600 SOLDIERS SEE BIG TIME BOXING MATCHES

Bout Between Sagert, Co. C, and Ignaccio, Co. K, Both of Thirty-ninth, Features Y 104 Athletic Night.

"Big time boxing" had its innings over at the "Y" 104, under the supervision of Mr. Williams, the athletic director. Although there were only 600 there as a result of the bad roads and inclement weather, this same 600 appreciated the show immensely, if the applause given signifies anything.

The initial bout of the evening brought together Foster, of Company B, 1st N. H., and Camatonce, of the same outfit. Both boys weighed about 140 pounds. These lads put up a lively bout, but it could be easily seen that Foster was teaching his opponent some fine points in the fistic game for future use "over there," when it becomes necessary in a hand-to-hand tussel with some big "Boche." They went three rounds.

Next to go on were Sagert, of Company C, of the Thirty-ninth, and Ignaccio, of Company K, of the Thirty-ninth. This was the best bout of the evening and was marked by some real clever boxing, also some nifty ducking by Sagert, who had no trouble in outpointing his rival after four rounds of milling. The "go" was highly amusing to the audience, who applauded to an echo.

The final on the program came Tuite and Muller, both of Company B, 1st N. H., and weighing about 175 pounds. These men had agreed before going on not to slug, but no sooner had the gong sounded when they went at each other like cats and dogs and before long the fight became an old-fashioned battle royal. It seemed that Tuite had some old grudge he wished to settle in the way he sailed into his rival. After two rounds of furious milling Muller was ready to quit.

Cote, of Company I, of the 39th, and Rossetta, of M. G. Co., came out of the corners in the next set-to. These men put up a fine battle for two rounds, but it could easily be seen that Cote was Rossetta's master. Cote sure had his opponent worried with a cutting right-hand chop which he worked to perfection.

The final battle of the evening came from an unexpected source, the men engaged being Cook Aussich and Ahern, both of the M. G. Company, of the Thirty-ninth. The whole affair was brewed in the mess-hall and the two men finally decided to have it out over at the "Y." It turned out to be a lively struggle and the cook, who is built like a "ration wagon," pounded his opponent so badly that in the second interval the fight had to be stopped.

As a whole, the evening was well spent and the audience dispersed and returned to the tents with a satisfied feeling. If the future shows of the same high standard the "Y" will always be packed on "athletic night."

Whitty, Sagert refereed and "Goldy" Goldstein acted as timekeeper.

TO DECIDE WRESTLING CHAMPION OF SEVENTH

Privates Stalter, Co. K, Rodman, Co. I, and Ogyjanovic, Co. L., Entered in Final Matches.

Monday evening at Y. M. C. A. 102, opened with a few songs by the crowd, the men singing "Let's Go" and "Wearin' of the Green" in fine shape. It is a pleasure to hear a few hundred men singing those songs as they have done every week.

The medals were very good and were enjoyed by every one.

The start-off was opened with the Indian wrestling match to decide the champion of the Seventh regiment. Each company had a representative on hand and the contest was long and hard fought. It came to a final between four men, Private Stalter, Co. K, Private Gwidt, Co. H, Private Rodman, Co. I, and Private Ogyjanovic, Co. L, all of the Seventh regiment. The finals will be decided next Monday evening for the championship of Indian wrestling of the Seventh regiment.

The 45s fight produced much fun. It was won by Private Gwidt, Co. H, but he suffered defeat to the surprise of every one by losing two falls to three to Corporal Fuhr, of the Sixty-Three Artillery. We all know the result.

The wrestling was put on and Private Gwidt threw Private Stalter for a fall in seven minutes. This ended the game and we started boxing.

The first bout was between Private Rosenberg, U. S. and Sergeant Demetros, Headquarters Co. The four rounds would have been a success but for the unsportsmanlike actions of Demetros. Everyone taking notice of his actions and making remarks about him. The finish will be seen next Monday evening.

Privates Prete and Fred Burns placed a dancing exhibition for the men much to their displeasure.

