

THE JUNGLE

STAFF

President	Gasolene Gus
Vice-President	Colonel Cody
Board of Directors	Chewed-ear, Tidy&Fritz
Manager	Isaac Howcudya
Office Boy	Blondy

The Jungle, with such an intelligent and speedy staff appointed to manage it, will no doubt, exceed this year beyond all expectations. A more reliable crew of officers could not have been chosen. Gasolene Gus, though he has wandered away from us a few times, owing to his having become sadly confused in the labyrinths of the city, is at last down to work; and we feel confident he will make an excellent president. His assistants are all that can be desired for congeniality, and take this opportunity of announcing the fact, to frantic spinsters, that the coming year is leap year.

A Social Evening Enjoyed

On the last 'smoker' held by the foot-ball players of S. D. U., Tidy the renowned and famous orator, who was an honorary guest, delivered some touching orations on 'education', 'discipline', and 'social life'; after which he sang a heart rending solo in a sweet, soft, mellow, tenor voice, entitled: "Somewhere some one is waiting for you, you, you,"

Speaking of Songs

In the art of singing and song writing, we are pleased to introduce to the public for the first time, 'our genius.' We mean none other than Dinny, who

has succeeded after many hardships and trials, in composing his one masterpiece, namely :—

I'm Forever Losing Ace-pots

I'm forever losing ace-pots,
Someone always just tops me ;
I bid so high—nearly reach the sky,
Then my three queens just fade and die ;
Fortune's always hiding
I've looked everywhere,
I'm forever losing ace-pots,
I am dying in despair.

The Adventures of a Piece of Cheese-Cloth

Gaze at me friend, and see in me,
The work of unskilled hand—
I am a wreck ; am sick at heart,
The worst thing in the land ;
Yet there were days when I was proud
And rived with the rest—
Alas ! those days are over, friend,
Behold this awful mess !

'Tis hard to think that once I was
Quite different than I'm now ;
That I was fresh and neat and clean—
I've changed, God knows—somehow.
I was the pride of all the stock
In Woolworth's bright new store,
And there I dwelt in peace and love
For two—three years—or more.

I was as fine a specimen
As human eye could see,
And people came and gazed and went,
And always smiled at me.
So thus it was that I grew proud
And said from day to day,
That I'd be chosen for great work—
I'd soon be on my way.

But friend, that day did never come ;
I waited there for years,
Till people came and passed me by,
And all I got was sneers,
The wild moths had devoured me,
My kingly days were o'er ;
So I was banished cruelly
To the rear of the store.

But though I was a poor out-cast
My pride did still remain,
I'd often think from day to day
That I'd be claimed again ;
But friend, that hope was shattered too—
'Tis true that I was claimed,
But not for any purpose grand
See !—Look—My God, I'm maimed !

I'm torn, tattered, ripped and sore,
I'm stitched on every side
By unskilled hands that knew not how
To make me coinside,
Why am I in this wretched state ?
You really want to know ?
Then listen friend, and I'll tell you—
I'll not be long—don't go.

One day there strolled into the store
Two maidens fair to see,
They walked around, mauled everything,
Till finally they spied me.
A smile spread out from ear to ear ;
I was the thing they sought,
And after some discussion, friend,
They took me—I was bought.

They dragged me home with them that night,
And worked on me quite late,
And finally as the day-break came
I slowly took my shape ;
'Twas then that I was horrified
And sobbed and felt quite sad—

I saw that they had made of me,
A wreck—an old clothes-bag.

They'd captivated with their charms
Two stalwart college lads,
And they'd been working every night
At making them clothes-bags;
And while they worked they smiled quite 'oft.
And looked with pride at me,
And said : "Won't it be just the thing
For Steeples and Bra-ley."

Well, some days later they did come,
And spent the evening there ;
And me—poor me—oh, I was all
Done up for the affair,
With red and white ribbons streaming
All down along my sides,
And moth-holes showing here and there—
Oh, I just could have died.

And when I was presented to
These two great college men,
They just flushed up to their cheek bones,
And choking, said : "Ahem !"
And then they bowed quite low and smiled
A smile you seldom see—
And all through this performance, they
Had not looked once at me.

Then finally I was rapped up tight
And carried to strange lands,
And ever since, I have been held
By many and strange hands ;
Yet I have never once been used—
Perhaps that sounds quite queer,
But that's the truth—I'm only kept—
A lovers souvenir.

'Twas thus my hopes were killed, and my
Ambitions crushed to earth—
I might have been a princely thing