


THE JUNGLE



STAFF

<i>President</i>	Rubber John
<i>Vice-President</i>	Boo
<i>Secretary</i>	Bushy
<i>Committee</i>	Hen and Fadder

We deem it our duty to chronicle the several momentous events which have transpired since the last edition of the Jungle. A short time ago a number of Junglarians, who had convened to debate on matter of import, were startled by a crashing sound, and, on rushing to the window, found that the western portion of their rink had collapsed. The calamity, it is believed, was due to machinations of some revolutionary Junglarians, and Dynamite, who is suspected to be the arch-demagogue of the party, is being closely watched.

LummoX and Bushy, who were to give a skating exhibition "a la fantastique" had to forego the intended show, since, in the present condition of the rink, they have not scope wherein to turn.

Rubber John has perfected an invention which, he claims, will revolutionize anti-fly warfare. It consists of a small electric motor which makes a needle vibrate 10,000 times per second. The fly is attracted to this needle by a drop of molasses, the needle tickles him behind the ear, and he laughs himself to death. Several other members are now debating whether closet shelves are safe hiding places when in danger. On looking up the ancients for authority on this question we came across a short metrical argument, probably by Plato, giving strong reasons why such a place of refuge is useful.

THE CLOSET SHELF

At home, when Dad can't find his hat,
He slams the door and kicks the cat
Till Ma says: "William! Don't do that.
You'll find it on the closet shelf.

When sister wants her sporting cap,
Her furlined gloves or Easter wraps,
Her snowshoes, skis or other traps
She finds them on the closet shelf.

When everything is peace and calm,
And you can't hear my brother Sam,
You may be sure he's at the jam
That's hid up on the closet shelf.

A habit's not a passing fad
But sticks to us through good or bad.
Show me the man who has not had
At home, that famous closet shelf.

It makes no difference where you go,
You'll always find that it is so,
What folks would do, I would not know,
Without that handy closet shelf.

Our prefect is like all the rest,
So boys: Whene'er you have a guest,
In times of danger, 'tis not best
To hide him on the closet shelf.

A STUDENT'S WAIL

Cramming, cramming, tired, weary,
Sitting at my desk so dreary,
Dreading that most fateful day,
When for loafing I must pay;
Now that days have swiftly flown,
Would that I have ever known,
What an awful task 'twould be,
When exams would come for me.
While my heart is sorely rent,
He sits back in great content.
Who has done his work each day;
Is it not the only way?
When he plods along so steady,
He is always set and ready
To put forth what he has learned,
And his marks are justly earned.

He who idles finds he pays,
A heavy price for misspent days,
Now I must plug, and sweat and cramm
For 'tis drawing near exam.

NOT SURPRISED

I'm not surprised that he revised the story of fair Maud;
I'm not surprised he's criticised as just a little odd.
I'm not surprised that he devised a way to her esteem,
I'm not surprised he idolized her as his fairest dream.
I'm not surprised she tantalized him with a wondrous smile,
I'm not surprised he's realized it wasn't worth while.
I'm not surprised that you've surmised he had a heavy fall,
I'm not surprised you've recognised, I'm not surprised at all.

ETIQUETTE AMONG DETECTIVES AND BANDITS

Some time ago I ran across a commendable article accusing citizens of lack of proper etiquette when held up by bandits.

Our detectives and bandits are often guilty of similar offences. The detective very often does not make use of the dramatic possibilities which may attend a capture, and ignorant bandits often frustrate his attempts to do so. Better co-operation between these two parties would eradicate, to a great extent, these glaring blunders.

An example may present the case in a clearer way. A bandit has been tracked down by a hawk-eyed sleuth and he knows that his escape is impossible. He should immediately set the scene for as colorful a denouement as possible. He should retire to some underground dive and barricade himself in a room, leaving a hole in the ceiling through which the detective may enter. The room should be large enough for the detective to perform whatever gymnastic feats he deems proper. The bandit should conceal two of his associates in an adjoining room

and, with the rest of his associates, take up his position near the wall opposite to the door to the other room, having made sure that their guns either stick in the holster or are loaded with some defective shells.

The detective may then enter in several ways. He may take a head dive into the room, getting his gun into action while falling; or he may drop in feet first and leap out again, repeating this action several times, to disconcert the bandits, and, if possible, to get them to empty their weapons. When he finally lands he will cover the bandits in sight who should attempt to shoot him. After dodging the bullets the detective should shoot their weapons out of their hands. Then the two associates should stealthily enter behind the detective who sees them, however, by means of a mirror which has been conveniently placed on the opposite wall by one of the bandits. The detective may by a marvellous spring kick them simultaneously in the thorax or dexterously shoot them over his shoulder. After binding the captives he may then turn them over to the police.

Let me emphasize the necessity of the mirror. Many a promising detective has lost his life because bandits have neglected this important item. If, perchance, the detective should shoot one of the bandits, he should sway for a moment, clutch at the empty air, and then crumple in a heap and, if shot through the heart, emit two or three deep groans after he has fallen.

Should bandits allow themselves to be captured without any such impressive ceremonials, they will not only probably suffer just punishment for their crimes, but they will not even have the consolation of seeing the story of their career and capture published, with glaring headlines and their portrait, in the leading newspapers of the land. They should also, for the benefit of the curious public and the edification of the rising generation publish a detailed account of their crimes.

