

The Jungle

By the light of the Jungle Moon
I cannot turn verses meet,
My lyre has lost its tune,
And fettered are Pegasus's feet.

Here in this region rough
The king of beasts is the lion,
So I'll interpret the stuff
'Bout those "beastly lines" of mine.

Aloft I cannot fly:
Then give me your sympathy true;
If you care my troubles to try,
The Muses seek at the Zoo.

CAVE PATREM.

When her father loudly asks her
If she doesn't know its late,
Take the tip, my boy, and saunter
Down the walk and through the gate.

Do not linger if you tarry
For a fond farewell and sweet,
First take care that vengeful daddy
Comes not 'twixt you and the street.

THE PARTY WHIP.

There's many a man in the Premier's clan,
Who would die for his Chief with good-will,
A suffragette's there; by her does Jim swear
That he'd lay down his life for the Bill.

Mary had a little lamb,
It followed her to school;
Now she's starting up a ranch,
'Twas a Karakule.

The lines of Gypo oft remind us
That a fortune could be made,
If, upon a fat-food package,
His proportions were portrayed.

“FRICHI CICERIS”

If Charlie B. should, with artistic hand,
Attempt to reproduce,—we'll say the band—
Describing varied notes of music sweet,
As emanating from the players' feet ;
Or so compose the group that it should sum
To represent the Champion Football Team
In fine,—to give the picture sense and soul
Put M. posing for a kick at goal:
Would you, now would you, out of friendship, Frank,
Not think the artist dearly loved a prank,
Was meddling in mixtures, or had trouble
On the brain, which made him thus paint double
Yet just such stuff—(the riotous unrest
Of an imagination sore distressed)
As this, your witless bards and “sobbing sals”
Indite in pilfered lines, to their “Old pals,”
And silence all remonstrance with “Who cares?”
“No poet ever yet won fame by prayers
“What bard lets “Dare not” wait upon “I will”
“Your miscalled theft is nice artistic skill”
What hope is then from verses thus purveyed
By scribes that rival jackdaws on parade?
But poets have a privilege have they not
Of claiming as their own another's thought?
The boon's admitted: still you can't allow
That Pegasus be harnessed to a plough,
Or Helicon insulted by Reville—
To wit, “has anybody here seen—
Our—of the verdent colored tie?”
(The Muses! gentle creatures! why! they'd die)
Or that U of O presume to grow to be
“The Centre” as they call Old S. D. C.

THE HEN.

The goose who laid the golden egg,
Praised by the poet's pen
Where ere our glance reviews romance,
Has nothing on the hen.

This blithesome bird is seldom heard
To voice or plaint or woe,
Serenely sings, while dust she flings,
And turns her bread to "Dough."

A man I know, a year ago
Was hard-beset and poor,
A wife had he and children three ;
The wolf was at his door.

He got a hunch ; he sold his lunch
One day, and pawned his pen,
And gave up booze, and leased his shoes,
And bought a single hen.

Then from his home he did not roam,
But dreamed of banking gold.
When famine neared, his wife he cheered
With tales of wealth untold.

A cackling sound spread all around,
"Let Allah well be praised,"
"My wife," said he, Rejoice with me
The mortgage has been raised."

He now speeds far in his own car,
His wife reads magazines,
Their children three sport round her knee
In costly velveteens.