



THE FRESHMAN SMOKER.

1. Time—Friday evening, November 6th, 1908, at the hour of eight or thereabouts.

2. Place—The South Side Turner Hall, which lies between Evanston and Forty-seventh Street, on African Center Avenue.

3. Event—The eighth annual smoker given by the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores to their green little friends, the Freshies.

4. Attendance—The profs came, Coffeen and Willis. The Alumni came. The Seniors came. The Juniors came. The Sophomores came. The Freshmen came. Vic Cole came.

5. Purpose—To give the Freshies a chance to meet proefssors, alumni and upper classmen upon an equal footing. Maybe, to give them a chance to try their luck at "My Lady Nicotine."

6. Doings—Everybody smoked and then smoked some more. Coffeen told stories; Willis modestly retired to the rear, only to be taken in tow by Messrs. Smith and Cole. The alumni kept the dispenser of the amber fluid down stairs quite busy. The Seniors sang the Armour Y. M. C. A. song, looked wise, and tried to prevent the Sophs from becoming too boisterous. The Juniors, of course they were gentlemen, and as befitted their rank, they lent dignity to the occasion. The Sophomores, too noisy—yes, far too noisy. Those instruments of torture, cymbals, made a hit with nobody but the Sophs. The Freshmen, the poor little Freshies, tried to create a stir, but had to give it up as a poor job, as they couldn't drown out the Sophomores.

7. Entertainment—

Master of Ceremonies—E. V. McKarahan.

Performance No. 1—Song and Dance by J. Donn, '11, accompanied by E. J. Smith, '11.

Performance No. 2—Our old reliable "Artie Giest," in another of his brilliant monologue stunts.