


THE JUNGLE



<i>Moderator</i>	Caribou
<i>President</i>	Froggie
<i>Vice-President</i>	Stork
<i>Secretary</i>	Bubbles
<i>Committee</i>	Dynamite, Pop, Chaff

OUR OLD FORD

(What they call it.)

Gran'ma says we're right in style,
Asettin' in our automo-bile.
Grandpa says we're fit to kill
Aridin' in our automo-bill.
Mother says we ought to feel
Grateful for our automobeel.
Pa says there ain't no other man
Kin run an auto like he can.
Auntie preaches near and far
About our lovely touring car.
Uncle Bill says he ain't seen
Nowhere such a good machine
Brother Jim he keeps abraggin'
About the speed of our new waggon.
But Oh, it sounds so grand and noble
When sister Sue says auto-moble.
It really makes a fellow dizzy
To hear the names they give our Lizzie.

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BRENNAN'S SOLILOQUY

I play Basket ball, if you ask it.
I really can't very well mask it.
I often have fouled,
And as often been howled,
But I haven't as yet made a basket.

THE MIDNIGHT VIGIL

Such a noise was heard from McInnis's throat,
As his roommate in feathers he buried
That the Prefect of discipline soon to the spot
Down the corridor speedily hurried.
The hands on the clock showed the hour of the night
Past the hour of bedtime was turning.
And the Prefect was wroth when he saw the bright light
Through the corridor transom burning.
No cumbersome lock could delay his attack,
Through the portal his impetus bore him.
And there he saw Hearn lying down on his back,
With his roommate in wrath standing o'er him.
Few and short were the words he said,
But they pierced to the heart those who listened.
"You will go to the chapel, instead of to bed."
And his dark eye in wrathfulness glistened.
Then they thought of the pleasure of lying asleep
With the covers drawn cosily o'er them,
And, with hearts full of sorrow, they started to weep,
As chapelward quickly he bore them.
Lightly they'll talk of the midnight retreat,
And out on the campus they'll tease them,
And sad will they feel when some comrade they'll meet,
Who will ask how do night watches please them.
But half of their weary watch was done,
When the midnight hour descended.
And the East was tinged with the rising sun,
When their tiresome vigil was ended.
Slowly and sadly they went to their room,
Which was strewn with feathers unending.
"I think," whispered Hearn, as he wielded the broom,
"That we better cut our contending."

* * *

FAREWELL

You've been a warm, true friend to me,
These many, many years;
But now the last sad hour has come,
I part with you in tears.
Well I remember long ago,
One snowy winter's night,

The time I proudly brought you home
 Pressed to my bosom tight.
Alas! that all your grace should flee
 And all your perfect charms,
Yet happy moments I have known
 In your unshapely arms.
You used to wear a quiet look,
 But now are seedy quite;
You have a dissipated air
 From roaming late at night.
Now arm in arm to walk with you,
 I feel ashamed and shy;
It's really best that we should part;
 Good-bye, old coat, good-bye?

* * *

HOW SPARK PLUG LOST

'Twas late in the evening, the sun sank to rest,
As Sparky and Dynamite galloped abreast.
"Good speed!" cried the boys, as Sparky flew by,
And "cheer up old Dynamite; give it a try.
Spark Plug is easy, the race will be thine;
Sprint up now, and quickly dash over the line."
Spark Plug was panting, his neck arched on high,
His mouth it was foaming, fire flashed in his eye.
He stayed not a whit, but he plodded right on,
The goal was in sight, but his breath almost gone.
Dynamite saw that yet there was time
By one mighty effort to be first at the line.
And so, stretching forth in his speediest pace,
He nosed our fair SparkPlug right out of the race.
So daring in spirit, so dauntless in flight,
We must lift our hats to our young Dynamite.

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HIS SOLILOQUY

Though on my brow, there rose an angry frown,
When Powers that Be sent two frail brothers down,
Yet envy stirred me as they caught their train,
No more to hear the morning bells again.
But far removed from Chemistry and Greek,
To earn once more an honest ten a week.

Not yet the whistle and the flag of green
 Had waived the engine from the dismal scene,
 Shrill youths still begged the travellers in their seats
 To buy vile novels or unwholesome sweets,
 When up stood "C," and thus in accents loud
 These last words uttered to the listening crowd:
 "Though College hath dismissed her generous son
 "For toils neglected and for tasks undone,
 "Small cause of triumph to my foes I leave,
 "Least cause of all for you, my friends, to grieve;
 "No theme for pity on this joyous day,
 "Am I who leave, but rather you who stay,
 "For say, what good remains in Dalton Hall?
 "Who here can thrive, enduring such a thrall?
 "Compelled in sterile toil whole months to waste;
 "Oh, few possess sufficient wit and taste.
 "They go to lectures: only hear a part,
 "Miswrite half that and learn their notes by heart.
 "The young enthusiast comes with heart aflame
 "For wisdom, learning, poetry and fame;
 "He sees the Hills of Rome in every dream
 "And peoples with Greek nymphs each shining stream.
 "Let me drink deep,' he cries 'of ancient lore
 And make my soul what Pongo's was before.
 All joys I'll barter such a prize to gain'
 "Poor youth! thy prayer, how noble yet how vain!
 "Can pigs grow wings and fly unwonted birds?
 "Can the salt sea grow black with grazing herds?
 "Can the lean thistle blossom into figs
 "Or hair restorer take the place of wigs?
 "Now I go hence, some honest trade to learn,
 "Where I may only spend the wealth I earn.
 "Now I go to the world to face its strife,
 "And win my honors in the school of life."

(With apologies to Juvenal, Pope and others.)

