
THE JUNGLE

STAFF

<i>Moderator</i>	Monk
<i>President</i>	Crow
<i>Vice-President</i>	Grandma
<i>Secretary</i>	Biz Mac
<i>Committee</i>	Jiggs, Wart, Bushy

THE SEIZURE

We have a goodly coast guard, which guards our long
coast line,
So that all, who handle contraband, are forced to pay a
fine.
But we have an inland system, of more import to you,
And that is the "vigilant customs," founded at S. D. U.
'Twas on a Thursday evening, that the Widow, young
and gay,
Was returning from the city, to which she had gone that
day.
Hidden in a taxi-cab, she was trying hard to land,
In spite of the Customs System, two loads of contraband.
Old Dalton seemed deserted, so she boldly landed there;
And left her goods unguarded, at the bottom of the stair.
But a very vigilant officer was on duty all that day,
He quickly spied the unguarded goods, and hastened
down that way.
Two stalwart lads were passing, whom he summoned to
his aid,
And with their prompt assistance, a seizure there was
made.
The goods were soon transported to the warehouse, by
their hand,
There to await the verdict of the guards of contraband.
A strife most fierce and bitter arose on every side,
For each customer of the smugglers, was of his lunch,
deprived.
The criminals, much affected by the general groans, and
sighs,
Bravely made an effort to regain their merchandise.
The second husky smuggler, owner of half the ware,

First went to the Customs officer, and approached him
in his lair.
There, there was battle royal, the words flew thick as hail,
The culprit 'vanced strong arguments, which were of no
avail.
The Widow next approached him, with all her artful
sways,
For he was a gallant gentleman, in his young, and balmy
days.
But he had no mercy on her, and drove her from his sight,
While the vicious hiss of slippers added speed unto her
flight.
The case was then decided by a council of the wise,
And the verdict, that was given, was a just one for the
boys.
For the goods were handed over, but on the other hand,
Orders were strictly given to cease sale of contraband.
And now the boys are sorrowing for the days that are
gone by,
And in the rooms of Dalton comes the oft repeated sigh:
"Oh for one more 'Oh Henry,' or for e'en a 'Sweet Marie,'"
But alas! their sighs are all in vain, for it ne'er again shall
be.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER

Right in this seat of learning wise,
A man of no mean brain
Stands out to all a model Beau,
He hails from Bangor, Maine.
'Mong boys, his mode is very broad,
'Mong dames by no means slim;
For all must know how he acquired
That title: "Nifty Jim."
'Twas on a fine September day,
To town our Nifty went,
To see that pretty little jane,
Toward whom, his heart was bent.
He took her for a little spin,
In her big limousine;
He made the bus show all her power,
Thus gulped much gasoline.
They drove along, mile after mile,
Almost at Heaven's door;

Then Nifty, back to this world jumped,
Oh gee! it's half past four.
He quickly turned, and drove her home,
He sure now was alive;
For Nifty knew he must be in
His College room at five.
'Twas on the day succeeding this,
A lady all dolled up,
Responding to a recent call,
With friends, desired to sup.
She jumped into her Dodge sedan,
And fixed herself just so;
She pushed the starter to the floor—
Bur-ur, but "she no go."
"What can be wrong?" she loudly cried,
Then, through her mind did pass,
The thought that Nifty's pleasure trip,
Had used up all her gas.
"I'll have the beggar's life," she roared,
"I'll write and tell his dad;"
And with a swing, she then began
Her two mile promenade.
The following morn at S. D. U.,
The mail being classified,
"James Keegan," the Prefect called,
"Heah Fathaw," Nifty cried.
Jim's heart beat on with rapid strides,
"From home," he thought, quite rash;
"It looks quite full, and I surmise
Contains the good old cash."
But oh! the change on Nifty's face,
How quick his joy did pass,
When opening it, he sadly found
A bill for Ethyl gas.
From Nifty, boys, a lesson learn,
As College days you pass;
"When you take her out for a ride,
Don't use up all the gas."

