Clemson Defeats Newberry
In a Hard Fought Contest

Clemson Fights From Start to Finish in Order to Cop
The Contest

In a game filled with sensational plays Clemson defeated Newberry to the tune of 29-21. The game was fine; at times the spectators were held breathless while close and exciting plays were being made.

At the very beginning Clemson secured 10 points before the “Lutherans” caught on to the game.

Only once did the visitors’ score pass that of the home team and then for just an instant, then “Little Zook” Erwin hauled off and threw about six goals in rapid succession, thus cinching the game. This boy, together with Johnny Kangeter, did great work. Indeed, had it not been for the fight that our players showed, the tale might have been different.

But do not think that the visitors had a second class good team. They exhibited great class in passing and keeping the ball in their possession. They were not as strong at shooting goals as were their opponents.

Biser and Caldwell did most valuable work for Newberry.

The Clemson team was greatly weakened on account of their Captain J. O. Erwin being out of the game.

Lineup:

Clemson

First half Second half Goals Fouls
Erwin, right forward 7 4 1
*Provost, left forward 1 1
Ward, center 1 1
Caughman, left guard 1
Kangeter, right guard 1

Score: First half 16, Second half 13, Total 29.

Newberry

First half Second half
(Continued on Page Two)
### Clemson vs. Furman

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Goals</th>
<th>Field</th>
<th>Fouls</th>
<th>Assists</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Erwin, J. O. (Capt.)</td>
<td>Center</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Erwin, J. W.</td>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Provost</td>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kangeter</td>
<td>Guard</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caughman</td>
<td>Guard</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>34</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>14</td>
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#### Furman

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Goals</th>
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<th>Fouls</th>
<th>Assists</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chappell (Capt.)</td>
<td>Center</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson</td>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trueluck</td>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sapach</td>
<td>Guard</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sims</td>
<td>Guard</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>15</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
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### Substitutes:
- Clemson: Ward, Evans, Ezell, Logan, Referee, Dobson, Timekeeper, Prof. Henry.
- Furman: Substitutes:

### Games to be played:
- Newberry at Clemson, January 24.
- Wofford at Clemson, January 25th.
- Presbyterian College at Clemson, February 1st.
- Newberry at Furman, February 20th.
- Furman at Greenville, February 22nd.
- Charleston College at Clemson, March 1st.

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### Clemson Defeats Newberry

**In a Hard Fought Contest**

(Continued from Page One)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Goals</th>
<th>Fouls</th>
<th>Goals</th>
<th>Fouls</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Biser, right forward</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shealy, left forward</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caldwell, center</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Smith, left guard</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mayes (Capt) right guard</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Score:** First half 13, Second half 8; Total 21.

*Perritt takes Smith's place in second half.*
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Having had requests from some of his students to secure for them a good inexpensive Shakespeare, Mr. Bryan has found in the "Everyman's Library", published by E. P. Dutton & Co., a three-volume edition, one volume each of the Tragedies, the Comedies, the Histories and Poems, at 35c per volume.

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W. M. RIGGS, President, Clemson College, S. C.

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EDITORIAL

Now is the time to try out for that winning Tiger Track team.

We like the idea of a three to five minutes talk at chapel service on “what’s happening”.

We picked the first “newberries” of the season in a hard fought basket-ball contest on Friday afternoon.

A first class lyceum attraction and equally first class conduct of the corps made the entertainment on Thursday evening exceptionally good.

Mrs. Middleton has added a touch of home life to the mess-hall by serving several cadets progress to her table at each meal until she has in this way met the entire corps personally.

Clemson feels well represented at the Corn Exposition, with several members of the Faculty, about seventy students from the junior and senior classes, and Jerry Moore to float her banners there.

The Staff wishes to offer apologies for the last issue of the Tiger. The printers experienced “troubles not single-handed”; the linotype machine broke down, and nearly the entire active force of printers went away. Those that were left behind did their best, but during the rush, they forgot to have the proof corrected, used a cut that had appeared in an issue only a few weeks back, and left out a lot of important matter altogether.

Behold a man! Carefree, cheerful, energetic, and big-hearted. He is a typical long-horn product, but his horns, if he ever had any, have long since been removed. The days of his unrestrained freedom are over, for he has entered with us “The Vale of Tears”, “The Slough of Despond”, or “The House of a Thousand Candles”, (the latter referring to the facilities for lighting up).

When we first saw him, we took him to be one of that timid, take-me-home, I-want-my-mama looking band that always arrives in September, to enliven our days and to make certain members of the Faculty till twelve midnight. Thus he was given the first, second, and third degrees, while some say he declared it went up at least as far as one hundred in the shade. His lung powers were tried, and not found wanting, thus entitling him to a place in the choir. His ability as a speaker made great commendation. The laundry list—all of it—was made familiar to him.

