

M A R C H

Published in the hope of calling interested attention to evil conditions existing at Rice, in order that wise judgment and devoted energy may be incited to bring about improvements that are promotive of the welfare of an institution that is capable of noble work in "the advancement of Letters, Science and Art."

JANUARY, 1918

"MILITARY SYSTEM A RANK FAILURE"

PRESIDENT ADMITS IT IN SPEECH TO COMMISSIONED OFFICERS. COMMANDANT REAGAN SO ABSOLUTELY INEFFICIENT LOVETT INSISTS THAT WASHINGTON OUST HIM. SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ON THIS INSTITUTION OF HIGHER LEARNING.

NOTE: The author wishes to extend thanks to the university office for the records of our scholarship they have kept so carefully throughout the years; and to the office of the Commandant for the use of the official copy of General Army Orders No. 49, and for the privilege of perusing the battalion reports and rosters. Without their aid it would have been impossible to obtain the information for this article. He also wishes to say that the statistics given below have appeared over the signature of the Committee on Examinations and Standing, and are therefore authentic.

The military regime of Rice Institute is a most thorough failure.

The President of this institution has frankly admitted it—in fact, he is the man who made the statement. He recently called all the commissioned officers of our cadet corps before him and informed them that he realized the organization is a failure; that he had noted the total absence of discipline, and remarked that our Commandant is not as good as we should have (a very charitable way of expressing the idea), but that he is the best we can obtain. He told this assemblage of "commissioned personages" that he had made repeated visits to Washington in the past weeks endeavoring to secure another Commandant, expressed his chagrin at his inability to do so, and informed his hearers that Captain Reagan is fully aware of the attempts to shelve him. All of this doubtless causes the heart of our Commandant to swell with love and interest for our alma mater. He deplored the mistake that had been made in trying to transform at one fell stroke an academic student body, which had never previously been hampered by a single restriction, into a military camp.

After unburdening his heart in this fashion, Edgar Ideal leaned back in his chair, gazed at his favorite star, and implored the men before him to help him get away with the blunder that had been wised off on us for the balance of the year! Called on them to help him to continue a system that is killing Rice Institute.

A military reorganization began at the same time. All the companies were split up into squads, and instruction began in the "school of the soldier"—the identical work we began with the first day we stepped onto our drill grounds, the Commandant explaining that he feared he had failed to teach us the rudiments of drill as thoroughly as he should have.

We did not need either the President or the Commandant to tell us these things. We have already gotten our education—with a brick. It was rather nice of them to make the admission, however, for their action saved us the

UNITED WE STAND!

THE ONLY LOGICAL, LOYAL, TRULY-RICE THING TO DO IS TO SAY: "I REGRET THAT I MUST DECLINE TO ANSWER THE QUESTION," AND THEN STICK TO IT LIKE A MAN.

The men who engaged in this work, individual student, did it to foster a cause that is vitally your own; they did it, individual student, because they conscientiously believe it may aid in correcting undoubted injuries that have been done to each and every one of you, and to your university. And now, individual fellow student, they need, and ask, and feel entitled to, your co-operation and protection, for the good of your mutual cause, and for the prosperity of Rice.

You will give them this support and protection.

The way will not be the easiest or the most selfish way for the individual student; nevertheless, he will adopt the following plan, even if at a personal sacrifice, to further a cause that certainly deserves the support of every loyal, real man of the student body.

If you are asked, individual student, whether you had anything to do with this paper, or whether you know anything about its source, there are three courses that you might follow: (1) give some information; (2) deny having any information, and (3) respectfully decline to answer the question, because it is directed against a just cause that is your very own. To follow course (1) would directly entangle yourself or another student—you will not do that. To follow course (2) would be the easy, selfish thing to do, and you might be cleared; this, however, as a process of elimination, would tend to draw the net more closely about those who have tried to serve your cause by publishing this paper, and continued, might lead to their misfortune. As you are a Rice man, you will not follow course (2). What you will do will be to follow course (3): when you are asked any questions, you will reply very respectfully: "I regret that I must decline to answer the question"; if you are prodded as to the grounds for your attitude, merely call the attention of the questioner to the fact that your reasons for respectfully declining to answer are certainly obvious to both of you.