The new gas-generating machine, which was procured for our Chemical Lab., cost the students much time in attempting to figure out it's operations. Finally, our most learned citizen, who had previously spent much of his time on sciences pertaining to the human body, and

the position of whose office, suitably situated on first corridor Dalton Hall, gave him ample opportunity to investigate, succeeded not only in fathoming the mechanism of this machine, but also in formulating in his mind, a scientific innovation of paramount importance to the authoritative body in such an Institution as ours.

In anticipation of the discomfort, which would be caused by this contrivance, if those in authority should obtain exclusive rights of Dr. S's invention, a special meeting was called by the executives of the "Somniculosus" and "Early Risers" Clubs to prevent any such disaster. Every possible effort was put forth by the respective Clubs, and success was all but realized, when one of the honorary members of the "Somniculosi," "Makem" by name, not only betrayed his fellow members by "spouting" this secret, but even greatly assisted an ambitious disciplinarian by furnishing him with necessary equipment for the construction of a machine of primitive type, modelled after the plan of the learned physician.

Many students on the following morn, much to their consternation, were used as subjects to test the efficiency of this newly fashioned contrivance.

Perceiving the awkwardness and inefficiency of this trial machine, the operator resolved to have recourse to his own great philosophic mind, and thus devised a plan whereby he could utilize a machine, (already invented) less expensive, less destructive, and less cumbersome; but more forceful, and more fruitful in its desired result. The technical title applied by the inhabitants of S. D. U. to this machine is "Epirepto Udrainon." The only obstacle now is the fact, that it is most difficult for the operator himself to be on hand at 6 a.m., when this machine is used; and it now remains, in order to make this machine absolutely automatic, only to arrange some way, whereby the machine could be made to operate on the operator himself,—a time looked forward to with greatest pleasure by all the students.

SLEEPY BILL

Among our gang's a dawdling beau,
A Prefect, (by the way);
Whose motto is, "We live to sleep,"

Thus, he sleeps night and day.
But though he sleeps, he is engaged
In works of various kind;
He raises bees, sells Christmas cards,
And trains the younger mind.
In study, he's a master head,
Stiff problems 'fore him fray;
He works to gain that arduous goal,
A "cum laude B. A."
For every class, he's always late,
For other works, as well;
And this reveals to all the boys,
Why, in the ditch, he fell.
He owns a battered limousine,
An old tin Ford coupe;
This grotesque boat is far advanced,
On the pathway to decay.
Perhaps she's for Prohibition,
Or maybe has "la grippe,"
For she surely drinks hot water,
Yes three buckets every trip.
Yet somehow he always gets there,
Be it morning, noon, or night;
And even hopes to soon "take off,"
On a trans-Atlantic flight.

"CAUGHT IN THE ACT"

One fine afternoon, to town Chris did go,
To do all his shopping, and spend all his "dough."
His work all completed, 'twas then half past three,
He felt like a freeman, for now he was free.
"I b'lieve I'll go out to my old College room,
And have a good sleep, for I don't care to roam."
So Chris started out by the old Malpeque road,
Though his bundle was heavy, he hopped like a toad.
He was speeding along, his thoughts wand'ring far,
When some footsteps he heard, he turned with a jar.
And lo! and behold! there, in front of him stood
A W (h) eary young lady, "Oh boy! this looks good."
Her smile at once charmed him, he fell at her feet,
Amazed at her features, so cunning, and sweet.
The two at once started their long promenade,
They talked as familiar, as two ever had.

The time seemed to fly at a terrible rate,
For soon they were out by the old College gate.
Then Chris to his senses, at once did return,
He knew, should he be caught, a lesson he'd learn.
"Oh dear, I must leave you, though hard it may seem,
We must not be seen now, and here comes a team."
With that, he turned in at the old College gate,
And fled to his room, as if he were late.
And she then deserted, thinks "what it all means,"
Stood there for an hour, and thus "spilled the beans."
For boys, coming out at a quarter to five.
Saw a dame standing there, as if not alive.
They asked her the matter, she told them quite all,
And oh! the commotion in old Dalton Hall.
For no one suspected, that Chris would do this,
They teased him, and razzed him, thus spoiled all his bliss.
And he now quite calmly goes on in the rush,
But when he hears "weary," perhaps he don't blush.
Now men, when you've finished your first little date,
Take heed from MacCormack, don't stop at the gate.

