

while taking his evening walk. He asked a stranger if he knew where his hotel was—the name of it was something like “whiskey straight.” The stranger replied that it must be either too straight or mixed.

As to the State College Battalion there are two ways in which we can look at it—the battalion as it really is, or as Prexy’s model battalion, the one that teaches you to “keep your shoes blacked” and gives you a “manly bearing about the college grounds.” The one which “preserves the brawn and brain of the State from becoming humped and degenerated into a set of monkeys.” In fact, the only opportunity that Prex ever had to speak to this battalion and didn’t was the time that Hep Clark lined it up at his door in despair. He simply looked sad, as he always did after a creamery raid; as if he had suddenly found out that there were more bad than good men, and more bad men among good men than he had ever dreamed of before.

And this brings us to the battalion as it really exists. No one has ever been able to tell us whether this article was of any use or not until this year. The reason is that for several years past Prexy hasn’t been teaching Political Economy. If his definitions are correct, then no one will doubt as to whether or not the State College battalion has “utility;” for there never was anything about the college that satisfied the desire of more in less time. When “Horatio” entered college he was trying for military honors, but had his desires completely satisfied in his prep. year. “Harry” had his satisfied after he had gained the distinction of carrying the famous “pumpkin-chopper,” and standing in the footprints of the sergeant-major, a position which “Ed” had just resigned. The financial outlook wasn’t bright enough for “Harry,” and there wasn’t enough time for “Ed” to dissipate.

“Ginger” and “Kid” also had their desires satisfied. They can’t give you the exact date, but say it was sometime during their junior year. We don’t know how they felt, but judging from their looks they must have felt like the old Southerner who had lost four wives. When consulted as to his feelings he replied he felt as if he were in the hands of an all-wise, unscrupulous Providence.