

ARMOUR NIGHT AT RIVERVIEW



CHICAGO, ILL., October 11, 1908.

DEAR JIM:—

Several moons ago I sent you a package of language-contortion. Weary days have passed since then, and I am at a loss to know whether or not you have received that bunch of edification. What's the matter with you? Why not be decent about it at least? Let's have some kind of a death warrant, anyway.

What I have started to write about is a new scandal we pulled off here last night. Some guys who are Juniors and publish a book called *The Integral* thought they would like to see something stirring, so they fixed things up for an Armour night at Riverview. They're a live bunch, those Juniors, and even went so far as to hand us out some comps.

Well, after a while the con signaled for an attack, and I sailed into the bay—I mean Riverview. Emin got there ahead of me and seemed to be a self-appointed reception committee, and after a hand-mashing stunt he separated me from part of my currency and gave me an arm-band for my share of the proceedings. I breezed around a while and finally landed the Armour bunch, so I got in tow.

We navigated around, and then by a strategic flank movement brought up before the Royal Gorge. We were soon safely deposited on this implement of torture and yelling “Arch! Mech!” to beat the band. Say, kid, the way we did that noise stunt was a crime. Why, we had the Caruso chorus backed off the boards. After the smoke had cleared away and I was again safe on terra firma, the Sophs started in with a little of their usual rough-house. They grabbed one of the Freshies and took him up to get his face shot by a camera. The whole crowd piled into a fake auto with the Freshie in the center, and had the picture taken on a postcard. I'll send you one before next leap year.

Then we started out to run a show of our own. Stark was head barker, and everybody else wanted to be ticket seller except Tobias. He was scheduled to do a Salome stunt. Well, anyway, the show went bust for the want of an audience, so we postponed the first performance until further notice. Now, my dear James, don't let me bother you with details. We concluded our seance with a break-neck finish on the scenic railway. Scenic railway? Why, I saw more scenery floating around in the ozone than they could anchor in a square mile. If it hadn't been that the park closed up I'd be going yet.

Enclosed please find my best regards. That's about all. I'm for the sleeps.

Yours without a struggle,

A. FRESHIE.