

THE JUNGLE

Advice to Readers.

Please bear with us an instant
E'er you enter Jungle land.
We wish to tell you something
Of the trials of our band.
On bended knee of each one,
We asked for aid this year,
Some passed it off with laughter,
Some scorned us with a sneer.
You know how much you sent us
To help the Junglers out;
You had your chance, you lost it;
Why then do you rave and shout?
Oh! someone wrote about you
And you like it not at all.
But why not smile as we do,
When our pride must take a fall?
You did not write this Jungle,
The same can be said of me;
It's not much use to grumble
Though your'e spoken of quite free.
A work must have a subject,
And also its author too,
But then if it was not published
What good the world would it do?
So if you find you're numbered
'Mong subjects written herein,
You helped us while you slumbered,
So just bear it with a grin.

For Sale Cheap

One real live pup. Imported strain. In good shape,
except for a spavin on one front leg. Guaranteed not to
roam. Communicate with 'Obie' in care of the Jungle.

A TALE

When the snows do melt and sun shines fair
And days are once again long,
It is merry to hear the frog's deep note,
To hear the small bird's song.

So it fell about the Eastertide,
When pleasant dawns the day,
The haughty Juniors planned to ride
Off with the A. A. prey.

"All together, masters!" the leader cried,
As swift as wind o'er the hill,
For we must move tonight. . . . my tried,
Tomorrow we must keep still."

"Then band ye! . . . band ye! my merry men all,
In a room we'll meet with glee
'T will be explained in Dalton Hall,
And shown what tomorrow will be."

They cast them down on the leader's bed
And rapidly did agree,
As Des. . . . in thought did scratch his head,
And George strutted gallantly.

But often words they breeden bale,
For the council parted at three,
And rumour spread a ghostly tale
Of things that were to be.

Two barons bold, did quit the fold
And straightway did go to C
The whole darn plan to him they told,
And cried: "This must not be."

And so our senior stout rose up
When this woeful tale was sprung;
Cried he: "We'll soon fix this all up
For we rule this whole kingdom."

And so at last the day came then
Each Senior a smile wore he,
For each knew for support seven score men
Their staunch "yes" men would be.

In study hall they together met;
Like the treacherous calm of the sea,
All seemed smoothe, though each face was set
A presage of wrath to be.

And loud they cried when the chairman rose,
 (A fine stout man was he.)
 "Bring out your men, but we'll dispose,
 For no man's slaves are we."

And loud the din and it seemed as sin
 Had broken from out Hell's thrall,
 Still bold were the Junior's ranks, though thin
 On the floor of the study hall.

And fiercely the fighters together strove
 Till loudly came Des's call.....
 "Remember the Constitution".....and drove
 The enemy back to the wall.

But the Constitution was lost in the fight,
 And the Juniors retired from the hall;
 But they kept their council all through the night,
 And are ready to fight at a call.

To A Toad

"You poor little runt,"
 Said a pig with a grunt,
 As he rooted him out of his way,
 "If you were'nt so small
 You'd fly from this hall,
 'Cause you always have too much to say.
 You're so seldom right,
 Most anyone might
 Forget you are naught but a toad,
 So please bear in mind
 The place for your kind
 Must not be in a gentleman's road."

Par le nombre de lettres, qui denomme leur Moitie,
 Proportionnellement a chacun, je paie mon amitie.

—'Ed. Jungle.

Declarations D'Horace

M...erci à Curiace, si le Bordel'eua je te trouvai.
 A...u premier regard je t'admirai,
 R...egardant d'avantage, d'avantage je t'aimai.
 Y...eut-t-il mécontente, à tout dire j'en crevai.

Le Rêve D'Armand.

C...hère et douce chose qu'il me faut quitter,
 L...es larmes de mes yeux commencent à déborder.
 A...bientôt les adieux qu'il va falloir se dire!
 I...ncessant le temps fuit, que je me sans vieillir!
 R...assure moi, O chérie, tout en laissant pleuvoir
 E...t les douces caresses et les promesses d'espoir.

Réponse de la feuille.