Like the martyrs of old, he received forty stripes, save one; and that one was not saved very long. He took all of this good-naturedly, believing it to be his just reward.

Also, very soon, we found out our mistake; for his smiling face appeared in its proper setting. He made his debut upon the athletic field about this time, arriving there clad in “sign of the sorrowful”, and following immediately behind the bass drum, from which vantage point it was easy to let his presence be known. And right here let me say that a bass drum is some noisy, and a little fat man in a tight-fitting uniform is a sight to make one sit up and take notice.

Trouble troubles this man very little, arriving usually in the form of a visitor whose forbidden presence drives thoughts of chocolates and crackers from the minds of any who may possess a spare nickel. Occasionally he has trouble in convincing some argumentative cadet that his goods are “just as good”, but he has a very persuasive tongue, and usually succeeds.

This son of the West has a very taking way about him, tho I have never heard of any complaints lodged against him by the owners of the big department stores he has visited in the large cities of his acquaintance, such as Courtenay, Cherrys, and Hopstot. His aspirations as a lecturer were blasted in the same way as were Mutt’s campaign speeches that came off after the election—the benches were more numerous than the bench-warriors. What it takes to lead the singing at a convention composed of some eight hundred girls and possibly seventy-five boys he has, and plenty of it. I heard this conversation on a back seat. “Those gently waving arms remind one of—A Dutch windmill” “Those eyes are gazng straight into—‘That flower on the ceiling’—his voice is soaring into the very heights of—Obscurity.”

He is a great promoter of, believer in, and advocate of champagnes—or do I mean campaigns, certainly the latter; for who ever saw any signs of the former? Doesn’t
My Autobiography

By "Sunny Jim" Newman

I have often pondered the idea of writing my autobiography; but, owing to my lack of education, I could not spell the dog-gone thing until the other day.

I was born in August 1892. There had been a terrible drought that summer; and that may be the reason that I feel dry so much of the time. Speaking of drought, wet counties are hard to find now-a-days. The year I was born, times were unusually hard; but I turned out to be a soft guy.

I came of fighting people, my father and three of my uncles whipped a sick man once. There was no music in the family; and I could never carry a tune. Why, once I fell down with a phonograph record once.

When I was ten years old, we moved to North Carolina; but the dues fell so heavy we moved back south. The people in North Carolina wanted us to move back, but we would not. My father got several letters asking him to come back and settle up there.

My cousin Bill was a high strung boy; he was strung to the top of a telephone pole. My uncle Tom was a leading citizen in his home town. I saw him one day leading a bunch out towards the horizon; he had stolen a hog.

The other day, me and my brother Henry was in Columbia, but the Governor gave us a ticket home. While we were waiting for the train, I sent my brother out to get some cigars. He got a pocket full; and some of them were nearly whole. He was mad when he came back, for some scoundrel had stepped on one of his fingers. In the rush getting on the train, I saw a man hobbling along with two heavy suit cases. I wanted to help him, but I did not want to be thanked publicly; so I just quietly took his pocket book and watch just to help him. He got mad as a fire, and wanted to call a cop; but I wouldn't listen to him and just walked boldly around that train and left. My brother, Henry got a better seat than I did; for I was near a hot box, and I was afraid the thing would attract attention.

I was engaged once, but my girl didn't know it. When I decided to tell her, she smiled and patted me under the chin with an umbrella, and said, "Why, I wouldn't wipe my old shoes on you!" I spoke to her father the next day. He says, "Can you support a family?"

I says, "It's according to how many there is of you". He says, "My daughter wouldn't marry you." I said, "She told me that." And then her pa said he would, and he started that same thing but I left as quick as possible.

(Continued on page 6)

his walk always imitate a general or, at least, a colonel? True, you find him in the vicinity of post number seven, but he is never leaning against it, nor wondering why clocks always run, but never walk.

Use your spy-glass to see if you can't discover the unexpected mystery.

DINGLE'S JINGLES

By W. D. Banks

Now, Uncle Sam, for a bundle of meat,
Is searching from coast to coast
For a bundle of meat, with a poodle dog,
Was sent by parcel post.

Old boy: Did you get burnt last night?
Rat: No, I didn't go to the fire.

Two Irishmen, while hunting, came upon a wild cat.
After a short consultation, they decided to take the animal alive; so Pat climbed the tree and shook him down into Mike's outstretched arms. About a minute passed, and Patrick called, "Say, me frind, shall I come down and help you hold him?"

"No, begorry," said Mike, "come down and help me turn him loose."

Prof. Poats: "What is snow?"
Soph. Barnes: "It's a frozen atmosphere."

Assistant Commandant: "What would you do if, the Commandant asked for your gun?"
Sentinel: "I would give it to him."
A. C.: That is not right. You should give up your gun under no conditions. Now, if I should ask for it, would you give it up?
Sentinel: No.
A. C.: Suppose I should take it?
Sentinel: I don't know whether you could do that or not.

