

THE JUNGLE



IN A TIGHT BOX.

Act I.

Scene 1—Thursday Afternoon

A home on P———1 Street

Miss——(in absence of her mother) preparing for student visitor whom she expects at 2 o'clock.

Scene 2—Reception Hall in Miss——'s home. Arrival of visitor (who has three hours leave of absence from the Academy). Greeting. Retirement to Parlor.

Scene 3.—Parlor in Miss——'s home. The hostess seated beside her guest. Door-bell rings———exit hostess.

Act II.

Scene 1.—Same as Scene 2 Act I. Arrival of hostess's grandmother who intends to wait for 6 o'clock train.

They are seated in hall and enter into conversation. Conversation maintained unremittently. Visitor in parlor has now but half an hour in which to return for report at headquarters. Situation growing desperate. Looks in vain for exit whereby he might evade the grandmother.

Act III

Scene 1.—same as Scene 1 Act II. Grandmother preparing to leave. Mrs.—arrives home. Sends Miss —— to depot with grandma. (Exeunt Miss —— and Grandma).

Scene 2.—Kitchen in the home. Mrs.— (who is very frightened of burglars) while preparing supper hears unusual noises in the parlor. Phones police.

Scene 3.—Mrs——'s home. Arrival of police patrol. Investigation. Parlor found much upset. Clue—an athletic-looking man wearing a black Chesterfield and soft Brown hat seen fleeing in direction away from home.

Act IV

Scene 1.—An Academy—two miles from city. Police baffled. Visitor in exhausted condition arrives at headquarters—just one hour late. He soon mysteriously disappears. Pinkerton's on trial.

Act V

Scene 1.—Country home—Bayside. Erstwhile student visitor arrested. Extradition papers necessary for his release from Bayside.

Scene 2.—Study in Bayside home. "Visitor" under guard, busily engaged in outlining case against extradition,

Scene 3.—Police Court. After learning details of case, prosecution abandons suit.

 KELLY'S SOLILOQUY ON THE INTERMURAL.

Man oft has heard, yea, by experience knows
 That in this world what comes as quickly goes ;
 Though fortune us in mightiest power array,
 We all must sink and in our turn decay.

Nor to this law holds nature aught not doomed,
Force loses strength, vim quickly is consumed ;
He who but now the limelight glowed before,
Now sorrowful sees those beams from others pour.

Thus too must hockey stars their places yield
Because they too find soon their skill congealed :
New teams, new players grace the icy sheet
Old teams, old players look on—diversion meet.

Last season, manager George his "Locals" lead
This season ? lo ! both chief and team are dead,
Last season, champions these their worth unfurled
This season ? far from that high height are hurled.

So too must they who late the laurels won,
Leave others their place when their race is run
Material improvement ne'er goes on for aye :
The zenith reached, we trace our downward way.

THE INVINCIBLES.

Oh these are the best of the brave and the bold,
The judge was impartial—the game wasn't sold.
But they've got the impression, so rumor relates,
They can beat any players that ever wore skates.

Ray Brown is their captain, he's fleet as the hind ;
He hails from the land where the oysters are mined ;
But past recollections. which really aren't nice,
Make him rather afraid of a hole in the ice.

Smith was appointed the next in command ;
He's bearing is martial, his countenance bland.
As o'er the glib surface he gracefully whirls,
He wonders if e'er he'll recover his curls.

And others as strong in the ranks may be seen,
As Billie and Bobbie, Daley and Green,
Pope and Jim Rooney, and to make up the whole,
There's "Bunny" McKenna a guarding the goal.

And "Fatty" is "spare" but remember, the name
 By no stretch of reason applies to his frame ;
 The defense, when hard pressed, take up " Fatty "
 and set
 Him down gently, directly in front of their net.

Then Red Dots might lift, or Millionaires shoot,
 Or the Mic-macs dart down with their blood-
 curdling hoot ;
 But so long as the goal posts and Fatty stayed still,
 They were all as Don Quixotes a charging the Mill.

TIME TO BURN.

I knew a man who had'nt time,
 For recreation, song or mirth ;
 And all absorbed within himself,
 He never learned what time was worth.

He worked along for many years,
 'Till he became quite stooped and gray ;
 All tho'tless of the fate he'd meet,
 'Till death knocked at his door one day.

"Come go with me," death sternly said,
 "Not yet, I haven't time," said he ;
 "Oh you'll have time to burn" said death
 "Come right along and go with me."

Poor the raiment you may wear,
 Scanty fare at best be thine ;
 Let thy soul within be clothed
 With a majesty divine.

Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the
 company of vulgar people, because they have a power
 of looking at such persons as objects of amusement
 and of another race altogether.