

THE JUNGLE

STAFF

President "The Dope"
Manager "Tar"
Office Boy "Bud"

IT WAS TUFF

The teacher slowly clenched his fists,
The nails bit through the skin,
As with a mighty stride, he strode
The room they'd English in.
His jaw was set, his eyes flashed fire,
He slowly flushed so red,
That veins stuck out on every part
Of his "angelic" head.

The students trembled in their seats,
His glance went 'round the class,
Then someone drew a heavy breath
As if it were his last.
A mighty feat went through the crowd:
Then quickly went about
A long-drawn sigh of great relief—
The door slammed. He was out.

The class went wild, shouts filled the air,
Books sailed from desk to desk;
And many wondered 'mid the noise,
What was the teacher's quest:
Then someone rising from his seat
Did quickly quell the noise,
And in a voice quite loud and clear
Said: "Listen to me boys!"

He told them in his natural way,

That he could tell them why

The professor had left the class

With dignity so high:

'Twas on account of a student

Who was not far away;

Who had been skipping class for weeks—

And had done so that day.

Our Barney was within his room

Reclining on his Bed,

With cushions propped up all around

To rest his weary head.

He did not hear the knock that came

So softly on his door,

Until the eager party on

The outside, knocked once more.

Just then the idea struck him that

Someone was at the door—

He blinked his eyes, and thought awhile,

Then staggered to the floor;

And yawned and stretched and moved about

And looked from side to side,,

But half awake—then crossed the room

And opened the door, wide.

He almost dropped with sheer surprise

At what his eyes saw there—

The mighty man he feared the worst

Had tracked him to his layer.

Yet he threw off the great surprise

Quicker than it had come,

And diving through the teacher's legs,

Was soon up—on the run.

The teacher then, got his surprise,
His victim might escape—
“Not while I have my strength” he roared;
And quickly he gave chase:
And both of them flew quickly by,
And down the corridor,
And down the famous front stairway,
And out the old front door.

Poor Barney found himself in snow,
He leaped with mighty strides—
But teacher could take longer ones,
So, as he ran he cried:
“Have moicy. please—oh, don’t hoit me,
I’ll surely go to class.”
But still he ran—did not give up,
Till just before the last.

They darted here, they darted there,
They ran around the trees;
Then down the road and back again,
Regardless of the breeze.
The drifts were deep, the wind was cold,
Their limbs were getting sore,
But still our Barney begged for peace
And teacher gave his roar.

‘Twas when they’d passed the orchard, and
Had circled ’round the fields,
That Barney knew his persuer
Was close upon his heels,
And then an inspiration came—
The haze began to lift—
He took one frantic plunge and dropped
Head foremost in a drift.

The mighty mass that came behind
 Could not slow down its speed;
 And Barney felt himself crushed down
 As if he were a weed.
 There was a struggle in the snow,
 And muffled screams were heard,
 The snow flew round on every side;
 Then slowly they emerged.
 And as the captor led his man
 Crest fallen, back to class,
 Thin faces were on every side,
 Pressed hard against the glass,
 To get a glimpse at the brave man
 Who thought that he could fool
 The teacher, with the mighty stride,
 By staying out of school.

MORRISON'S SOLILOQUY

I liked my life in the army,
 A doctor I'd like to be;
 But above all the things that I like,
 A nurse is the one for me.

OH! BOY!

She cuts her expenses each night,
 As she sits with her regular beau;
 Promptly at nine she turns out the light,
 She need but one flame, you know.

He kissed her on the cheek;
 It seemed a harmless frolic,
 But he's been laid up for a week,
 They say, with painter's colic.

He'd like to bust his marriage vow,
 His brow is lined with care;
 At first she struck his fancy; now
 She strikes him anywhere.