The real stuff was shown by Private Rabinowitz, Co. H, and Private Vanandersommen, Co. H. Private Rabinowitz is good and in a short time will defeat anything his weight in camp.

This brought the hands of the clock around to 9.20 and time to quit, so the men could write their letters.

CORPL. HANNA WRITES WINNING SHORT STORY

(Continued from Page One.)

girl, too, though we'd never seen her—only her picture; and the baby. The kid looked just like Craig, only being a girl she was different, of course. It was that picture of his girl and their baby that Craig used to carry next to his heart and look at by the hour steady. We never ragged him about it; he was only a boy, 19, or so. If he'd been older and hadn't been Craig—but, well, there was something so fine, and sort of pitiful, too, about his devotion to that scip of a girl and hers for him; and then, there was the baby! Why, I don't believe Craig's girl was more'n seventeen when that baby came. Craig called her the "Little Mother," and was that proud of her! You could see it in his eyes, and hear it in his voice when he talked about her. And we used to make him tell us all about her, and about the baby he'd never seen. And the queer part of it was, he was never mournful about it, like some of the boys are, when they get to thinking they'll never see their women again. He said maybe he'd see her, and maybe he wouldn't; but it was worth death and more to have known her for just the few days like he did.

You see, Craig was bossing a gang of pile-drivers down Galveston way when he heard they was raising the American legion up in Canada. So he goes up and enlists. He didn't have a girl then. And before we left Valcartier, he was a sergeant in our company. And only eighteen then! You know, now, he was a man, if he did have to lie about his age when he married the girl. He met her in the big camp—Badin't known her more'n a few days when we got our orders to sail. So he marries her one day and by six the next morning he's on the transport headed down the St. Lawrence.

We'd been in France a year now, and some of us thought just naturally he'd forget about the girl, and she would be one of them war bride you hear so much about. But that wasn't Craig's way. He would have stuck to her if he hated her; but he seemed to get fonder of her every day. And when she wrote that there was a baby, nothing living could have parted Craig from that bit of a girl.

We couldn't find the tin-type, and Vaux and Eads got their rifles and stood all day by a loop-hole, waiting to potshot some unlucky fritzie what hadn't never heard of Craig and the tin-type. They said some one was going to suffer for losing that picture.

It was an hour before the bearers come and got Craig. One of them, a sort of half-baked medico, shook his head when he saw Craig, and said he didn't know whether it was worth while carrying him to the hospital or not. They were very busy, he said, taking care of men what would live, and maybe he'd better wait a little and bury Craig. Vaux said something to him, and the next minute I heard the bearer laughing sort of uneasy-like, and he says, "Of course, of course. I was only joking. I'll rush him right over."

"I don't like that kind of a joke," says Vaux. "And mind you, my man, I'll be over to the dressing station directly, and if my sergeant ain't there, why, there'll be one target less for the boches to shoot at, meaning you, of course."

When Vaux comes back from that trip, he says, "Yes, he's alive." And that's all he would say. He sat humped over in the trench, staring at the mud, with his face working nervous-like. After a while Eads says, "Do they think he'll pull through?" "They do," says Vaux, and puts his face in his hands. Eads looks at him a minute and goes on, "Well, if he'll pull through, what the hell's the matter with you?"

"He's—he's—blind!" Vaux whispers. "My Gawd, he'll live, and he's blind, and he'll never see her again. And he'll never glimpse the baby what he's never once seen." Vaux couldn't say no more. Eads turned away sudden and went down to the other end of the trench for something.

"I wish he would die," Vaux whispers. "Think of it, Bill," he says to me, "him looking forward every day to seeing her again; and now, wanting so to see the baby. And he won't never see them with his eyes. It's hell!"

"It's worse," I says. "Does he know he's blind?"

Vaux nodded.

"What does he say?"

"He says that if any of us write to his girl that he's lost his eyes, he'll leave his cot and shoot us, so help him Gawd."

