THE AVERAGE "TECH" MAN

(With apologies to Longfellow and our readers.)

Down by the noisy railroad track,
Armour Institute stands.
The "Tech," a striving lad is he,
Who works with both his hands;
And as for the grey "dope" in his head,
He has all the brands.

His uncut hair is gnarled, and long
His face is like a bush;
And o'er his brow the furrows plow,
He earns so little "cush"
That he has to wink at probity,
For he owes the whole d—— push.

In the afternoon, from two to five,
You can hear his hammer ring
As he vainly strikes the cooling iron,
And then he starts to sing,
Like the teamster to his horses—
That music! a la Bing!

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits down near the door.
He hears the parson begin to preach,
And soon he starts to snore;
The poor lad wakes and tries his best,
But again he "saws" once more.

It sounds like H— —to those around
With thoughts on Paradise,
A kindly brother pokes his ribs,
And sleepily he sighs,
With reluctant hand he drives, old
Morpheus from his eyes.

Owing—knowing—snoozing,
Onward through school he goes;
Each morning sees his debt increase,
Each evening, more it grows.
But here's the point: his lesson's learned,
He's earned his night's repose.

"Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!"