

# The Jungle

Vol. II.

No. 3.

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Squat	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manager
Bluejay	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Office Boy
Vacant	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Board of Directors

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We have received several applications for the position of Board of Directors but have not deemed it expedient to make the appointment pending a contemplated change in the administration of the Jungle. At the next Session of the Legislature we shall apply for incorporation. Meanwhile we have secured two excellent officers in the persons of Messrs. Squat and Bluejay

—HATS—

Girl of bygone days wore hats ;  
Think of it—the stupid flats !  
Styles so simple and so crude,  
We have hurled to desuetude,  
Nowadays upon their heads,  
Women carry featherbeds,  
Footballs, flower pots, laundry bags,  
Bales of feathers or of rags,  
Helmets, pie plates, butter tubs,  
Jungle growths of trees and shrubs,  
Dishpans, saucepans, jardinières,  
Sofa cushions, flights of stairs,  
Baskets green and pink and brown,  
Right side up and upside down,  
Pyramids and Eiffel Towers,  
Garden plots of gorgeous flowers ;  
Buckets, barrels, hives for bees,  
Boxes meant for fruit or cheese ;  
Drying frames with wires and slats,  
Anything, in short, but hats !—Exch.

So we'll go no more a-roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as willing  
And the lights be still as bright.

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—A GOOD LOSER—

To-day the playing may be fine,  
To-morrow 'twill be rough ;  
The world sure hates the weak-kneed man  
Who quits and yells "enough."  
So when hard luck drops in on you  
And threatens you with blues,  
Just grit your teeth and wear a smile ;  
Don't holler when you loose.

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—NEVER MIND—

Never mind yesterday, life is to-day ;  
Never mind yesterday lay it away ;  
Never mind anything over and done,  
Here is a new moment lit with new sun.  
Never mind that which was once on a time,  
To-morrow rings in with its new sheaf of rhyme ;  
Yesterday's shadow scarce drags down the lane  
Ere silver-shod morning comes dawning again.