"So he ain't going to tell her?"

"Not that. He says to me, 'Come back again when you can, Sparrow. I've got to write a letter to May, and I want you to do it for me. But I've got to think it over first,' he says. 'I can't tell the Little Mother I'm blind. I've got to think it over.'"

"She'll have to know it some time," I says.

Vaux starts up sudden, and says, "He's asking for the tin-type."

"But if he can see——"

"He says he knows the picture by heart, so if he can hold it in his hands, he'll think he's looking at it. What'll we do?"

"Find it," I says. "We got to find it now."

"But we've straightened out the trench and thrdown all the dirt outside." That was a stunner for me. If that tin-type hadn't been blown to pieces, it was somewhere in the dirt we had chucked up on the parapet after that shell put such a crimp in the trench. We couldn't get out there and hunt for the picture. The Tritzies would pot us. "Go and get Eads," I said.

When the two of them came back, Eads said, "We'll wait till it's dark and then creep out and paw that dirt some more. We got to find it now."

So after a while, we three crawled out and spent the whole night running our hands through the fresh dirt. I don't know if our officers knew what we were doing. At any rate, if they missed us, they didn't ask no questions. When it was almost dawn we got back into the trench, cold and wet and tired and hungry; and we hadn't found the tin-type.

"What'll we do now?" Eads asks, starting a fire to boil some tea. "We just can't tell Craig that the picture is lost."

"I've got an idea," says Vaux. "Had it with me all night. We'll make a tin-type."

"Make one, you chump," says Eads. "You talk like a blooming colonel of engineers."

"Not make one exactly like it—just a piece of tin the same size, and all that. Craig won't know the difference."

We didn't say anything for some minutes, thinking over Vaux's proposition. "Where'll you get the tin," Eads asked.

"Bully beef can," says Vaux. "We'll cut itthe same size as near as we can remember and flatten it out nice and smooth."

That same afternoon we emptied a new bully-beef tin and cut a piece from it. Then we had a great argument over the proper size. "Cut a little more off the short end," says Eads. "That tin-type wasn't so long."

"I think it ought to come off the long side," says Vaux.

"And I think," I says, "the whole thing is too big. If you dont get it exact, Craig will know. They say blind people are awfully sharp with their hands."

"Go on, you rooster!" says Eads. "He hasn't been blind long enough to recognize things just by feeling them."

"Well, says Vaux, "the tin-type came in an ordinary envelope. Got one about you?" Eads had, so we measured the tin by the envelope, trimming it so it would just slip inside. After that Vaux spent most of an hour hammering it on a board. Finally he said he had done what he could with it. And there it was—just a bit of steel-blue tin, blank as a sheet, that he was going to palm off on Craig for a picture of May and the baby. Then he goes and has a talk with the captain and comes back for his tunic and says he's going up to the hospital to write that letter for the boy.

When he got back three hours later Eads and me was waiting to hear what he had to say. "When I got there," says Vaux, "there was a new orderly on the door and he wouldn't let me in. I thought I would stick around a while till the other orderly, what knew me, came on. Pretty soon the orderly comes out and says, 'Are you Sparrow Vaux?'

"'I'm Mr. Vaux to horses like you,' says I.

"'All right, Mr. Vaux, no offense meant. You may come in now. The sergeant wants to see you.' The first thing Craig says is "Have you got the picture?"

"'I have,' I says, and I put it to his hand. He takes it quick and feels it all over. 'It isn't cracked, is it?' he says. 'May and the baby look just like they did?'

"'It's just like it was,' I says. 'Of, course it got some mud on it, but we washed that off.' He holds it up to his bandaged face for most of ten minutes—just held it there and says nothing. Then he slips it inside his nightie on his heart and tells me what to put in the letter."