For the sake of a cause that is your own, let the individuals of a welded student body harmonize their voices in a respectful, but firmly immovable, "I regret that I must decline to answer the question." True, this may violate one of the "regulations"—but was ever an arbitrary, autocratic, repressive, unjust, foolish dictum ever violated for a more worthy cause?

No harm can come to a justly firm and justifiably united student body that is unquestionably in the right.

trouble of gaining an audience with them and doing the talking ourselves. Perhaps we could have made a slightly more complete exposition of the case than did they.

We know that of the 422 men, who began the year at Rice, only 268 remain (information obtained from the consolidated morning reports of the battalion); that 51 men and 9 women failed to pass the Christmas exams, and were requested not to return to Rice; that 60 men in addition are on probation for unsatisfactory work, and that the chances are against them in weathering the next examinations; that 74 men and 15 women left Rice last term to enter the army; to enter some other school, or to go to work (this information is obtained from a report bearing the signature of the Committee on Examinations and Standing); that there are remaining in Rice very few more than 208 men who are not on probation; that more than half of these remaining 200 men have failed in some one of their courses; and that the grades of the handful of men who still remain in good standing, are 25 per cent lower than they were at this time last year. In all, 91 Freshmen, 35 Sophomores, 13

Juniors, 7 Seniors and 3 special students have departed from our midst. The careful reader will note that this total from the university office does not check with the total from the office of the Commandant—worry not, gentle reader, for these two institutions seldom check as closely as this.

We know that the whole school is behind in its academic schedule; that we have not completed as much work as we accomplished within the same period last year; that the whole student body is discouraged; that the same feeling has crept into the hearts of our instructors, who realize that we cannot do our best work under existing conditions. We know this because many of the instructors, after first looking north, east, south and west, have expressed their disgust to us in language anything but parliamentary.

The President and Commandant have now come in, plead guilty to their failure, owned up that you cannot combine an academic student body and a military camp into one organization, for the reason that the two will not operate together; and have sought the support of the students, through the

officers, to help them continue their mistake.

To err is not human; but to remain in error is diabolical. The student body will continue to regard the system for what it is—a job to be performed by its directors for what they are—a bunch of hypocrites; and to afford them no more co-operation than we have in the past.

What is this system, and why was it ever begun?

General Army Orders No. 49, dated Sept. 20, 1916, and signed by Major General H. L. Scott, Chief of Staff, U. S. A., describes the more important phases of the R. O. T. C. briefly as follows:

Object: To prepare men to intelligently perform the duties of commissioned officers in the U. S. Army.

Conditions of Service: Citizens of U. S., over 14 years of age, who are physically fit to perform military duty.

Location: At accredited universities of the country.

Training: 3 hours per week per academic year to be taken as military work. The complete outline of the courses is too lengthy for this article. Students may find a copy of it on pages 56-59, inclusive, of the announcement of Rice Institute for 1917-1918, or on page 21 of G. A. O. No. 49.

Briefly, we were to study ground drills, calisthenics, rifle work, camp sanitation, signaling, attachments, map work, military history, tactics, ordnance, etc. We were to have lectures on these subjects, and they were to be as much a part of our school work as are English and calculus. With our schedule before us, let us see what we have done to help whip Germany.

We have an infantry unit at Rice, and the Government has had a retired cavalry officer to instruct us. This old maid is completely dominated by the university office, and the history of our R. O. T. C. is a story of the whims of the CLIFF DWYER, his heady-eyed underling, the would-be kaiser, Johnny T. McCan-not, and that "conscientious objector," the draft dodger, ZEUS BRAUSTEIN. Up to the present time we have never had a gun on our shoulders. This may be excused because of the fact that new guns are not obtainable here.

At the present time we have received a lecture in a single one of the courses outlined above. This cannot be excused by any claimed lack of equipment. The instruction has been given calisthenics or uniform physical training of any sort, and no equipment or supplies are needed for this. It requires, however, the presence of a little vocal energy by our Commandant or Bull Sergeant. We have been forced to drill 5 hours per week, instead of 3, as called for in the R. O. T. C. regulations, and our instruction has been such that ten days ago we were compelled to start over again at the beginning, because we had not mastered the rudiments of ordinary ground drill after three months of effort.

