

Captain Jules.

Everybody conceded that Jules should have the booby prize. He himself expected little else. He admitted that his men were an ungainly lot who could never "hep" and do a "right-shoulder" at one and the same time. It was most certainly an unpromising lot. Long-legged, awkward fellows, without cadence or rhythm in a single motion. "As bad as 'D'" was the bitterest word any Captain in the battalion could say when his own company needed dressing down.

Many criticised "D" for entering at all, and spoiling what might otherwise be an almost faultless competitive drill.

"D" had a captain. He was resolved, like the noble Duke of York, that whenever he marched his men up a hill he would invariably march them down again. Jules declared that "D" should compete by all means.

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The amphitheatre was packed. People craned their necks, as "B," fresh from its band-box, marched out, and with short snappy step and dazzling cadence set the pace for the other companies. Without a halt or a skip "B" retired in glory from the field, and we all cheered. Then "A" followed, and went through the prescribed manoeuvres,—and "C" likewise, but they strove only for second place. Betting was five to one on "B."

Last of all came "D." It strove for nothing. A pond of water from the heavy rain of the night before lay at one edge of the parade ground. "D" began. Then stopped. Poor Jules had lost his head, and the first order brought his company plump up against the pond, the water lapping the men's boots. The other companies began to hoot. Jules thought he had better do something. "Dismissed!" was the sharp order,—then he walked leisurely around the pond,—"Company, fall in!" was the next.

The Judge lifted his eyebrows questioningly. Jules replied calmly that if the judge was ready, he guessed he would begin now with the competitive drill. What judge would not admire such brazen effrontery, and would refuse to erase the black marks from his record caused by the preliminary blundering order?

A thrill went through "D" as they saw the

clean white sheets again in the judge's hand. The company rallied—a grim gritty look came into the men's faces, and—, well. "D" began again.

The gold medal looked beautiful on the blue uniform of stalwart Captain Jules.

CLARK OBERLIES.

J. Norman Shreve is in the city for the holiday vacation.

S. W. Pinkerton will spend the holidays at Red Oak, Iowa.

The Palladians will elect officers Tuesday afternoon.

A. S. Draper of the University of Illinois will deliver the Charter Day oration.

E. A. Pillsbury '97 who has spent the summer and fall in Minnesota, is at home now and makes the University an occasional visit.

Miss Jennie Borst of Peru visited over Sunday with the Misses Nona and Bertha Johnston.

P. H. Thomson entertained the English club at the rooms of the Tau Alpha Omicron society Saturday night. The club was largely represented and a number of friends were present.

The members of the Glee Club are unusually hard at work this year. The home concert will occur some time in February. A trip in the west will include Denver, Colorado Springs, Cripple Creek, Pueblo, and Bolder.

The Unions have elected the following officers for the ensuing term: president, H. S. Evans; vice president, Miss McCune; secretary Miss Mumau; critic, Miss Chappell; corresponding secretary, Miss McGuffey; sergeant-at-arms, W. G. Kinton.

The University society of Civil Engineers will hold a meeting in room eight, University hall, Thursday, January 5th at 5 p. m., at which a talk on the subject of "Government Land Surveys" will be given by A. H. Andrews, president of the society.

Married,—On Wednesday Dec. 15, at Monroe, Iowa, Alfred F. Baldrige to Miss Lillian French. Mr. Baldrige is a member of '99. His many friends wish him unlimited matrimonial bliss. Mr. and Mrs. Baldrige are at home to friends at 1229 S street.