Of course, Eads and me wants to know what he wrote to the girl, but we didn't think it was fair to ask. But Vaux says after a minute: "He's certainly some boy, that youngster. He tied the girl not to be scared because his chum was doing the writing for him, that a bullet had grazed his right hand and it was all done up in bandages so he couldn't hold a pencil; and she wasn't to worry, because he's lying soft in hospital, and he tells her to cheer up, and kiss the kid for him every night, and send him a line when she hasn't got anything else to do."

"Does he still think he is going to die?" Eads asked.

"He's sure of it, but it doesn't seem to worry him. I think he'd rather be dead than have his girl know he was blind. But he's got some queer ideas, or instance, he says it's all right with him if he dies, because he'll see May and the baby right soon on the other side."

"Other side of what?" I asked.

"You big horse!" says Eads. "Where do the boys go when they go west? I mean men like Craig, who live straight and do what's right by other people."

"I see," I says. "But how does he expect to see his girl so soon?"

"Why, it's this way," says Vaux. "He says you don't notice time on the other side. A year goe sby just like a minute, and he'll be happy thinking of her, and then, first thing he knows, the girl and the baby will be there with him. But it's hard on the girl, he says, because she may live to be an old woman, all the time wanting to see him and show him the baby. Funny, ain't it, what notions a fellow will get when he think's he'd going to die."

"Do you think we'll know each other on the other side?" I said.

"Why not?" says Eads. "You know me here, don't you? Well, do you think you'll know less over there? It stands to reason that you'll know more. You'll recognize people you never saw here at all, Bill, if you're lucky enough to get there. Some day you'll be walking along watching the lions and lambs a-gambolin' in the big green medders, and you'll run smack up against Moses, or St. Peter, maybe, and you'll know 'em right off the bat."

Queer imagination that fellow Eads had.

"What else about the boy?" I asked.

"When he got through doing the letter," says Vaux, "he got out that bit of tin again. One of the orderlies saw him holding it up in front of his bandages and he says, 'Wot the.....'

"I chocked him off quick. 'I'll be through here in a minute, orderly,' I says. And then I took him into a corner and wised him up, and told him to tell the other orderlies and nurses about the tin-type. I hated to tell him about poor Craig and the girl, but I couldn't have him go spoiling it all by asking Craig what he was doing with that piece of tin."

Sparrow went to see Craig the next day, and the next, and said everything was all right. Craig still had the piece of tin and the orderlies said he spent most of the time holding it in his hands.

The third day when Vaux came back he beckoned to Eads and me to the end of the trench and says, "Where I got there this morning, the boy was lying very still with the piece of tin held up in front of him. A doctor and a nurse was sitting by the bed, and the doctor was feeling Craig's pulse every once in a while.

"'Is that you, chum?' he says; and his voice was awful weak.

"'It's me, sergeant,' I answered.

"Then the doctor felt his pulse again after a few minutes and held it quite a time. Then he nodded to the nurse and she got up and hung a red card over the bed.

"So the boy went west holding that piece of tin up to his poor blind eyes, like he was looking at a real picture of his girl and the baby."

Eads and I didn't say anything for sometime. Then I says, "Sparrow, ain't you sort of ashamed of deceiving Craig with that piece of tin? He's dead now, and he just naturally knows all about it, according to Eads here."

"Stuff!" said Eads. "The boy's got that piece of tin over on the other side now, and he's looking at it, thinking when he'll see the girl and their baby. And the tin ain't blank any more. It's got pictures of May and the kid on it, just like the real tin type had, only prettier. Everything is prettier over there."

Eads was the lad with the imagination. We always said he was.

COMMANDER IS HONORED BY MEN

(Continued from Page One.)

stein, Battery C. Referee, Sergeant Finn.

The cook must not be forgotten. As a culinary artist, Cook Burke ranks A-No. 1. His contribution to the happiness of the evening cannot be overestimated. His sandwiches, cake, lemonade and good things to eat—in their excellence of preparation but testified further to the efficiency of Battery C, of the Sixteenth field artillery.

LOST.

Chow dog, about size of shepard, bushy tail, heavy fur, up-standing pointed ears, head like fox. Please notify Hotel Clayton.

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