

THE JUNGLE

STAFF

<i>Moderator</i>	Fadder
<i>President</i>	Governor
<i>Vice-President</i>	Bizz
<i>Secretary</i>	Smelt
<i>Committee</i>	Cow, Widow, Mugsie.

GLEANINGS FROM THE KETTLE-DRUM

It is all settled between Cow and The Widow. Wedding bells next.

Goose has left her favorite haunt and is seen casting sly glances at Wart. They too, are apparently away to the clouds.

Black Joe has quite recovered from a serious attack of insomnia suffered on Halloween.

Mugsie has invented a new facial expression which he claims is his best yet.

Captain, of the ill-fated Maud, landed on our shore in a slightly deranged condition. To all questions he merely replies: "My apples, where did they go?" We could inform him, but we feel sure the shock would be too severe. Later on perhaps.

Bizz, in preparing to coach the Jungle quintette, is receiving instructions from Jip concerning the flying wedge.

The Doc has had only one patient so far, one of the sons of Terpsichore who, in climbing the scale, had the misfortune of breaking his ankles.

THE FLYING FINN

On field-day, as you all must know,
A relay race is run,
When all the years their prowess show,
And useful prize is won.
Now second year, a goodly team,
'Twas granted ought to win,
A victory sure was theirs 'twould seem,
When acted strange Huck Finn.
The handkerchief he did receive,

His classmates were quite gay,
But Huck the boys did all deceive—
He ran the other way.
Now relay teams of future years,
Take warning from this case,
Take care that when your team appears
Huck Finn runs not that race.

And it happened that in the merry month of November a tournament was held in the capital of that realm, and many knights journeyed thither to do battle in the lists for their ladies' honour. And there was jousting for two days. Now among these who had come hither were a band led by a bold and mighty knight from across the sea, and his name was Sir Chuck, the son of Donald. Many brave heroes were with him of such prowess that against them none might stand. And so it fell that, on the first day, Sir Frederick, one of the most puissant heroes of the capital, of that fair realm, called together his followers, brave men and used to battle. And when the gage was thrown down they rushed together with such force that the field shook, and the spectators were thrilled, and shouted: "Surely never was seen such knightly deeds as are now being done." And there was seen one that was hight Chrisholm, who did marvellous hurt to his opponents, and ever rushed hither and thither overthrowing champions. And then it was seen that Sir Frederick's band gave yield, and twice they were driven to the barriers, but Sir Frederick ever by his example led them back, till at last the herald called for a resting space. And after that, Sir Frederick and his knights did mightily, yet they had to yield them to the barriers once more, and so the prize for the first day was rendered to Sir Chuck and his knights.

And on the second day there was led out against Sir Chuck a mighty band of heroes, the flower of the neighbouring realm, the leader of whom was known as Sir Cecil, and bore on his shield the device of a large bird resembling the Swan. Another had for his device the Wild Boar, an unknown knight, and Sir George the Streak, and one hight the Lord of the Brick, and the knight of Flanders, and many others of such prowess, as Charles of Shepody, the terrible Red Knight,—Sir Firmin, Sir Michael, and Sir Anthony the Paynim, and many others.

Then the lists were cleared, and the herald blew his trumpet, and the gage of battle was thrown down. Never were such deeds done before in the lists, and the noise when they came together was as the sea. Yet neither might gain the advantage. Then did the Red Knight obtain much worship, and many brave knights did he overthrow. And he with the swan-like bird on his shield did ever hold him back to go to the aid of any hardly pressed. By and by the party of Sir Cecil gan push those from over the sea farther back, until the mighty Lord of the Brick did charge them back to the barrier, and there was mighty outcry from the people, and the Knight of Flanders achieved much worship, for he did complete the work of Sir Arthur. So, many of the other party were unhorsed, but they came back and overthrew many knights, but ever did the party of Sir Cecil fling them back until the Herald signalled a breathing space.

And when they came again to the lists were done the most worshipful deeds that the world e'er wot of. The mighty Red Knight, and Sir Leo, and Sir Mark, and Sir Wilfred le Poudre, and e'en the squire of Sir Charles, hight Arthur, did win his spurs, and ever they from beyond the seas must give way to the prowess of such champions. That day did Sir Leonard win him much honour as did Sir Clayton the Connell. But ever strove the party of Sir Cecil for they would be revenged for the past and the good knight Sir Anthony who was borne sore wounded from the field, but that day did his squire Raymond achieve great honour and gained his spurs on the field. Then did Sir Wilfred le Poudre ride fiercely upon one, the king of the Outer Isles, and each smote the other mighty blows, so that they were unhorsed and borne from the field. So at last the herald said: "It is enough, for the prize is truly gained by Sir Cecil and his knights." But Sir Chuck and his knights have gained much honour and worship for against such champions none might gain the day. And there was feasting in the Realm of Duns-tonia, and much rejoicing because of the prowess of her knights.