Instead of teaching us military science, and making us physically better and stronger men, they "organized our lives." This "organization" began at 5:45 in the morning, and ended at 11:00 o'clock at night. By its orders we are required to get up to a bugle call, and report for reveille, and to march to breakfast in regular company formation, where we are seated by command. Fifteen minutes after breakfast, inspection call is sounded, and you must be in your room to stand inspection. Sick call is blown at the same time, and you must report to the Commandant if you are under the weather. Thirty minutes later drill call is sounded, and we drill for an hour. Four hours of classes follow. At noon we go through once more with the foidler incident to obtaining our meals. The hours between 1:30 and 3:30 p. m. are spent in the laboratories. At 6 p. m. we line up once more, answer roll, and file in to get our beans. At 7:45 call to quarters is sounded, and we must be in our rooms until 10:30. We must not even cross the hall to obtain a book, ask information, or get warm if our north room is cold. Should we be compelled to do so, the standard method of procedure is as follows: Run down four flights of stairs, explain to the guard (the guard, composed of students, who could well afford to be studying, is mounted every night at 7:10, Saturday and Sunday included, to see that we obey the regulations) that you are going to the Commandant's office, run across the campus to the stadium, get a permit to cross the hall, and sign up in the

O. D.'s book the hour of the grant. Armed with this document, you go back to your dormitory, climb five flights of steps, and walk triumphantly into your neighbor's room. Having gotten the book, or information, as the case may be, you run down four flights of steps, back to the Commandant's office, "sign out," and return to your room. All this must be done before you are allowed to go a distance of four feet across the hall. However, you take your choice of doing this, or walking a couple of hours' worth of tours if the division inspector or Sergeant Jerusalem, on one of their snoring tours, catch you out of your room without a permit.

This "organization of our lives" has split our day up with many petty duties that the intervals between them scarcely exceed 15 minutes each. Instead of increasing our available time for study, they have cut it in half. It would seem on inspection that the hours from 7:15 to 10:30 p. m. are consecrated to study—far from it! The first and last hour are taken up with entirely unnecessary conversations with the poor ducks who stick their head in your door at intervals of 10 minutes (this is a fact) to ask the lame question: "All well?" The second hour is consumed in getting permits to go to the library or somewhere else that it is absolutely essential you go. Permits must be obtained before doing anything that is useful—otherwise your actions are "verboten" in the proper Teuton manner. Then, of course, you have to play pitch with the guard, or find something for the inspector to read, or to listen respectfully to a long line of near jokes from the lips of the Captain when he makes his inspection. The poor fellows have to be amused, and it's all at the night's work. At 10:15, when the guards have departed, you settle back in peace, to you get rammed by the taps inspector have an idea and do a little work, and get into bed at 10:30. You go to sleep disgested, and get up in the same humor when first call blares forth out of the darkness.

But this is only the beginning. They next caused to be printed that volume of Ford jokes, a book of exactly 220 regulations governing the conduct of our lives, and some of these regulations are ourselves familiar with them. This was doubtless intended to constitute all our text books in the courses of field intrenchments, tactics, et al.—at any rate, it is the only text we have ever seen. It is not necessary for a student to have any initiative whatever, the little yellow bible tells him how he must get dressed, dress and go to church. From it they first learned how to write permits—but of them later.

The regulations of this volume remind us of our laws governing the conduct of soldiers. They were written with the knowledge that they would be broken more often than obeyed. Our President admitted within the first two weeks of school that he did not care to anticipate, or particularly desire that the students obey explicitly the rules set forth in the regulations. What the idea was in ever compiling this mass of restrictions is beyond us; unless our rulers hoped to camouflage the War Department out of a little equipment. Suffice it to say, this fiasco has failed, as has the balance of their plans. A "Military Committee" was next formed to take care of the voluminous mass of permits, explanations and excuses that the regulations compel the student body to turn out, and our newfound happiness was complete.

