rolling Championship, the first of Four Successive Santiagos for the men who jumped