

FILE ON THE STUDENTS' BURDEN.

With apologies to Kipling.

Pile on the students' burden !
Just as you think they need,
Go, clear away the "flunkouts"
Who Progress would impede;
Be very stern, for truly
'Tis useless to be mild
With new-caught sullen students
Half manly and half child.

Pile on the students' burden !
And if ye rouse their hate,
Meet their old-fashioned reasons
With rulings up-to-date.
With words and resolutions
A hundred times make plain,
The students' loss must ever
Imply the library's gain.

Pile on the students' burden !
Nor do not deem it hard,
If you should earn the raucour
Of those ye yearn to guard;
The routine of your red-tape
Will drown your victim's sob,
Go on with cries and laughter
There's dollars in the job.

Pile on the students' burden !
And through the world proclaim
That ye are Learning's agents—
There's no more paying game.
And should your own past history
Straight in your teeth be thrown
Retort that college rulings
Are good for Profs alone.

And if by chance ye falter,
Or lag along the course,
Or should the men leave freely,
Ye feel some slight remorse
Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,
Imperialism's prop,
And bid him, for your comfort,
Turn on his Jingo stop !