With their organized daily schedules, their book of regulations, and the committee on Military Affairs completed, and in running order, the three aforementioned gentlemen started out, to use their own words, "To get the student body under their thumbs." It is a matter of small importance to these gentlemen whether they developed a disciplined, clear-headed, well-muscled man to perform intelligently the duties of a commissioned officer. Their duty is to keep us under their thumbs, and the United States may go hang. To accomplish this, penalties have been devised covering every possible breach of these 220 regulations. These penalties take the form of "tours" (walking a prescribed beat for hours at a time), "confinements" (in your room), and "expulsion from school." Guards are posted every night to see that we remain in our room and obey the regulations.

These three busy workers completed their job all too quickly to suit them, but, since they tore down their regulations and made a new set, before we

had learned the old. It takes about 7 days to turn out a new set of regulations at Rice, and our guardians have not disappointed us; we have new reading material on hand each week. By this vacillating policy, the committee has killed all interest in affairs military. Discipline is a commodity that doesn't exist. The guards don't guard, and the inspectors play peek with the rest of the boys. The officer who appreciates his job for what it is—a joke—and reports nobody for anything. The sergeant goes on his weekly spree, and takes it out on the first bunch of white-faced Fridays he encounters on his awakening next day.

The Military Committee meets and suspends two boys for several days because they failed to write a permit in the proper form; expel a girl for a week because the laundry lost her uniform; sentence another boy to walk a tour of 24 hours because he failed to hear a cadet officer command him to remove his hat; confine another to his room for a week because he failed to report a sick call; and so on. The only thing being that he was too sick to report; table a suggestion made by several students that the institute commons should comply with Hoover's requests, stop wasting food, have wheelless and mess-less days, and limit the amount of sugar served; spend an hour in heated discussion as to whether the little wooden blocks placed on our room doors for our cards should be of pine or oak. A suggestion is made that the girls' drill be discontinued; Red Cross work and calisthenics replaced. This motion is killed in its tracks, for some good might come of it—a few women might be trained to efficiently serve their country, and this is not desired. Besides, the work on our room doors for indoors, would not have the same news value as the present drill, and the institute would lose a lot of perfectly good publicity. The matter of this matter is discussed; plans for an issue of wooden guns for the girls are considered. This matter settled, the committee calls a day and quits, for its supply of victims is run low, and it must wait until the morrow for a new supply to glout over.

And all this is for and in the name of the "Advancement of Letters, Science and Art!"

Most of us are exempt from conscription, because our Government expects us to prepare ourselves to the best of our ability as technicians, men to help fill the Nation's needs. Why do the authorities of this school hinder us in every manner they can devise? Why do they make us do things that we might employ in useful study in useless red tape that adds nothing to the ability of our minds, to the strength of our bodies, or to the knowledge of affairs military—red tape which the men who conceived the R. O. T. C. never dreamed would exist?

What's the big idea? Why do they call us to perpetuate a job that we do not want to go on to do it. Instead, we are going on them to help us do something useful, to cut out all this damnfoolery at one fell swoop, as they installed it, to bend all their energy toward the creation of lecture courses in the requisite subjects, and to make our drill worth while; to stop howling about inability to get any equipment, to let them do it, because of our lack of equipment, only grant that the work may lead to a useful end, and have an object, and they will find that the spirit of Rice will return in a twinkling.

This is the only call we will ever respond to.

THE DEVIL'S PRAYER.

The Devil sat by a lake of fire,
On a pile of sulphur kegs;
His head bent down upon his breast,
And his tail between his legs;
A look of shame upon his face,
And sparks dripped from his eyes;
He had sent in his resignation
To the brass band of heaven,
"I'm down and out," the Devil said,
Crying as if in tears:
"There are others that outclass me,
And I want to quit the job.
Here they aren't, but I am."
This infernal place of mine—
Where I'm in the middle—
That university of thine,
Ome Commandant's office,
With the guard,
Knows more about damnation
Than all the angels in heaven,
Give my job to Prexy,
I'm done with it, I'll rest,
They know far more about it,
And understand it best.
I hate to leave the job, but
The home I've found so nice,
But I've got to go,
In the art of running Rice.

A TRAGICAL JOKE— DRILL FOR GIRLS

BURDENED WITH THE WEARING OF AN UNGODLY UNIFORM AND THE OBSERVANCE OF A THOUSAND REGULATIONS, THE WOMEN ARE PROMISED RED CROSS TRAINING, BUT THEY GET SQUAD MANEUVERS FROM INFANTRY DRILL REGULATIONS.

