



# THE JUNGLE



## STAFF

*President*—Tidy.

*Vice-Pres.*—Swivel.

*Secretary*—Duckie.

*Board of Directors*:—Shylock, Bushy, Tobias.

## TAKEN FROM THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

I may be boyish  
But I don't play with dolls,  
For I look like a man  
In my black overalls.

As Keefe was going out one night  
A. Hammill questioned "Whither?"  
And Jack not wishing to deceive,  
With blushes answered, "with her."

Mr. B. M-py, a former wearer of a beautiful hairpart has disposed of it, and is now erecting a pomp. The work is under the supervision of Mr. Monaghan. Already the work is well under way and when completed will no doubt make a great impression on some in a F-re-e-T-own.

Medical science is startled at the photographers discovery of a method of enlarging the human head. Some of our boys are taking treatment and claim it to be a wonderful success.

## SOONER OR LATER

Big masked dance  
Great temptation.  
Takes a chance.  
Jollification.

Gets back home  
 Unobserved.  
 Reaches room  
 Rep. preserved.

### ON THE MORROW,—

Stormy day,  
 Feels just rotten,  
 The evening gay  
 Not forgotten.

Skips the rec.  
 Feels disgusted,  
 Caught, by Heck:  
 Rep. all busted.

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### Past, but not Forgotten

The idea of the following poem was in the captain's diary, and many say that some of the minor details are somewhat exaggerated, because on the night of the game the captain, after a very strenuous day, retired to his bed and being of a sleepy nature was soon in the arms of Morpheus. Some time between that and morning, he and the rest of the team were suddenly disturbed by a great crash and a long rumble, followed by the patter of bare-feet and the rattling of slats. The captain, solicitous for the welfare of his men, rushed out of his room and up the corridor only to find his snappy block-quarter, Pete, busy blocking up his bed, which had fallen down throwing its occupants on the floor, thus causing the great noise. The captain then retired to his room, and in this dazed condition, by the light of the moon, wrote down on paper what had been told to him by some of his men, who had seen our heroes, though unnoticed by them.

The game was o'er, the team had supped,  
 The red sun had gone down,  
 When the players planned to spend the night  
 In Sackville's peaceful town.

Some started for the movies,  
While more went soon to bed,  
But gay boys their course had planned  
Around the streets to tread.

They kept their eyes wide open  
As they walked along the street,  
Lest some Prince Edward Island eye,  
Their own sharp glance should meet.

It happened then that on the street  
Two fair ones V-rn-n spied,  
And he and Tom like knights of old  
Were quickly by their side.

To the picture-house they quickly sped,  
But the pictures did not see,  
For at his side each could behold  
A fair reality.

The pictures soon were over,  
The crowd then went its way,  
But Tom and Vernin with their friends  
Called at the chink's cafe.

And then in eastern manner  
Did justice every one,  
Then paid the bill, looked at the time  
How sad, the night is done.

Their parting words were quickly said,  
They speed along their way,  
Hoping that no living Saint  
Would give their deeds away.

They slowly crawled into their beds,  
And soon were fast asleep,  
But on the morn they woke quite sad,  
For they must cross the deep.

Then back across the strait they came,  
And back to S. D. U.  
They left those maids in Sackville town  
Their own course to pursue.

But when daily toils are over,  
And brains in sleep are free,  
Those boys in sleep return again  
To Sackville o'er the sea.

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### The Klu Klux Klan

The evening had a bitter breath  
Within the Dalton Hall.  
The students in their fireless rooms  
Sat shivering one and all.

Despair was writ on every face,  
And every spirit damp,  
For Shakespeare on his sick bed lay,  
The victim of a cramp.

His plea for heat was pitiful.  
It pierced the very heart  
Of those who gathered round his bed  
To see his life depart.

In sorrow by his bedside stood  
Two boys of spirit bold,  
Who vowed that they would go below,  
And soon drive out the cold.

Then Nick and Prim their mantles donned  
To do their friend's request,  
And soon were at the basement door,  
Eyelids to keyhole pressed.

No sound was heard, no one was seen,  
The furnace room was clear;  
And now to batter down that door  
Their mighty arms they rear.

The heavy door was thick and strong,  
But all of small avail,  
When Nick mustered all his strength  
That entrance to assail.

Great was the crash with which it fell.  
The iron bars rang loud,  
Tho Nick on the floor lay prone,  
He'd reasons to be proud.

The entrance gained they set to work  
Some kindling wood to find.  
The furniture of Jack's abode  
They to the flames consigned

While up the chimney rolled the smoke,  
The coal they did not spare.  
The snapping pipes the heat conveyed  
To Peter in his lair.

Then up he raised his stately form,  
And heavenward cast his eyes,  
A blessing on the youths invoked  
Who made the heat to rise.

While bathed in sweat with aching arms  
They mounted up the stair  
A stoker's life they ne'er would lead  
The both of them did swear.

But Shakespeare is around once more,  
And still writes poetry.  
In fitting words he has described  
Their act of charity.

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### "Sour Grapes"

Dalton Hall was quiet getting, at the close of one sad day,  
For the boys had all departed to the town not far away.  
As the last step's echo faded down the long, still corridor,  
Crafty Joe was slyly peeking from his own room's open door

Then he left his secret cover, and with laundry bag in hand,  
His mind filled with fair, bright visions of the orchard large  
and grand,

Creeps towards the open portal, round the Dalton Hall he  
glides;  
Makes a dash across the open, and in shrubbery dense he  
hides.

Apple trees loom up about him, bent with apples large and  
fair.

Astrachans, and Alexanders, and sweet Russets all were  
there.

Hastily the bag is open, and with hands trembling from fear  
He has filled the bag to bursting with the fruit he loves most  
dear.

To his room's wide open window he retreats with feverish  
haste

Thankful that he had succeeded in the peril he had faced.  
He has thrust them through the window, little knowing that  
behind

As the Bursar gazed upon him, his death warrant had been  
signed.

Once again he hastened quickly, hastened to his silent  
room,

Little thinking that he would be interrupted very soon.  
As he sat and mopped his forehead, thankful that the deed  
was o'er

Lo! a ponderous knock resounded on the panels of his door.

Suddenly the door is opened, and to Joe's astonished eye  
There appeared the angry Bursar; and there was no way to  
fly.

Few, few words then spoke the Bursar, pointing to the bag  
of fruit

Saying, "Kindly walk before me, I will indicate the route."

With a sigh of disappointment, and with a "chew" to steel  
his mind.

Slowly marched the vanquished culprit, while the Bursar  
walked behind.

To the sister-house he led him: to the basement cold and  
chill,

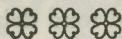
And he pointed to a barrel, which with apples Joe must fill.

He then dumped the bag out sadly till it held not any more,  
Then the Bursar took him gently, and he shoved him out  
the door.

While with step so sad and gloomy, Joe went to his room  
again,

In his heart grew sudden pity for the father of all men.

Sitting at his desk in sorrow, Joe was moaning his sad plight  
Whispered, "All my hopes are banished, I will have no feed  
to-night."



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## MY FIRST TRIP EAST

The holidays have come at last,  
How glad I am they're here;  
It seems that many years have passed  
Since last I saw Jule dear.

At ten past three the train I'll take  
To distant Montague,  
Where I will Grant I am to make  
A fair and fond debut.

Now Ernest-ly I'm going to try  
My object to attain;  
If I can only make that Roy  
Escort me to my Jane.

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And now the holidays are o'er,  
And Roy and I are back;  
I still am feeling very sore  
Because I was so slack.

