

THE TRUE STORY OF JOSH HOODLUM AND  
AMANDA JONES.

DEDICATED AS A LAST PROOF OF ESTEEM TO THE  
CLASS OF NINETY-FOUR.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. *Eve of elections. Josh discovered in his room preparing for his death; meditating on the immortality of the soul; eagerly devouring Baldwin's Handbook of Psychology.*

Josh: Baldwin, thou reasonest well! For aye  
Shall live my shade, though rot this carnal clay;  
For he whose mind could grasp thy lucid page,  
Can never die, but lives from age to age.  
Hail, immortal soul, that scornest all *Sensation*!  
Divine perennial fruit of *Conservation*!  
That thou shalt live I know by *Intuition*.  
The fact's most clearly proved by *Apperception*;  
And though on earth's soft slime thou lose *Retention*,  
In heaven shalt thou obtain due *Recognition*.  
I see thy progress in *Imagination*.  
The vision sure is no *Hallucination*;  
And if thou could'st escape from *Combination*,  
Ye blessed gods, there's still *Elaboration*!  
But oh! to think that all my *motor nerves*,  
And oh! to think that all my *dorsal curves*,  
Must be destroyed!  
I feel quite sorry for my poor *medullum*  
Already just above my *spinal column*  
There is a chilling void.  
But come, come!  
Beat the drum!  
For the right,  
Bravely fight.  
Though all the Rugby men are there,  
And bruise and break me everywhere!  
I know to night that I must die;  
There's not to ask or reason why.

And how can man die better than facing foes so hearty,  
For the sake of life eternal, and the interests of his party.

[Exit to his fate.]

SCENE 2.—Enter two city toughs.

1st Tough: I say, old chappie, whither bound to-night!

2nd Tough: To see, dear pal, Bob Brutal's bull-dog fight.

1st Tough: Bull dogs be hanged! They're tame to my  
selections;

Let's go and see the Varsity boys' elections.

[Exeunt thither in great enthusiasm.]

SCENE 3. *Election hall. Earthly paradise. Hell in a corner. Celestial strains of music from Italian street piano. Heavenly fare in shape of ham sandwiches a foot thick.*

Josh: At last I've reached the awful place,  
At last I see before my face  
The fatal battle ground.  
But ere I end my earthly race,  
Ere flies my soul to empty space;  
O, Heaven! on me bestow the grace  
To take one look around.  
Before my eyes in bloody rout,  
Two mighty hosts appear;  
And hark! their frenzied battle shout  
Breaks loud upon my ear.  
"Union forever!" is the cry,  
Of those who have the right.  
"On, Alma Mater, on, or die!"  
Sways all the foe's bad might.  
Ranged deep around yon voting door,

The stanchest heroes stand;  
To break their ranks and gain that shore,  
Fight hard the general band.  
And lo! one man distends his crest,  
I see him raise his head,  
And on the shoulders of the rest  
Plant firm his dauntless tread.  
On, on he goes! the goal is nigh!  
Alas! they close the track!  
MacMillan grasps him by the thigh,  
And Lash has got his back.  
Boulton hugs his neck amain,  
And Ketchum pulls his hair;  
Around his form they tug and strain  
In long and dubious war;  
But down he goes! he bites the dirt!  
His mighty bones are shaken!  
His life is saved! He's lost his shirt!  
He has his picture taken.  
But now a fiercer fury glows  
In Union's bold array;  
Maclean now leads them on their foes  
To win the doubtful day.  
The hour has come! now must I fight;  
Now bare my brawny arm;  
Alas! my veins all run with fright,  
I shudder with alarm.  
But oh! be brave my trembling heart  
To play your grand heroic part;  
Fear not to make a valiant rush,  
Fear not to meet, and pull, and crush  
Yon Rugby chivalry.  
Could mighty Julius Cæsar die?  
Could Nelson fall, and cannot I?  
Ye heavens above, forbid such shame!  
Let naught be joined to Hoodlum's name,  
But death or victory!

[Rushes into the contest. A moment later is brought out alive but unconscious. Everything broken except his soul which remains immortal. Sent by freight to Weybach Hospital.]

SCENE 4. *Weybach. Enter Amanda.*

Amanda: Alas! my wild infatuation!  
To think Love needed Education;  
Don't talk to me of fame and learning,  
They cannot satisfy my yearning.  
What agony I felt in heart,  
When Josh and I were far apart!  
And now, when home they've brought my boy,  
My pain is greater than my joy.  
I find that Varsity ways are tough,  
I find that Varsity men are rough;  
They broke his leg, they smashed his arm,  
They brought his shapely face to harm.  
They blacked his eyes, they cracked his nose,  
They pounded him from head to toes;  
And this was done, you recollect,  
By men who train the intellect!  
I may be dull, but do the Muses  
Preside o'er thumps, and blows, and bruises?  
I may be blind, but does the light  
Of culture shine that men may fight?  
Then down, I say, with reason's feast,  
When reason makes a man a beast.  
Then burn your universities,  
When they become menageries;  
And since the wise no breeding ken,  
Let's all be fools and gentlemen.  
Dear Josh and I are now above  
All learned thoughts, for we have love;  
And soon with purest joy we'll fill  
The little house upon the hill.

W. P. R.

FINIS.