Among all the iniquitous ramifications of the domineering, farcical militaristic system now obtaining at the Rice Institute, those applying to the women students are probably the worst.

What is the situation? Here we have it: A few hundred girls entering college in the fall of 1917 with the hope and expectation of broadening themselves by free and congenial converse with their college mates, and fitting themselves to fill better their stations in life by the acquisition of valuable knowledge. As they entered school, some, for they had been here in past years, had bright remembrances of the Rice of old, and some coming into their freshman year, had rosy anticipation of the benefit and pleasure that were sure awaited them. But what did await them? We can speak only of the past, yet this past may well be taken as an index to the future, for the year is now almost half gone.

First, they are confronted with the mandate that all women students must wear uniforms of a certain prescribed cloth and pattern, and such cloth and such a pattern! A thin, rough, twill, of an uncertain color, between a grass green and a tobacco brown; the skirt cut with some regard for economy (being so narrow, in fact, that buttons go flying from the gaping front when a reasonably long step is taken); but with the coat cut with no regard for anything. We are told that the wife of the President planned these things. If so, the good wife is about equally as good in designing clothes as her husband is in planning an intelligent military regime. And the girls are forced to wear these unspeakably ugly costumes every day to and from school. It is a matter of record that no longer than ten days ago a young lady appeared on the campus dressed in clothes other than her uniform, that the "Little President," the so-called Dean of Women, who officiated at the girls' rest room, seeing the young lady, ordered her to go home. Returning in a short while in an automobile to get her chum, the "Little President" again spies her, and summarily suspends her for five days.

The uniform is not the only evil. The catalog states that first aid and Red Cross work will be given the girls, with occasional periods of simple calisthenics. This would probably have been quite acceptable to the young women as training for their part of the war's work, and yet after four months of school not a class has been held in first aid or Red Cross work. They have had their Major, their Captains, Lieutenants and non-coms appointed, and have been given close order military drill, a thing for which they will never have use, though they lived for a hundred years, the coming triumphs of woman suffrage and feminism notwithstanding.

Military drill for girls! The authorities here hailed it with acclaim, publishing the fact broadcast, even going so far as to have motion pictures taken of the young women in battalion formations. The first school in the United States to have real military drill for girls. Proud and vainglorious over the fact, it would behoove our superiors rather to be shamed and conscience stricken for this unpalatable injustice.

Red Cross work and calisthenics—that is what we were promised, and what did we receive? A tri-weekly offering of "squads right" and "squads left," period above all an opportunity for our graceful and charming Commandant to prouet in front of a couple of hundred young women, exercising his well known arts as a lady-killer, regardless of the rumors that has gone abroad concerning a certain Georgia helmpet.

There we have it. A community of young ladies eager to learn something of value, and to do their part in the work of the war, forced to execute by the hour squad movements from the Infantry Drill Regulations. Surely a more nonsensical and altogether disgusting program could not have been devised.

SEND THIS SHEET HOME!

Your parents should be made acquainted with conditions at this place of Liberal and Technical Learning, to which they sent you.

Students' parents are entitled to a complete knowledge of the conditions surrounding their sons and daughters; the university office consistently deprives them of any opportunity of getting that knowledge this year; this paper presents the real facts, deplorable though they are—mail it to your parents, let them bring pressure to bear.

Rice Students:

This university, in its true, permanent form, is entitled—as your "Alma Mater"—to a devotion on your part that should set aside all individual, personal considerations; any personal sacrifices that you may have to offer, any time and effort that it may become your lot, yes, and your privilege, to give to any cause that is truly in the interest of the enduring welfare of your university, should be given freely and eagerly.

Words and logic are not needed to convince you, who have lived some four months in "Rice, the military camp," that the glaringly inefficient, pitifully cumbersome, destructively inapplicable militaristic "system" which dominates, or rather, suffocates, life at Rice, is a proven menace to the progress and the prospects of "Rice, the university of liberal and technical learning, founded in the City of Houston, Texas, for the advancement of Letters, Science and Art."

