



“Them Juniors”

“Wa-al, Pa, how are ye? You’re lookin’ fine, and how’s ma an’ all the girls? — What? Ye don’t say. I allus did like Charley. The ol’ mare looks just as nacherel. Ye cured that shoe boil, didn’t ye? — Oh, these clothes? Why, all the fellers at the Tech wear ’em like this. Those colors ye see on my hat are the Class colors, Dad; ye see, I’m what they call a Freshman. Our class is a hummer, too. We put it all over the Sophomores in a doin’s we had. But say, Dad, there’s a bunch up at the Tech. they call Juniors and there is some class to them. When we git up to the house I’ll tell you all about them.”

“Wa-al, if ye didn’t go and build the new barn, after all. I sure thought ye was, anyway. — Did ye? Wa-al, that accounts fer it. I’m awful glad ye did, Dad—the ol’ bottom forty wasn’t no good nohow.”

“Wa-al, if there ain’t Jawn, the hired man! How are ye, Jawn? — Didn’t know me? Aw, shucks, ye ought to seen me in the swaller-tail I rented fer the Junior dance. Just can’t keep from talkin’ about them Juniors, Dad. It was some suit, as they say at the Tech.”

“You onhitch the mare, Jawn, and me and Dad’ll go up to the house an’ see the folks.”

“Wa-al, Ma, it’s awful good to see you—and Lizzie—and Sarah. Congratulations, Sarah. Charley’s an awful good goat. — What? What’s the matter with that? Aw, shucks, I didn’t mean to insult him—that’s the way all of the fellers talk down at the Tech. — Sure I do, Lizzie—got a Gillette—finest thing out. — Uh-uh. Went to lots of ’em. Our Class had a dandy, and the Juniors—say, I’ll just have to tell ye about ’em now; they ain’t nothin’ too good fer ’em. — What? — Sure, I will; come down to the city Easter, Lizzie, and I’ll interduce ye to the pick of the whole lot. His name’s Vynne, and he’s some fusser, I’ll tell ye. — What? — Like fun he will. I know, ’couse he was daffy over a girl from Menominee, and if you ain’t just as purty and perlite as any gal in that neck of the woods I’ll miss my guess. — Thanks, Ma, guess I will have a banana. But I ain’t told ye yet, so just sit down and keep quiet till it’s all over, for I sure got to tell it all to ye.

“Ye see, when us Freshies started down there we was just nacherly nervous, but ‘them Juniors’ got us out onto the field and told us all about how to get along. There was Richards—he’s their President now—and Baughman and Barrows—Barrows’ head is almost as red as Pa’s new barn, but he’s a crackin’ good scout, Dad, and ‘Juice Jens,’ and Buck, and all the rest of ’em just made us feel at home for sure. — Did ye? Well, I sent ’em to ye. — No,