

SINEWS AND SCIENCE

JOSEPH LAWLER, WENDELL ROBERTS, K. J. DALQUIST.

FATE IS LOCOED

CLAWS ARE CLIPPED FROM TERRIBLE TIGERS.

(BY O. HENRY LAWLOR)

One of the most terrible massacres ever perpetrated on a diamond was pulled off on Berry Field last Saturday.

"Allah be praised it is Fate" is the only excuse for it.

Custer's last stand was child's play compared to the tomahawking that the officers of No. 54 outfit received. The meek and lowly orderlies just "Be-voed" them around the arena and it was a broken-hearted gang of pulse estimators that left the field to nurse their moaning Cinderellas and to compare stone bruises, while on the other hand the esprit de corps of the victors was quite noticeable.

In the ninth inning the vanquished ones put over a rally which netted them six runs and made them as happy as a Wall Street lamb when he sees Baraboo Steel making the grade.

As the contest progressed a few features were sprung that made the game tasty, for instance, the soldierly Captain Meade, looking as smooth as an alibi, goes over and turns in a pretty running catch of a long fly which was applauded heartily. Then the gallant Lieutenant "Irving" Cobb made a Ringling Brothers' slide for home, closely pursued by "Stand Away" Collier. Dame Rumor had it that the pursurer was tapped for fluid by the pursued and was out to get even.

Then the noble friend of the afflicted, Captain "Ambassador" Choate, smote out a real Spartan triple and tore around those bases in a connected manner.

Captain Dawdle and Captain Hagler were in the points for the officers and while putting everything they had on the spheroid except anthrax, fell foreign legion like to the "Busy Berthas of the Via of Hoboken outfit.

Major Burrage certainly had his eye on the ball, which also speaks well for the state of Maine and Portland.

Cement Captains Freed and Zinner held the slants of their assaulted slab artists and tried to steady them but to no avail.

For the orderlies Sergeant Keefher and Chef Zissett, in fact, the whole team played great ball. Cupid Rankin stole second base with the bases full, which was the big event of the P. M. matinee. He just "Casey Jonesed" his way along the liberty loving paths until brought to a realization of his crime. This is the third time this has been done in baseball.

Sergeant Peoria Doc Rand had an easy afternoon handling his charges, as they were out for blood, so Doc ambled into the grandstand and chat-

ted with Dave Warfield and "Poco" Bennett.

Theda O'Connor umpired and gave general satisfaction throughout the contest, but had to leave early on account of a pressing engagement. It was certainly an afternoon of mirth and melody and in consolation to the defeated ones we will repeat: "IT IS FATE ALLAH BE PRAISED."

TIGER LIKE.



CAPTAIN DAWDLE OF THE VANQUISHED NINE

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Captain Zinner, in the opinion of the writer, must have had played a little ball in his day. Not that the efficient registrar is getting old, but because he still can Fox Trot but he just naturally handles himself well.

The orderlies were at all times nonchalant and we're sorry at the plight of their superiors.

Quite a crowd was present at the game and quite a collection was taken up for the "Lost St. Bernard Dogs in the Alps.

TRAVELS NORTH.

Private Theodore Neal, associate business manager of The Caduceus, left on Tuesday for a ten-day furlough, which will be spent at Newark, Ohio.

GOING OVER.

Six officers who have been at the base hospital for some time have been called out during the past week. They are Captains Wilkes and Webster and Lieutenants Collins, Algood, Lockbridge and Loville. They have gone to a point of embarkation.

WE THOUGHT SO

'Twas at the Army Ball;
He held her close and
Whispered sweet nothings into her ear,
And she believed him—
At least, he thought she did.

He begged her for a kiss;
She gave it and
Told him that he was the first,
And he believed her—
At least, she thought he did.

That night she told
All her friends,
How she'd strung the poor fellow along—
And they believed her—
At least she thought they did

Every man in his company
Heard all about
The little peach that fell;
And they believed him—
At least he thought they did.

And the next day,
She wrote and told her fiance
How she'd missed him at the dance;
And he believed her—
At least she thought he did.

And the Sammy wrote
The girl back home;
That army life was hell,
And she believed him—
And least, he thought she did.
—Contributed by Sergt Arnold W. Goldstein.

WITH REVERSE ENGLISH.

There is a man in Bozeman, Mont., who will probably go through life bemoaning the injustice of the draft board that certified him for service despite the fact that he presented a letter written by his wife to prove that he had a dependent family. Here is the letter:

"Dear United States Army:—
My husband ast me to write a recommend that he supports his family. He cannot read, so don't tell him. Just take him. He ain't done nothing but play a fiddle and drink lemon essence since I married him, eight years ago and I got to feed seven kids of his. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He's good on squirrels and eatin'. Take him and welcum. I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this, but take him."

POULSEN LOCATED.

Word from Sergeant Neils Poulsen is to the effect that he is well located at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., and has started work of preparing himself for a commission. His address is 15th Company, C. O. T. C., Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.