This, as any other, factor that minimizes or destroys the potentiality for the good of higher education, that exists in the Rice Institute, should be zealously (though ever broadly and rationally and fairly) combated and opposed until the menace is removed, that this and succeeding generations may receive the intended benefit from the realization of the inspired ideal of a broad, worthy man, who was a noble, and a consistently practical, dreamer—the honored William Marsh Rice, cherished in loving memory!

No one, better than the students, can know the real conditions existing at a university, and no one—no, not even Trustees, President, or Faculty—can feel more deeply than those self-same students, any injury that comes to the welfare of their university.

You know, students, the truth of the conditions herein presented; you know, only too well, the evils that are products of the "system" at Rice; you know that all the evils of that system could be removed without sacrificing any of the really beneficial phases that are a part of the "system"; you know that exactly this should be done.

Therefore, endorse this paper, students, and mail it to your parents, in order that, with the true understanding of the situation, to which they are entitled, they may write to the President or Trustees, and thus, perhaps, be a stimulus in bringing about better conditions in Rice Institute.

HERE HE IS, "THE EDUCATOR."

Say, who is the guy with the browlet high?
Friend of the festive worm?
Who can bisect an arc in a room that is dark
And hog-tie a comma germ?
Yes, who knows the sky like you or like I
Are acquaint with a boiled egg?
Who's kink of a school with 10,000,000
A prey that doesn't beg?
Who never knew how to milk a cow
Or wake up a mile with the reins;
Yet draws down the cash in a way that is rash
For admixing science and brains?
Whose heroes have sped with the days that are dead?
Whose manners are nifty and nice?
Yea, who is inclined to a double-deck mind?
Why, Lovett of old Puffed Rice!

T. M. R.

We've nothing but beers for the gink who steers
Our corps through its troubled sea;
So there's nothing but grief for the little tin chief.
As long as that chief is he!
Whatever he does he'll hear the buzz
Of critics as thick as flies,
And all of his sins are sins and shames,
And nothing he does is wise.
We've nothing but kicks for the wop
Who sticks
All day behind Caspar's chair,
And his weak heart aches, and his wish-bone breaks.
And he's losing most of his hair!
We've nothing but howls and knocker's growls,
And deserved slings and slams,
And vile cartoons and a dish of prunes
And a chorus of students' damns.
Oh! You "humble Caps," with your simple "maps,"
Who fuss with the Sergeant sash,
Just view the woes of the simp who rose
Above and beyond the mass?
And be glad today that you go your way
And quiet and peaceful scenes
And spend more thought as you know
You ought
In cramming your silly beans!

WHERE DID SERGEANT JERUS'LEM GO WITH HIS SATCHEL ON SATURDAY NIGHT?

Dedicated to Our "Serg." (with Apologies to the writer of "Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go with Friday on Saturday Night?").

Two months or more ago, I think that's when
Rice Institute had a Sergeant blow in,
Sergeant Jerus'lem, of horseman's fame,
Had a big name, but was there all the same.
He came to teach us of the Infantry,
Because he knew the cavalry;
He was a little mutt; he had an office,
BUT Saturday night was shut. So:

CHORUS:

Where did Sergeant Jerus'lem go with his satchel on Saturday night?
Every Saturday night he would start out to roam.
And on Sunday morning he'd come staggering home.
In the City of Houston the beer's always foaming.
And where there is beer, there the Sergeant is roaming!
So where did Sergeant Jerus'lem go with his satchel on Saturday night?

Sergeant Jerus'lem was a good old scout,
Sergeant Jerus'lem knew his way about,
Citizen's clothes he would don now and then—
He knew just when he would like to have gin—
He held the rest of us we couldn't go.
All of our stay in the attic stow,
Now, we must sit behind, learn to be very kind,
Bringing the Sergeant home blind. So:

Where did Sergeant Jerus'lem go with his satchel on Saturday night?
Every Saturday night he would start out to roam.
And on Sunday morning he'd come staggering home.
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THE FABLE OF THE MALICIOUS MOGULS

Once upon a Time there was a Community of some six hundred Students who were designated as Mere Humans to distinguish them from their rulers. The titled Salary Getters who mis-ruled the Mere Humans were known as the High Mogul Haitet and a Cluster of Sub-Moguls, some of whom wanted to be little Near-Gods, while the others tried to be little Near-Devis, and all these Salary Getters pretty nearly attained those desired Ambitions.

