

# THE JUNGLE

## STAFF

President ..... Lightning  
Board of Directors ..... Thunder, Brighty, and Dinty  
Manager ..... The Tar Baby  
Office Boy ..... John Archey II (oogle-oogle-oogle-ooo)

Since our last issue of "Red and White," many changes have taken place in the management of this department. Pontiac, the former President, owing to the severity of the weather, was forced to hand in his resignation, and seek warmer climes in the South. In his place was elected, John Ray, a bright looking youth, and a molasses fiend of noted character. John Ray, by his strenuous efforts to do all things well has won for himself the title of "Lightning"; and has shown us all, by his desperate rushes at the promenade in the rink, that he is not afraid of bumping up against stone walls.

The former Board of Directors, which consisted of Twoddles, Joe Apples, and Dinty, has been almost totally changed. Twoddles was fired after three days, and Joe Apples resigned on account of his ill health, and run-down condition. Dinty, too, would probably have lost his position, had it not been for his clever and stealthy work at a recent social affair, where he wooed and captured, after a severe struggle, a fair and mysterious doll.

However, we are by no means handicapped; and our new Directors, Messrs. Thunder and Brighty, and our office boy John Archey II, are working with that old time vigor which is good to see.

## THE MUSIC MAKER

There's only two things make me mad,  
And feel like I would curse;  
And very hard it is to tell  
Which of the two is worse;  
Yet some will say; "Hold up your head  
And always wear a grin"—  
I wish these people could but hear  
"Jim" play the violin.

Whether at desk quite hard at work  
In contemplation deep,  
Or snuggled warmly in the cloths  
Trying to get some sleep,  
You'll hear a sound that seems to wear  
The semblance of a tune;  
As if a broken fife should strive  
To drown a cracked basson.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
Of music seems to come ;  
You sit in speechless agony,  
Until your ear is numb :  
Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to be  
A very dismal place ;  
Your "auld acquaintance" all at once  
Is shattered in the face.

But hark ! the air again is still ;  
And oh, what joy is found :  
The silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound :  
The quivers of his piercing notes,  
So petulant and shrill,  
Even if from infernal clime,  
Have ceased, and all is still.

I wonder why the player tries  
To dock the tail of Rhyme ;  
Perhaps 'tis that he thinks he will  
Have, in some future time,  
Cause to go far in the land,  
And serenade the fair ;  
Thinks he, their sweetness, they will waste  
Upon the desert air ???

Or perhaps 'tis that he thinks he will,  
When he is old and grey,  
Return again to St. Dunstan's,  
To drive the rats away ;  
The maledictions of discords  
He's learned with "childish will,"  
Will break the little creatures' hearts—  
They'll die,—and then be still.

Oh please, please cease—dear minstrel boy,  
Hang up your violin ;  
And go about and see the maids,  
And wear your old-time grin ;  
And for consolation, just think,  
That those who've ceased to play,  
If they are very good, will live  
To play another day.

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#### JAKEY'S CUTE COLLAR

Oh Freddy did start with a lightsome heart  
For a day in S. D. U.  
A new styled collar worth half a dollar  
He wore,—and his face was blue ;

And he felt quite proud, as he faced the crowd  
 In the old romantic place ;  
 And he thought it queer why the boys should jeer,  
 And the color mount his face.  
 And he liked the dear old collar, but,  
 From Kalamazoo to Nome,  
 He said to himself when he was alone :  
 "Gad, if I'd left it home !"

Oh he liked the style, but he couldn't smile—  
 For the collar pinched him so ;  
 And he couldn't eat, and he couldn't sleep,  
 And he had no place to go ;  
 And in deep despair he sought the fresh air,  
 • But there too, they only joked ;  
 And he tried to grin, but cut his chin,  
 And he choked—and choked—and choked !  
 And he liked the dear old collar, but,  
 From Kalamazoo to Nome,  
 He said to himself when he was alone :  
 "Gad, if I'd left it home !"

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#### THE PASSING OF THE DRAFT ADDRESS

Great fights have been fought, in Parliament oft,  
 By the men who make the laws,  
 With inkstands and books and angry looks  
 To supplement their jaws ;  
 Stormy sessions,—a sight—have lasted all night,  
 But the stormiest you ever could guess,  
 Was a month ago, on the night of war,  
 When we passed the draft address.

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 Parliament sat ; debate was on ;  
 Veterans strong were there ;  
 Father J. C. of old renown,  
 Sat in the Speaker's chair.

Those opposite, strong in a just cause,  
 Hurl'd challenge at the foe  
 Amid a thunder of applause,  
 While rained the lash and blow.

"By what right do you this or that ?"  
 A-ph-n-s-s sternly cried ;  
 "Things would be right, if we but sat  
 There, on the other side."

"The Premier is in France," quoth one,  
"Yet you say he's in his seat.  
For multilocation, he 'takes the bun',  
And quibbling his retreat."

The Premier feigned not to have heard,  
And asked him to repeat :  
The questioner did n'er a word,  
But harangued him thus complete :

"You did not to my question list ;  
Why, what's wrong with your ears ?  
Why don't you see a specialist—  
The fault's not in your years ?"

The Premier now did make reply :  
( 'Twas then a storm arose ;  
And back and forth hot words did fly,  
And all but very blows.

Vainly did Speaker cry "Behave."  
While rules hurled 'cross the floor,  
And Bourinot, over, in his grave  
Turned fifty times o. more.)

"You say that I am now in France ;  
How came you by such news ?  
I say you must be in a trance,  
Or twisted in you 'views.'

"Or else defective in your sight ;  
Why, take a look and see :  
I stand six feet or more in height,  
In breadth, not less than three."

This served but to increase the strife ;  
To add fuel to the blaze,  
Till someone cried for very life. . . . .  
The room was filled with haze.

But wilder yet did rage the storm ;  
The Premier now sore tried,  
Amid a hail of speech and scorn,  
Was buried in his pride.

'Twas then that Fr—k, with heart of fire,  
In hot words sought relief,  
And wrecked his just but vengeful ire  
On all who opposed his Chief.

He spared them not ; no quarter gave,  
And fought so valiantly,  
That soon, lay at his feet a brave  
But vanquished enemy.