

SINEWS AND SCIENCE

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STANDS ELEVENTH

CAMP GREENE RECORDED 2,876
CASES IN JUNE.

Not counting the unrecorded games of horseshoe and quoits and maybe a few harmless rolling of the bones, Camp Greene officially carries 2,876 athletic games during the month of June, according to figures just returned from the Y. M. C. A. center at Washington. While these contests of skill were going on 35,303 spectators watched the efforts of the 17,420 participants according to the official figures.

This showing places Camp Greene eleventh in the standing of all camps in athletics for June. Camp Shelby is rated just above with Camp Johnston in twelfth place.

Camp Jackson, the big artillery camp, at Columbia, S. C., led the list with 343,814 men partaking in athletics for June, the report shows.

Fort Oglethorpe, at Chattanooga, Tenn., was second, reaching 252,859 men and Camp Gordon at Atlanta, Ga., third, with 206,663.

Camp Sevier is fifth and Camp Wadsworth ninth.

THEY'RE COMIN' THROUGH.

Listen, Heinie—we're tellin' you—
Look out fer th' Yanks—they're com-
in' through!

It may be now, or it may be then—
They're not particular' carin' when—
But sure as shootin', yer "Wacht am
Rhine"

Is jest about due fer th' Indian sign!

Listen, Heinie—we're tellin' you—
You'll git yours—when th' Yanks
come through!

It may be quick, or it may be slow—
Ask yer Crown Prince—he might
know!

Whichever it is, it'll be th' same—
Old Tough-Luck Fritz—here goes yer
game!

Listen, Heinie—we're tellin' you—
Th' Yanks don't stop—when they're
comin' through!

They've took a chew, and their teeth's
all set—

And you not come to yer senses yet!
Didn't git mad 'til you bit their legs—
But you'll go some now if you save
yer eggs!

Listen, Heinie—we're tellin' you—
It won't be nice, when th' Yanks
come through!

There's been things done—and there's
been things said—

That've sorta stuck in th' Yankee
head.

And that's why, Fritz—we're warnin'
you—

To yell fer yer Gott—they're comin'
through!

—WALTER S. GREENOUGH.

HEALTH WILL HELP

"The success of a nation in war
or peace depends upon the conser-
vation of the health of its citizens.
Eat less—work more. Wear out—
don't rust out. Health is an asset—
sickness a liability.

TO GRIFFIO

A FEATURE ON "THE PATHS OF
GLORY."

(By Joseph Lawlor).

It was midnight along the Great
White Lane everywhere the eye could
roam one could see Fashion and Beau-
ty at its height. The idols of the The-
spians were chatting and laughing
gaily while on their way to the Lob-
ster Palaces it was truly a scene from
Bohemia. On entering one of the
Gilded Palaces one was struck by the
whirl and jazz of the devotees of New
York's night life. In the middle of
the cafe a clean-cut young gentleman
was surrounded by a crowd of his ad-
mirers who were heaping praise and
also mixed drinks upon the youth who
had created a sensation in the Fistic
Circles of New York.

The young man in question was
none other than Young Grino, one
of the most marvelous youngsters
who had ever graced the squared cir-
cle, he was indeed a marvel, columns
could be written about this Austra-
lian who nary a warrior could touch.
His battles in this country were one
whirl of success one after the other
bowed down to this young mitt art-
ist but on the other hand the Idol
worshippers were slowly but surely
forcing the clever youth to hit the
down grade. Young Griffio it is said
couldn't tell the difference between a
ten dollar bill and a one dollar bill.
The sport writers of the country tell
of different incidents that go to prove
this it is said that his manager many
times after a fight would give him a
bunch of one dollar bills and the face
of Griffio would beam with joy at the
large amount of "Jack" he imagined
he had often times in the "Gin Foun-
dries" he would stand in the middle
of the floor with a glass of water on
his head and leave any man in the
house, knock it off if he could and
mind you, Griffio wouldn't leave the
circle in which he was standing.

But after a while Young Griffio in-
deed began to slip and it wasn't be-
fore long that he became a part of
the coterie that was once great. He
went from bad to worse and at last
The Idol really had no place that he
could call home. The scene now
changes; it is at least eight years
since his initiation into Bohemia a
party of Chicago's settlement work-

NOTHIN' STIRRIN'

If it were not so bloomin' ot we
would have a funeral for old man ath-
letics at the base hospital. He has
passed into the shades. There is no
baseball, no track and mighty little
volley ball.

Private Dalquist, the peppery man-
ager of the base hospital team, has
tried in vain for games. He loudly
proclaims the pill jugglers to be the
champions of the camp and the an-
swer is silence.

Of course we have a little horse-
shoe now and then when the shad-
ows lengthen—but it is even too hot
to write about it.

WHY EXAMINERS COMMIT HARI KARI.

Question:—Give emergency treat-
ment for hemorrhage from the lungs.

Answer:—Apply a tourniquet.

Question:—Describe the pelvic dia-
phragm.

Answer:—The diaphragm does not
go as low as the pelvis.

EXPLAIN.

The boys are terribly suspicious of
that plain gold ring that you are wear-
ing since you returned from that fur-
lough Francis, why don't you explain
all about it?

ers are paying their usual Christmas
visit to a large public sanitarium out-
side Chicago, it so happened that they
came on a forlorn looking unfortu-
nate on the snow covered ground.
Something about the fellow attracted
their attention and they asked the
attendant who he was. The attend-
an said he thought it was Griffio. Lit-
tle did the party know that this was
the real Young Griffio, the idol of two
continents to whom the cultured and
uncouth paid homage.

We ask ourselves "who such an
ending for a genius in his line and
for answer we fall back upon the
lines from the pen of Michael Strange,
the female literary sensation of the
year, who is causing a furror in the
Metropolitan art circles. She writes:

Why some down flying bird

Shakes a slumbering rose—

Why a poet's muse leads on—or
goes—

God knows.

Why love, juggling with gleams

Should alight upon your sill

Singing to you—"Fulfill"—"Fulfill"—

Till you arise—cry out—and find a'll
still.

Why birth is launched amid shrieks
and cries,

Why life is spun from a thread of
sighs,

Until death sweeps upon his flight of
crows—

God knows.