DR. DALTON'S SOLILOQUY

I do not feel contented,
Since I left my old abode;
And gave up my profession,
Which was to me a goad.
I'll never get acquainted
With the din of Dalton Hall,
My head just starts in aching,
When I hear that awful brawl.
Not that I ain't got work enough,
For I'm a Business Hand;
And studies, there's no end to them,
And Philos'phy, it's just grand!
But somehow, I don't feel at home,
When boys with fearful ache,
Come to me as they used to do,
To help them for their sake.
And I have not a remedy,
No Iodine to stain,
'Nor e'en'a Dr. Johnstons pill,
To aid them in their pain.

THE DUKE'S OPINION

I'll never smoke those Lucky Strikes,
 Nor Milbank's, long's I'm sane.
 I just detest those Viceroy's,
 And Players give me pain.
 I do not care for Buckingham;
 Rex, Turrets,—not for me.
 But I sure love old Camels,
 They bring me so much glee!

THE COLLEGE DOC

Beside our brand new laboratory,
 Our worthy Doc resides;
 The Doc, a learned man is he,
 And on each subject vies;
 And the power of his mighty brain,
 Shines forth in his bright eyes.

His hair is crisp, and rough, and long,
 His face has lost it's tan;
 His brow is set with deep desire,
 To learn whate'er he can;
 He looks the fac'lty in the face,
 For he fails in no exam.

Week in, week out, from dawn to dusk,
 He plugs with all his might;
 He digs within his treasured books,
 Till ten o'clock at night;
 Then, the Prefect, making his nightly round,
 Bids him turn off his light.

He goes each morning to his class,
 And sits among the boys;
 And while Professors talk and teach,
 He hears not any voice;
 For his great mind is occupied,
 With things of his own choice.

Dreaming, renouncing, questioning,
 Onward through class he goes;
 Each subject, he must vie upon,
 In his peculiar pose;
 And in this stupor, he remains,
 Until the class's close.

The students coming in from class,
Look in at his open door;
They love to hear the Doc expound,
From his vast wealth of lore;
And catch the sparkling gems of truth,
As through the air they soar.

Thanks, thanks to thee our worthy friend,
For thy knowledge, so freely given;
Each of thy explanations seems,
As though, direct from Heaven;
Thus, for the fame of S. D. U.
Thou, Doc, has freely given.

Yes Nifty can keep secrets,
Down in his heart so deep?!
But secrets slip from the closest men,
While they are fast asleep.

PIE'S PEACE PACT

The bell rang thrice, and all repaired,
To the new debating hall.
Then, came forth the opening prayer,
For the benefit of all.
Silence reigned o'er all the room,
And many a shiv'ring freak
Was caused by thought of being called,
Before the bunch to speak.
The Pres'dent, Dr. Dalton, put
His hand into the hat;
He pulled a ticket from within,
Then down again he sat.
He opened up the paper slip,
And looked at it with glee;
"Pie Bradley will address you now,
For it's number thirty-three."
Pie turned quite pale, and then quite red,
And sat there very meek;
"Kellog's Peace Pact," the subject was,
To Pie, it was just "Greek."
While sitting still, he chanced to hear
A whisper from behind;
"I have it now," thought Pie quite rash,

"It's all within my mind."
Up Pie then jumped, and made his bow,
Then, forward took a step,
And spoke on diff'rent breakfast foods,
As, cornflakes, bran, and pep.
Then, came a roar of laughter loud,
From all, who sat nearby;
But Bradley stood quite innocent,
Just a dumfounded "pie."
"What can be wrong?" he deeply thought,
"I'm sure I did my best;"
I know the way to punish them,
I will not say the rest."
Then Pie sat down, quite positive,
That he had "won the day;"
The Pres'dent jumped, "Now Bradley boy,
You must not get so gay."
You poor big simp, do you not see.
That you have missed your 'bait'?
You've made Kellog, the Cereal man,
A Secretary of State."
Still Bradley's brains refused to work,
He felt like someone "high,"
"Next time I'll not make no mistake,
'Cause I'll just talk on pie!"

