

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT
OF
BASEBALL - UNIFORMS

The Athletic Store

(OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL)

SMILES.

Be thankful if you are blessed with a sense of humor. The ability to see the funny side of railroad wrecks, funerals and army stew will make life run along like a song.

Camp is full of funny things and funny folks.

Can't you see something funny in the antics of the mongrels that infest the reservation? There's a laugh in every corner of every tent. There's a roar on every side if you will look around a bit. Even the solemnity of the most doleful creature among us is humorous.

Life itself is a joke—come on with your wails and refutations. If you learn to laugh, life in the army will be anything but disagreeable. The humorous publications by no means have a corner on wit and humor. Enough funny incidents occur daily in every company street to fill a volume of joke sheets.

Money says the most sober-minded individual in camp would have tittered had he been privileged to witness last week a certain Ethiopian golf contest in which the figures 7 and 11 play an important part. One of the men in the game had promised himself he would gamble only the \$2.00 he had won in a previous match.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet and, hoisting a lean, green roll from his pocket, exclaimed:

"Somebody here has won one of my own dollars. I didn't mean to play that."

And in this one there is at least one guffaw. A Newburg private recently carried a torn, mud-besmirched blouse to the regimental tailor, and meekly inquired what the tax would be for "overhauling" the garment. Even the tailor snickered. Surely you laugh when you encounter the man so careless with his opinion and thoughts as to allow himself to believe this division is going to France.

Wouldn't you smile if, while your company was marching, your commander should halt the outfit and inquire of a garrulous private: "Do you know what it means to march at ease?"

And the private would reply, "Yes, sir, it means to keep one foot in place."

Or perhaps it would require something bordering on a holocaust to bring a grin to your visage. If so pursue the following: A well known, prodigious private, doing 72 hours in the trenches, hid himself during the night to an ammunition niche to snatch a few winks of sleep. As the frail youth was reposing in a hole in the wall a violent storm broke, causing washouts galore. And out of a hundred holes in the walls the storm had to pick on a fatigued private's trench boudoir. Eight or ten tons of rock slipped from the mud and crashed through the top of your private's niche, alighting upon his chest. It required a squad of huskies to extricate the victim of the landslide. He was opposed to hanging out any crepe, so why shouldn't we laugh?

It would require an intellect such as few of us possess to discover any pathos in the efforts of another private we know to determine why Dick Kennedy puts a pair of nose glasses on the hat of every soldier he draws. Some of us are prone to seek after things to grumble about. Believe it or not, there is a man in camp who laughs at reveille.

I once knew a newspaper column conductor who laughed at his own stuff until his ribs ached—he had a sense of humor.

A man doesn't need a store of "Slow Train Through Arkansas" stuff to be funny or to furnish a laugh. Frank Tinney is a piker compared with some enlisted men in camp who are generally considered excellent candidates for the undertakers' fraternity. I could give the name of a man who laughed during his last tour in the trenches almost as much as he would at "Mable's" mail.

Private Pest, that plucky little Canadian soldier, came out of the hellish trenches smiling, and, despite his injuries, wrote to the American people to tell them how he did it.

Laugh and the world laughs at you.

CORP. LES ROWLAND,

Co. L, 107th Inf.

CAN'T YOU?

Can't you start in the ranks, man,

And work your own way up?

Can't you start in the ranks, man,

At the bottom instead of the top?

Can't you start in the ranks, man,

And learn what a soldier should be?

Can't you start in the ranks, man,

To fight for your own country?

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.,

Division Hdqtrs Troop.

A Just Demand.

Belgium in her peace demands asks for absolute economic, territorial and political independence as well as damages done to her territory caused by the invasion of her territory.

A War Cabinet.

An attempt has been made in Congress to form a War Board or rather a War Cabinet and a Minister of Munitions. The majority of Congressmen seem entirely satisfied with the present administration of the war, although it is admitted by all that America was woefully unprepared at the beginning and that great and grave complications and delays necessarily resulted.

Driscoll an Instructor Also.

Davis, the physical director at Unit 93 has forty men in his boxing class. He was lucky enough to secure Jack Driscoll, Company A, 2nd Pioneers, as instructor.

Driscoll is no beginner at the game. This is his seventh year in the business. In his career he has fought Joe Jeanette, Bombardier Wells, George Ashe, Jack Dillon, Jim Coffey, Miske, Moha, Weinert and Curfew.

EVERYTHING NEEDED

FOR

TENNIS

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