Many other deeds have these stout champions done, and much worship gained for themselves and their ladies, which may be found in the chronicles of that land.

A TRAGEDY

Scene One

"Tis fair enough," McGuigan cried,
"So now we'll have it out;
The girl shall be the prize of him
Who wins the present bout."
"What mean you, Mac?" young H-g-n said;
"I care not for the girl,
So why should we our friendship break,
And flag of war unfurl?"
"Put up your dukes," McGuigan roars,
And hits him on the snout,
But H-g-n proved the better man,
And takes the girl about.

Scene Two

"She is my sister," H-g-n said,
For so she promised me,"
Oh, yes, I am his sister dear,
The likeness don't you see?"
Alas! the mother saw too clear,
And H-g-n got the run
From convent doors, for ne'er could he
Deceive the clever one.

Scene Three

Poor H-g-n now is sad and sore,
And plots how he may gain her,
While she within the convent walls
Has saintly ones to Trainor'.

A DARK STORY

On Holl'een night, without a light,
When everything was dark,
A nigger bo, called Old Black Joe,
Thought he would have a lark.

He was all dressed, and never guessed,
When he got to the hall,
That at the door on the same floor
There stood the prefect tall.

A bright light flashed, Joe stood abashed,
To him did come the shout,
“Now mis’er Joe, you’re caught you know,
So tell me why you’re out.”

Joe turned and fled, jumped into bed,
And to himself did say:
“Now Old Black Joe, henceforth you’ll go
Out only in the day.”

THE KINGDOM OF MORPHEUS

One, two, three, four, no more flights to climb,
You’ve reached the sleepin’ quarters of the snoring
twenty-nine.

The crew have all retired to their white, enameled beds,
And all you see protruding is a line of tousled heads.
Way up in farther corner is a face you one time knew,
At first you think it’s Tarzan, but you realize it’s Boo.
Across from him an empty bed, you’re sure there’s no
one there,

But the prefect calls that “Tiny” which is just a tuft of
hair.

Then lo! you spy old Mugsie who is all alert for fun,
His features twisted in a grin, his ears do Charleston.
The Governor with wrinkled brow, his mind a heavy
weight,

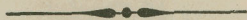
As he with great exertion, solves the problems of the state.
And there, are the Rocky Mountains, transplanted from
the West,

By Gosh! it’s only Mickey’s undulating form at rest.
Meow! the pussy-cat laments her folly all the while,
In having had her tail cut off to keep up with the style.
The Widow now no longer mourns her spouse so late
deceased,

For Mr. Cow’s attentions have her troubles all appeased.
At last, old Silas Marner has flopped into his bed;
The lights turned out and silence reigns,.....the silence
of the dead.

But not for long does Morpheus hold his undisputed sway,
Big Micky still refuses in dreams to drift away.

A single chestnut rattles down the dormitory floor,
 The signal that the peace is broke and follows open war.
 The pent up flood now bursts its bonds and rushes forth
 unchecked,
 And clinkers crash, and pillows clash, until the place is
 wrecked.
 Then Micky snores, and Micky roars, and wallows in
 his bed,
 While Silas bounces turnips off his big compatriot's head.
 But soon the prefect hears the noise, the mutiny is quelled,
 And one by one reclining in the arms of sleep they're held.



No man is born into the world whose work
 Is not born with him; there is always work,
 And tools to work withal, for those who will;
 And blessed are the horny hands of toil! —*Lowell.*

That is a good book which is opened with expect-
 ation and closed with profit. —*Alcott.*

Those who are most faulty are most prone to find
 fault with others. —*Card. Manning.*

Immodest words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense.
 —*Earl of Roscommon.*

When true friends meet in adverse hour,
 'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower;
 A watery ray an instant seen,
 The darkly closing clouds between. —*Scott.*

Friendship throws a greater luster on prosperity,
 while it lightens adversity by sharing in its griefs and
 anxieties.

—*Cicero.*

Ah! what would the world be to us
 If the children were no more?
 We should dread the desert behind us
 Worse than the dark before.—*Longfellow.*