

THE JUNGLE

THE LEADERS.

On the night before in the lurid west
A bloody sun had sunk to rest—
Fit herald of that direful day
When the Leaders strove for supremacy.
For the Captain led out his heavy dragoons
To the lilt of yells and songs and tunes,
And fired with the spirit that has heroes made
Vowed to wipe out Owen's "Light Brigade."

Then Murphy's whistle split the air,
Then thrilled the souls of the rooters there,
For hot on the trail of Polar's kick
The light dragoons fearless prick.
Before the eyes of that yelling throng
Right through the dragoons rush along;
In the fierce melee that followed too,
They bore themselves right bold and true.

But the Good Old Half Back made his mark,
And the dragoons lined out grim and dark,
Then rushed; and the thunder of their attack
The ambient hills and dells flung back.
But the lust of battle in the Light's awoke,
Right through that winded charge they broke,
Then through the reserves undismayed
They made the try and were heroes made.

Vain did the dragoons fume and rage
Ramping and roarig like lions caged
With runs from Pat and Father Joe
And Cameron yelling "Tackle Low."
Vain strove the Lights for more renown
Vain vain did Elmer mow them down
The battle had been lost and won
When Kelly made that three-point run.

I once had to drown a kitten down
Through the ice on the old mill stream,
I liked her fine that kitten of mine
But I couldn't afford the cream.
So I got a sack which I painted black
And I filled it up with stones,
And I jammed her in that kitten thin
Nor headed her hideous moans.
Like Arthur's knight with his sword so bright,
My courage failed me thrice,
But I threw her high and I heard her cry
As she broke through the rotten ice.
Then without a look at the icy brook
I leaped up its slippery side,
And over the ground with fearful bound
I fled to the country wide.
For the cry of the cat on my spirits sat
Like the cry of a spirit lost,
Like the conder's cry when from on high
It sees its eirie tossed.
And I thought of my pet all dank and wet
Alcne on the stream's cold bed
With only the *mere* so dark and drear
To chant the dirge of the dead.
I wandered home in the evening gloom
And there in the moon's pale beam,
That blamed old cat on the doorstep sat,
Drinking a pitcher of cream.

Mary had a little fox,
Many suitors sought her,
Reynard ate of poisoned meat
Then they all forgot her.

Napoleon often stormed and took
A fortified position
But he's found the Double Entry Book
A different proposition.