

Military

The spirit of the day—youth in uniform.

We experience a surge of inexplicable feeling as the battalions swing out of squad formation and into columns of four to march before us on parade. Stripplings just from their freshman and sophomore classrooms radiate a soldierly and almost too-mature stateliness that loses its machine-like precision as now and then they miss a step or let a line get wavy. Very human fellows, these, tramping on down the hill between the campus road and Clifton Avenue, and back up again. Hip! two! three! four!

Their officers are hardly older than they in years, yet they have something of age and sturdiness about their self-assured squareness. Honors, the basis for most effort, military or otherwise, come freely to the well-drilled and the assiduous, in the form of commissions and bright-colored decorations.

Nor are we really surprised that the co-eds stand all a-flutter before the natty finery of the officers. We fellows in mufti must admit, "there's something about a soldier—"