


THE JUNGLE



STAFF

<i>Moderator</i>	Fadder Joe
<i>President</i>	Smelt
<i>Vice President</i>	Wart
<i>Secretary</i>	Frig
<i>Committee</i>	Stork, Crow, Ostrich.

A TRAGEDY

Within a room sat old Black Joe,
In merry mood was he;
And, though the bell had long ago
Pealed forth its sad decree,
And all the lads throughout the Hall
Were gathered at their work,
He paid no heed unto the call,
And so did study shirk.
A footstep sounded on the stair;
A knock came to the door;
And Joe looked 'round in great despair
Then dropped upon the floor.
He crawled beneath the nearest bed
And here he refuge took,
Believing it, he later said,
The best of any nook.
The prefect entered on the scene;
O'er all the room did glance,
And naught escaped an eye so keen,
So poor Joe had no chance.
That raving gaze perchanced to rest
Upon an outstretched hand,
What this might mean, with greatest zest,
Was the prefect's loud demand.
The occupants did nothing say;
They knew it was no use;
They saw that Joe should surely pay,

For he had no excuse.

They were compelled to help him out,

From 'neath the bed you know,

And thus our hero, put to rout,

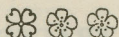
To study sad did go.

In danger men most anywhere,

Will seek retreat, 'tis said,

But old Black Joe does loud declare

Ne'er trust beneath the bed.



RUBBER JOHN

Right in this seat of learning wise,

There is a man of parts;

He comes to seek a high degree,

A Bachelor of Arts.

Each morning, noon and dewy eve,

As Mickey rings the bell,

John rushes over to his post,

First corridor's sentinel.

He has a pipe of strength most vile,

Which, smoking, he enjoys,

To go about the other rooms

And suffocate the boys.

To literature by nature bent,

He slings a nasty quill,

When all are sleeping peacefully

John's up and writing still.

For music, too, he does not lack,

But warbles loud and clear,

The strains gush upward from his heart,

That everyone may hear.

He is a man well-known to all,

And, all his features con;

And, as he passes by, they say,

"Why, there goes Rubber John."

SINGERS

The strongest men throughout the world,
Have all a weakness of their own;
And even at old S. D. U.
Our Dynamite his, long has shown.
He thinks that all the boys about
Whose clothes so often need repairs,
Should use machines, while there's no doubt
That, with the Singers, none compare.
Just why this doctrine he'll proclaim
Has long to us a puzzle been,
But now there's none who him will blame,
Since we the cause of it have seen.
Indeed, if we with Singers could
Connect such pleasures as does he,
There is no doubt but that we would.
All purchase Singers willingly.

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY

When first this old time fiddling
Swept o'er our little town,
I thought I'd try what I could do,
And I took my fiddle down.
I took it from its resting place,
And, from it, brushed the dust;
I handled it with tender care,
For, win that prize, I must.
But to that old-time jamboree
The fiddlers came from far;
And not a single graceless note
Did any music mar.
I'm sure I did my very best,
No man does any more;
But I was two, three points behind
When adding up the score.
But that is no great hinderance
From trying out my skill,
In every contest that may be
You'll hear my music still.
To persevere you sure will win,
That's what the sages say,
So I will keep on fiddling,
Until I win the day.

DICIT LUMMOX

*Catalina depravatus**Fuit maxime iratus,**Et Cicero alatus**Improbis prostratis.*

VALE

The Jungle Staff, whose bunk and chaff
 Have probably wearied you,
 Now lay their quills upon the shelf
 And bid you all adieu.

If we make religion our business, God will make it
 our blessedness.

—Adams

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment
 Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

—Shakespeare

Great names degrade instead of elevating those who
 know how to sustain them.

—La Rochefoucauld.