"F...euille printannière, à mes supplications, répondras-tu?
 L...ouis écoutant le verdict, suait comme une éponge.
 "O...ù donc dans le pays iras-tu?
 R...este près d'elle pour y vivre un songe.
 E...lle peut sans effort, te faire oublier
 N...otre belle province et ses beaux promontoires.
 C. ourir si loin à quoi sert, pour y aller pleurer.
 E...lle est tienne, garde la, profite de ta victoire."
 Aux deux premiers, je souhaite un prompt rétablissement,
 Mais que le dernier reste avec son mal de dents.

"Maurice"

A Blind Date

Said Mr. Dyna; "I've half a mind ta
 Ring up the dame and see
 If Saturday night will be all right
 To go to the play with me."

With this in mind, he had declined
 One other night to go;
 Though the Rink Rat Crew had wanted to,
 He said to all: "Oh no!"

"We'll take some night when the moon is bright
 And all the boys are here,
 When he comes back whom we know as Jack
 T'will leave my conscience clear."

The rest agreed, there was no need
For Jack to miss the fun;
"Tis only right to take a night
That lets in every one."

Then Dyna smiled. He had beguiled
That stupid Rink Rat Crew.
"Takes me to pull o'er them the wool;
They'll do as I want them to."

The date was made and Dyna prayed
The night would turn out fine.
"That just suits me, and now," thought he,
"To heck with the other nine."

With angelic grace and beaming face
He told them all that day:
"The night is set which we're to get
Before the first of May."

But something missed. Our Dyna hissed ...
His smile turned into snarls.
The Cap. was sick, but D. was quick
To blame it all on Charles.

The Cap. he saw and he did jaw
To get him up from bed,
But all in vain his efforts ta'en,
The Cap. was too near dead.

With tear and groan, D. dashed to phone
To A. his tale of woe.
"Excuse me, dear, I greatly fear
To-night I cannot go."

And so poor D. with tear-stained e'e,
Takes refuge with his chums.
He frets and fumes and seals the dooms
Of the other Rink Rat bums.

Moral

You may fool some of the people some of the time, but
you cannot fool all the people all the time.

Farewell

The voice that once through Dalton Hall
 The words of humor shed
 Goes forth in answer to the call
 To earn his daily bread.
 So wish we for the former days
 The jungle thrill is o'er
 For Old Black Joe's familiar lays
 Will now appear no more.
 No more his jokes and answers bright
 The wit of Dalton tells
 No more he breaks the silent night
 With his unearthly yells.
 The prefect now no more will wake
 To listen to with pain
 This funny man, with childish prate,
 The S. D. U. Mark Twain.

The Day of Reckoning

Twelve o'clock! sepulchral silence! The exhausted students
 slept.
 Slowly stole I from my closet and between the sheets I crept
 Then I thought upon the morrow and I trembled in a fright,
 For I'd tried to crowd a hundred wasted hours in one night.
 Then I lay my burning head upon the pillow cool and white;
 "Tomorrow's cares can wait, for I must get some sleep
 to-night."
 Then athwart my troubled slumbers stole a ghastly spectre,
 "Dread,"
 And wild phantastic pictures made conundrums in my
 head.
 Euclid on the syllogistic argument imposed a ban,
 And declared that truth is based upon the logarithmic tan.
 That ratiocination is the rankest sophistry,
 And each difficulty must be solved by sine of A plus B.
 Then he cried: "Down with your vicious circle, there is no
 such thing,
 For a circle is perfection; of all figures it's the king."
 Then cried Aristotle loudly: "Your hypothesis is false;
 I propose you this dilemma: If the hesitation waltz
 Is intrinsically evil, calculate by sines and logs

Just how many bones and biscuits satisfy nine hundred
dogs."

Then a huge Cartesian diver rose above the distant hill,
Where he built a Rhumkorff coil on Archimedes' principle.
The Invincible Armada floated by on Hertzienné Waves
Prehistoric men in armour rose from out their mountain
caves,

And with Bismark beat the Vandals in the battle of Sedan,
While Napoleon wrote "Odyssey" in the dome of Khubla
Klan.

When Confucius in a modern aeroplane sailed overhead,
I was quite knocked off my balance and I tumbled out of
bed.

The next day in Metaphysics—quite convinced that wrong
was right—

I was plucked. No more I'll study in the watches of the
night.

