


THE JUNGLE



STAFF

President—Tubal Cain.

Vice-President—Dynamite.

Secretary—Sparky

Committee—Bull, Tank

EDITORIAL

We much regret that we must say good-bye to you and pass away to let the place we hold be filled by others who may be more skilled in gathering the funny jokes and putting them on college blokes, converted into doggeral verse whose merit is that it could be worse. We've even worked with Dynamite to boost along the Red and White, and now we wish to thank all those who helped with poetry or prose to make this section a success,—(or what it is, if it is less.) To all our readers and our friends the present staff goodwill extends. Brave Tubal Cain, the man of power, will help us in our weakest hour. This summer we'll use Dynamite to blow ill-feelings out of sight; while, if we wander round the park, we'll surely need the aid of Spark. The Bull, though wandering afar, will bring us aid in case of war; and for defence we'll also thank the great assistance of our Tank. So do not fear for us, for we are armed to gain the victory. And now we bid adieu again to all of you.

Signed, TUBAL CAIN.

AN INVOCATION

Return, Diogenes, learned sage,
And see the state of our present age,
Here you will find a fresh supply
Of rampant evils to decry.
Bootleggers peddling hooch and rum
Which makes one's feelings sad and glum;
Flappers dancing the weary blues,
And youths who early learn to use
Vile language, and old men abuse.
Not one of them will go to college,
But curse all people for their knowledge,

And think the world should run by chance
And no one work, but drink and dance.
If one doth wish to acquire fame
He needs but take some sprightly dame
And dance with her for a hundred hours
Then he'll be decked with fame's bright flowers.
Divorces fill newspaper pages
Instead of thoughts of learned sages,
If a man goes on a murderous spree
They'll blame it on insanity,
And lock him three months in a pen,
Then let him out for blood again.
The Socialists and Bolsheviks
Are up to every kind of tricks
And ruin happy peaceful nations
By their anarchical orations.
The Human race awaits with patience
A treaty of peace betwixt all nations,
While they do feverishly prepare
Equipment for the next warfare
(Which likely will be fought in air.)
Grafters and pernicious cliques
Are playing H——with politics;
The women now are suffragettes
And like the men smoke cigarettes.
Foolish scientists claim that soon
There'll be a railway to the moon,
While others are inventing cars
To take a pleasure trip to Mars.
—So if, Diogenes, learned sage,
You wish to view the present age,
The lantern that you used before
Will not be useful any more—
If you wish to find an honest scamp
You'll need an incandescent lamp.

“Can you tell me just who is this Homer?”
Once queried an innocent youth.
“By all means,” said a willing informer,
“This Homer is really Babe Ruth.”

THOSE PANTS OF GRANT'S

Those pants of Grant's
His shape enhance
As curves and slants,
And wrinkles glance
Retreat advance
Upon those pants.

Those pants of Grant's
Were bought in France
The cut Romance
Its mark implants
In crease and slants
Upon those pants.

Those pants of Grant's
They are so wide
A cow could hide
In either side
But all Grant's pride
Is in those pants.

Those pants of Grant's
Will live for years,
Though it appears
They're in "arrears,"
And Grant will leave
Unto his heirs
Those pants of Grant's.

There was a hard plugger named Steele
Who studied his books with great zeal.
But his interest was such
That he worked overmuch
And forgot to go down to his meal.

Now the moral is this: If you feel
That you have to plug harder than steel(e)
There's a fact that you cannot conceal
That you must have a stomach like steel(e.)

MY ROOMMATE

Who wears my socks and shoes and spats? My Roommate.
My neckties, shirts, and Thursday hats? My Roommate.
Who takes the edges off my shakes?
Who eats my jam and bread and cakes?
And sometimes even steals my dates? My Roommate.

Who thinks he owns the whole shebang? My Roommate.
Who tells me that he leads his gang? My Roommate.
Who calls me names, then asks for jack
To buy some worthless bric-a-brac
And then forgets to pay it back? My Roommate.

Who keeps me talking all night long? My Roommate.
Then wakes me up before the gong? My Roommate.
Who hollers "Shut that window tight
You've kept me freezin' here all night?"
And, if he dared, would start a fight? My Roommate.

Who likes my special brand of soap? My Roommate.
My shaving cream and other dope? My Roommate.
Who gaps my razor here and there?
Who thinks my bay rum helps his hair?
Who daubs my polish on the chair? My Roommate.

Who on my pillows parks his boots? My Roommate.
Makes cushions of my Sunday suit? My Roommate.
Who, when he feels his palate lack
A smoke, just reaches for my pack,
And stuffs his pipe with my tobac'? My Roommate.

Who thinks my hockey stick's a pippin? My Roommate.
But if I take his pads is rippin'? My Roommate.
Who lost the baseball that I love?
And swears by all that's up above
He didn't dirty my new glove? My Roommate.

In short,—Who uses all I've got? My Roommate.
And thereby gets me piping hot? My Roommate.
Whom would I **not** exchange for all
The other guys in Dalton Hall
If I could have them, big or small?—My Roommate.