

The Jungle

Vol. I

"Hilare"

No. 2

DAVE MALONE,	-	-	-	-	MANAGER
_____	-	-	-	-	OFFICE BOY
EPHRAIM,	-	-	-		BOARD OF DIRECTORS

WANTED

An office boy. A good chance for an ambitious youth. Must agree with the manager in everything he says and does, and be able to handle spring poets with care. Apply at this office between 8 a. m.

DAVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Two halves make a whole. But two half posts wont make a post-hole.

Whiskey is trouble in liquid form.

Bad habits are like fleas—hard to get rid of.

ENCYCLOPEDIA JUNGALIA.

ATTENTION. That which can be paid without putting a hole in your bank account.

BELL. A discordant note heard daily about 6 a. m. Belles however are often very harmonious (to certain people.)

CARTEN. Frederick J., alias J-j-j-jess. At one time the man of the hour in the insurance business. Famous author, and the man who never prevaricated.

DOUGH. Something you (knead,) often if not always.

EXAM. A thing to be dreaded, and generally without any sense to it. An easy way of showing what we don't know.

FACULTY. Ability to perform. Also those in authority who might object to the performance. For instance, all night shows in the dormitory when the prefect is away.

GREEK. A dead language that forgot to get buried.

HILL. A pimple on the face of the earth.

IF. A small word, but often with big consequences attached to it.

JOKE. Something funny to everyone but the object of it.

KING. Not George V, but "Twisty" the man from the watch city. A "Royal Rooter" for all Waltham teams, and a pugilist of no mean repute. (See Conway.)

LEMON. A misguided youth.

MAN. A being who came into this world without his consent, and leaves it against his will. In his infancy an angel, in his boyhood a devil, and in his manhood anything from a lizard up.

NOW. The time to stop but we will continue in our next.

If a body take a toddy
Largely made of rye
If this toddy knock a body,
Need a body sigh?
If a body take a toddy
(Weather fit to fry)
Then this body takes big chances,
Other worlds to try.

"THE KNOCKER."

There's a man in every crowd, who is always giving whacks
If he throws away the hammer, he will come back with an axe,
He never sees the good points, but always notes the bad,
When everybody's happy, then he is almost mad.
Fault-finding is his hobby, and at this he takes the cake
When he sees a man succeeding, he claims he is a fake.
In the college he is rampant, and is heard from morn till night,
He calls the teachers swell heads, who are never in the right.
He reads the college paper, and drops it with a wail,—
"For printing stuff so childish, the staff should be in jail."
He doesn't like the ball team for they couldn't beat a drum,
"For the captain is a know-it-all, and the coach is on the bum."
Now, while the team is losing he holds them with rebuke,
But when they finish in the lead he says it was a fluke.
He goes about from day to day, and knocks with might and main
But when he strikes the "Golden Gates," I think he'll knock in
vain.

A SILENT TRAGEDY.

Keys rattle, visitors hide,
Door opens very wide,
Prefect enters, looks around,
Wardrobe creaks, visitors found.

MY PAL.

When I was young and foolish,
There was a friend I made,
Dad said he would ruin me,
And mother for me prayed.

He was treated very coolly
 By all the women folks,
 And often was the subject
 Of many funny jokes.

But he soothes me in my sorrows
 And is with me in my joys,
 He never talks about himself
 And never makes a noise.

The odor of his friendship
 Makes me feel content,
 He would'nt borrow money,
 Though he only have a scent.

He is my warmest comrade,
 And ever he will be,
 The companion of my idle hours
 My good old, sweet T. D.

Johnny found a flint-lock gun
 Of course it was'nt loaded(?)
 He pulled the trigger just for fun,
 Bang—— - - - Funeral notice later.

THE BEE-HIVE HAT

There was a busy little bee
 Came buzzing through the air—
 And paused above the garden fence
 At something he saw there.
 "Why surely there's a hive", said he
 "I need'nt build at all"
 And straightway flew the little bee
 Across the garden wall.
 But disappointed was his fate,
 Against the wall there sat,
 A demure little maiden
 Who wore a bee-hive hat.
 He turned around, and bee cuss-words
 To the maid he hotly flung,
 And said it was the only time,
 That ever he'd been stung.