High Mogul Haitet got more Coin than any of the Sub-Moguls, because he was nearer the Fund; the only work he did was to appear to think that all the S. M.'s. were really working—and that was Some Job. Haitet lived up in a Tower that was Impregnable; one day he was very compassionate toward the Mere Humans, and issued a Presidential Bull decreeing that any of the Mere Humans who wanted to consult the H. M. could climb to the Sanctum at a certain hour of the day—of course the Hour picked was one at which most of the M. H.'s. were at work that they could not ever be permitted to neglect, and, anyway, the High Mogul placed such a mass of Scarlet Tape all about the tower that no M. H. could ever have gotten through it. In fact, it should be here noted that the Art of wading through Carmine Tape was known only to the Moguls, who were Experts; the Vermillion Tape was to the Moguls the Boon of their existence, and to the Students who were Mere Humans it was the Bane of their existence.

The H. M. always kept looking for Stars when he descended from the Sanctum Impregnable (some said he was Absent-minded and was looking for It), so that he could not see anything that was happening to the M. H.'s. And all the S. M.'s. were so busy coiling Cardinal Tape about the Students to keep them from even Vibrating that they didn't want to see what was Befalling the Mere Humans.

The Salary Getters spent the money of a Man who had been Good and Honest and Kind; and it must have been a Rare Treat for Them. They were Pensioned to look after the fields of Rice, but they made everything so Befuddled that they couldn't even see the Fields; the Rice became Blighted with a militaristic Disease because of their poor farming methods, and it looked as though they wouldn't have any Crop of Rice. The Moguls made things so bad in the fields of Rice that all the living things wanted to get Out; some jumped the fence to get Out where they could be Real Humans; some more were crowded out at Christmas time and became Happily Free; the Remainers stayed, Praying for June. The Prospects were that, when the Gates were opened in June, and all the Living Things escaped, all the Moguls could not get any more of the Living Things herded inside the fence again, because they would know too much about It and about Them.

The Right Hand Man of the High Mogul was called Johnnie Cannot, but he usually did. If the system had been a clock, Johnnie would have been the Mainspring, and Haitet, the High Mogul, would have been the Winder; it would have been an Alarming Clock, and should have had good reason to have kept its Hands before its Face; it should have made the Trustees Wake up and call the Official Timekeeper up on the Mat. John had everything done Perfumctorily, with enough false waste of Time to indicate either Supreme Dig-

nity or Intense Foolishness. The Joint called Office was the factory for the Voluminous Production of Scarlet Tape, and there were three Wholesale Distributors, all of whom were Sub-Moguls.

One of the W. D.'s. cashed checks made out to Gasper Holstein; he was Snowed under with a mass of Useless Duties which he performed, though he was nearly enough Human to seem not to enjoy doing them. He wasted enough Cadet Perambulating to have marched a Battalion all around the President's Horizon when he had his head at the Customary Tilt looking Starward.

Another was a Sub-Mogul with the initials T. M. R., some said that his full name was Too Much Regulation. He was Reputed to have been in the Army, and maybe it was So. Anyway, he Retired several years ago, and has been Sound Asleep ever since. He and the High Mogul know all the impossible Names and Adjectives that they frequently apply to each other—but they wouldn't Print them all.

Then there was the Guy that always wanted to use the Big Stick; in fact, people should have said that he liked the B. S. better than anything else if they could have forgotten his trips to town in Civilian Clothes, and the Assistance that had been given him on his Unsteady Returns; they were sure that when in Uniform he liked the B. S. better than Anything. His name was Jerusalem, a living Contrast and a Profound Apology to the Holy Land. He had also been Retired and Sound Asleep for a long time, but he put more Emphasis on the Sound part, and made more Rumpus than the other Retired Person.