Dr. Powers: "What is regurgitation?"
Pressley: "Swallowing backwards."

Sophonière Newton, on being asked to pass the H. O. a bundle of meat, with a poodle dog, to the boy sitting next to him. He asked the boys please not to put it in the "Tiger"; for Prof. Henry might hear about it.

Junior Haight says that he can't exactly define space, but that he has it in his head.

Now here's a toast to the parcel post,
And here's to the merry toasters,
And here's to the cake our sisters make,
Our sisters, the parcel posters.

It was but three minutes to train time, and Jimmy James' rat got on the first thing that came along. "Say, Mister," he asked, "Is this the car line?"

Who got reported for coat-collar unbuttoned at the fire last week?
MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
(Continued from page 5)

It was so dark I couldn't see five feet ahead of me, but I could feel one behind me, and, every now and then, I would locate it.

I told the girl to tell her dad that my love for her was like a rushing, roaring river. She told him, and he said, "Dam it!"

I married the girl; but the funny part about it was that nobody congratulated me. I felt angry about it, but I soon got over it. Now, I congratulate the old man every time I see him.

I was engaged another time, but I came very near being disengaged. It was like this: I asked a theatre manager for a job; and he said the only one he had for me was the singing of that last song at the end of the performance. I told him that I would be the man for that song, and would guarantee the show to close when I finished it. At rehearsal I was fixing to sing; the manager had promised to tell me if my singing would do; when I had finished the second line, the manager shouted, "That'll do!" He also clapped his hands on a claw hammer, and started to commit suicide. As I was so tender-hearted, I didn't want to see him die; so, I ran behind the scenes. He couldn't face the hammer, and he threw it away, and it fell on my foot. He then tried to shoot himself, but failed. The ball whizzed by my ear; so, I walked boldly out of my window, and went down town. While I was down town, I went to a circus. I got a good seat, and could see almost as well as if I had been on the inside.

I was in the square meal town the other day; and, while I was eating dinner I broke one of my eggs. I had the waiter to bring them raw in the shell. Well sir, when that egg broke, a young chicken stepped out and sang that touching little ballad entitled, "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You". I was fixing to raise a ruff house, but the proprietor came running in and made me pay ten cents extra for chicken.

My cousin Mary from the city of Calhoun came to see us the other day—we live in the country. When the milk was passed, she said, "O-o-o-h, such nice fresh milk; I suppose you keep a cow?"

"Yes, mam", I said.
"Does she kick?" says she.
"She do kick", said I.
When the honey was passed she exclaimed, "O-o-o-h, such nice honey. And I suppose you keep a bee?"

"Yes, mam", I said.
"Does it kick?" said she.
"Yes, mam", I said; "And it has awful hot feet."
After dinner we were standing on the porch when some yearling calves went running across the yard. Mary said, "O-o-o-h, such pretty little cowlets."
I said, "They're pretty; but Mary, they's bullets."

My friend Jack is working for the government now. He has a body guard all the time.

I am going to Georgia next week. I haven't enough money for my fare, but the Georgia governor is having extradition papers fixed up for me; and I guess that I can go on that. I may finish this autobiography when I get over in Georgia and get permanently located.

"Sunny Jim".
COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Columbian Literary Society held its weekly meeting last Saturday night. The members responded to the roll call by giving selections from Milton.

After the roll call, Mr. D. L. Cannon, the Orator, delivered a well written and helpful oration.

On account of lack of time, the debate was then taken up. Mr. A. B. Park and Mr. E. M. Byrd upheld and fought for the affirmative; while Mr. R. F. Ezell and Mr. A. P. Gandy were on the negative. The judge decided in favor of the negative. The query was, "Resolved, that manual training should be made compulsory in all high schools in this state."

The society then adjourned to meet again at its regular meeting time.

SOCIALS.

The ladies of the Baptist church gave a Silver Tea at the Baptist parsonage on last Saturday afternoon for the purpose of raising funds for a carpet for the new church, which will be opened about the first of March. Excellent and entertaining music was rendered by several ladies on the campus in the form of vocal and piano solos. During the afternoon coffee, whipped cream and dainty sandwiches were served. A number of cadets accepted the invitation extended to them on this occasion, and from the glowing accounts that they brought back, this form of church entertainment must be a marked success at Clemson.

A lycenian attraction of unusual interest was that presented by the Earnest Gamble Concert Party in the College chapel on Thursday evening. Each performer was an artist, and the encores time and again indicated that their talent was well appreciated. This company is made up of Mr. Ernest Gamble, Bass-Cantante; Miss Verna Page, Violinist; Mr. Edwin M. Shovert, Pianist.

The violin solos by Miss Page occasioned much applause.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.
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