Did I iver take Milth'ry Dhrill at Tich, ye ask, Hinnissy? Faith, an' I did," said Mr. Dooley. "It happened wan bright an' glorious Winsdah afternoon. I had me Thrig. done f'r th' next day, an' I had used'up me full allowance iv headaches, an' toothaches, an' sore feet, so th' only excuse I had lift f'r cuttin' dhrill was a small hole in th' little finger iv me dirty white gloves, an' I'd lift thim to home. So duty called, an' I had to go, Hinnissy, I had to go. Th' glory iv th' ordinary soldier's life has no attractions f'r me, but th' dhrill at Tich is a wondhertul case iv what Teddy Rosenfelt calls th' strinuous life. 'T is wan long after-noon iv privation an' hardship f'r th' Frishman. Manny a brave wan has fallen in th' midst iv th' long an' teedjus march acrost th' armory, f'r because his lift foot thripped over his right. Yes, Hinnissy, fallen like a hero, niver to rise again — more quickly. Think iv it! While others are comfortably seated at home be th' cheery heat iv th' empty coal-bin, these noble young pathrites, with th' first blush iv innocent innocence on the'er frish young faces, an' second-hand drill-suits wrapped around thim, at that very moment, perhaps, are marchin' back an' forth over th' hard flure, thinkin' iv th' dear wans they lift to home. Ah, but it makes men iv thim to undergo these hardships iv war in th' armory, to go f'r minutes at a time without a bite to eat, an' to face th' dangers iv th' weekly roll-call unflinchingly. Whim I think iv it, Hinnissy, th' horrors iv war is terrible, an' th' time must come when arbitration will take th' place iv this Winsdah-afternoon dhrill, with all its attendant sickness, as shown be th' excuses handed in to th' War Departmint in Harry Tyler's office."

"F'r why do they have this dhrill at Tich?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It is like a horse thrade, Hinnissy. Th' State says to Tich: 'I will give ye a handful iv gold fr'm my binful, together with a steel scale an' a pair iv nickel-plated calipers, if ye will kindly point out to each Frishman as he goes by, th' difference bechune th' butt end iv a gun an' a drink iv wather.' 'It's a go,' says Tich, an' th' thrade is made. An' sildom a week goes by but some Frishman learns gradually to know a gun when he sees it in th' shop window w.th th' label on it. Iv course, all this takes some time. As Hogan wud say, 'Rome was not built by th' day.' If I had me say, I'd pinsion off iv'ry Frishman that took drill. Besides th' Gran' Army vet'rans an' th' Spanish War vet'rans, we'd have th' vet'rans iv th' bloody Winsdah-afternoon dhrill. A good medal f'r th' gallant conduct iv th' man that resisted th' temptation to scratch his lift ear while chargin' at double-quick time, an' a pitcher-c ird f'r th' meritorious judgment iv th' man that had his gloves washed. Thruce merit should n't go unrewarded.

Iv'ry man should know at least a little about Milth'ry Tictacs, Hinnissy. 'Tis too bad that th' gin'rals iv our army is too busy to dhrop in Huntington Hall wanst in a while iv a Saturday mornin' when th' wether is good, an' hear th' lecture on Milth'ry Science, or 'What I got when I said Zu-Zu.' Think iv th' advantage iv such a course! F'r instance, a Frishman iv a dark Winsdah night hears a burglar downstairs. Th' Frishman quietly slips on his drill-suit an' cap, takes down his air-gun fr'm th' shilf, an' stilthily creeps downstairs. An' prisintly th' burglar hears a clear, young voice ring out on th' still night air: 'Porth ar-rms, right-about face, foors right, guide lift, right face, lift face, to th' divvle, MARCH!' Th' burglar dhrops his jimmy, an' goin' to th' sideboard he gets a white tablecloth an' thremblingly hands it to th' Frishman as a sign iv traditional surrender."

"They must have a thorough coorse in Milth'ry Tictacs, Hinnissy." said Mr. Hennessy. "They do that," said Mr. Dooley, "but if I was th' State, an' wanted to make dead sure iv trainin' thin to be better soldiers, I'd change th' coorse a little."

"How?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I'd substitute ping-pong," said Mr. Dooley.