

sion officer's consent within half a day, and was transferred from the delicate signal corps to the artillery within two days, choosing rather to undergo the hardships of an artilleryman than to rise with the roosters and use his deaf and dumb alphabet to address the rising sun.

But after all it is not so much what we are as what people think we are, and the battalion seems to be one of the means of making the public think that we're on the road to fame. So let all just honor and praise be given to those who still stand for the multitude of those fallen out of the race. When we go out from these college walls and come to march in the ranks of the world we'll have the satisfaction of knowing that we have marched in the State College Battalion with a true and loyal set of classmates, and when the mark of years presents itself on our heads and we come to check the bench marks of our future happiness we will exclaim, "Oh, for the glory of old State!" R. P. C., '04.

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#### DRY STUFF.

When the members of the Loafers' Union had assembled for the evening, Hadley determined to steal a march on the dormitory philosopher, and before the latter had his pipe lighted, he began:

"The other night I had a dream. I dreamt that the winter exams. were over."

"What joy!" broke in Chad, from the corner.

"The customary number of freshmen had flunked out, and horrible to relate, some sophomores, too. I was very well satisfied with my marks. In fact, I received an 'A' in applied"——

"That's enough," cried Max, "it's all made up. You can't even dream of those things. I could tell bigger ones than that, but I have more respect for the fellows here."

Here the dormitory philosopher saw a chance of having his say. He began: "There's going to be a new course in college."