One day all the Salary Getters were as busy as Usual, doing their two Main Works: keeping other people from discovering What was What among the Rice that had been carefully Planted, and secondly, Kidding themselves into believing that Conditions were Decent; they were interrupted by some Mere Humans who wanted to know to what the Community was Dedicated. The H. M. Smiled grinnily, and replied, gazing in Rapture at unseen Stars: "The first Standard is Scarlet Tape; the second Standard is Vermillion Tape; the third Standard is Cardinal Tape. The Community is Dead-seated to the advancement of Letters of Explanations and Permits, to the Science of devising Military Systems that don't fit Mere Humans, and to the Art of tenaciously staying with a Policy you have Adopted, even though you know it is Unsuitable, Unwise, and Wrong."

The Mere Humans were Humbled by the Eloquence they had heard, and Slunk away to their Barracks.

SOME DEFINITIONS FOUND IN A LEXICON WHICH IS NOT KEPT IN THE UNIVERSITY OFFICE.

Absence (from anything), a heinous crime, for which a student must write an explanation, after the rejection of which the student must waste some perfectly good time walking "tours."

Assembly, a sort of call; when it is sounded, all the puppets are gathered to put on a show; this show is invariably a comedy.

Authority, the correct meaning of this word has been lost; approximately, it has come to mean "anything"—or, "nothing."

B. Sergeant (see, also, "Sergeant?"), a species of biped which infests certain universities which have inadequate protection from parasitism; this animal consists of two factors: a voice, and a reputation; the one, it makes conspicuous; the other, it endeavors to hide.

Bugler (sometimes spelled "bugler?"), a species of discord incarnate; this animal is difficult to find when sought, but very tame when not pursued; it is generally hunted for about ten minutes after meal time, in order that it may sound Assembly (see above).

Cadet, a university student who receives (together with semi-efficient instruction in military drill) more suspicious watching than a life term criminal, and more old-maidish care-taking than an invalid in a kindergarten.

Captain, a person possessing a vacillating near-dignity and probably a pension; he has an inherent right to have things done strictly according to rules that have been changed and contradicted without notice or warning.

Co-ed, usually a female student in a university, has come to mean a discontented female in a formerly-academic military camp; is sometimes found robed in shoddy khaki; occasionally gregarious in squads or companies.

Commission, that which makes an officer; a haphazard dictum of a person in power; this title gives one the right to wear leather puttees, to strut around, and to give orders to persons who frequently know more than he does.

Company, the vassals of a Captain; a collection of puppets; applied to Co-eds (see above), it means a group of female students who are compelled to drill when they want, and should be receiving, instruction in Red Cross and first-aid work.

Delay, one of the things of which a cadet must not be guilty; also a frequent occurrence in the working of some military systems at universities.

Democracy, the most valuable thing which an academic (or any other) community can possess; that of which at least one university has been robbed; that quality which has become a vanished ideal and a cherished memory to all who love that same university.

Satan, the personage who ruled the infernal regions prior to September 24, 1917; since that time the control of that place has been in other hands.

Division inspector, one of the eggs in an intricate machine which consumes much fuel, and produces nothing but evil results.

Jerusalem.

His hair is long, his breath is strong.
His hat is old and battered;
His knees are sprung, his nerves unstrung.
His clothes are muchly scattered.
His shoes are worn, his hides be torn
By too much nightly bawling,
And yet, by heck, he's tough old neck,
Was once some "dear old darling."

Oh Jove! Please let us at 'im.

We'd send him out to hit the route,
A dismal fate for his'n,
For if he'd stop, some Bellaire Cop
Would slam him into prison.
Some hayseed, if he would make him
trudge
Out where the rock pile's lying.
To labor there, in ale despair,
'Till next year's snows are flying.

Oh Jove! Please let us at 'im.

The co-eds shy when he goes by
With righteous wrath they con him;
They'd give him kicks and hand him
bricks
And train their pop-puns on him.
His legs are sprained, his fetlocks
strained.
From too much good old "Hilly,"
It's hard to think that seedling gink
Was some one's little Willie!

Oh Jove! Please let us at 'im.

Of brains he's bare; his matted hair
Could not be combed with barrows;
His garb is weird, his stubble beard
Will soon be homes for sparrows.
Give him the good out towards the road
And chase him like damnation!
Let's all contend, and put an end
To "Luther's reformation."

Oh Jove! Please let us at 'im.