4-4-1914

The Tiger Vol. IX No. 21 - 1914-04-04

Clemson University

Follow this and additional works at: https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/tiger_newspaper

Materials in this collection may be protected by copyright law (Title 17, U.S. code). Use of these materials beyond the exceptions provided for in the Fair Use and Educational Use clauses of the U.S. Copyright Law may violate federal law.

For additional rights information, please contact Kirstin O'Keefe (kokeefe [at] clemson [dot] edu)

For additional information about the collections, please contact the Special Collections and Archives by phone at 864.656.3031 or via email at cuscl [at] clemson [dot] edu

Recommended Citation
University, Clemson, "The Tiger Vol. IX No. 21 - 1914-04-04" (1914). Tiger Newspapers. 143.
https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/tiger_newspaper/143

This News Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Publications at TigerPrints. It has been accepted for inclusion in Tiger Newspapers by an authorized administrator of TigerPrints. For more information, please contact kokeefe@clemson.edu.
CLEMSON DROPS ONE TO GEORGIA

The Red and Black came back in the second game of the series, and, after making a strenuous uphill fight for eleven innings, managed to cap the second game. The game was a regular slugging bee from the time that Ralph Cureton stung the first ball pitched through third base for a clean single, until Big Bob McWhorter rapped out the needed bingle in the eleventh, that cut the curtain cord, and ended the last act of one of the most exciting games ever played between these two teams. Anderson, who was on the mound for the Tigers, found a little difficulty at first, in holding the slugging Georgians in check, but along about the fifth inning he struck his stride and pitched good ball from then on. "Andy" was not the only man to have his troubles. Sir Edward Hitchcock was touched up for three doubles and a single, which netted four runs in the second inning. Clemson held the lead up to the eighth period when Georgia forged one run over, which balanced the scales. Neither side managed to score until in the last of the eleventh, when McWhorter's single won the game.

Score by innings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>R. H. E.</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Clemson</td>
<td>040 002 000 00—6 11 3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgia</td>
<td>200 003 010 01—7 14 6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Summary—Two base hits: Hender-son, Hitchcock, Parker, Anderson, Cureton; three base hits: McWhorter, Clements; struck out: by Hitchcock 12, by Anderson 2; base on balls off Hitchcock 4, off Anderson 5; stolen bases: Parker, Ginn, Clements, Brown. Umpire: Carish (Cleveland Americans.)

NEW DANCES TAUGHT HERE

Two large and interested classes, containing members of both the faculty and the student body, have been receiving daily lessons in the latest dances from Miss Sarah Alice Rich, of New York, who has been in South Carolina since December. Miss Rich bases her instruction on methods learned in the studies of leading New York dancing masters and those who are learning the new steps from her are expressing their pleasure and satisfaction.

Miss Rich has, throughout her teaching, placed emphasis upon the fact that grace and beauty in dancing are to be obtained only through simplicity and delicacy and she has pointed out repeatedly the evil of exaggeration in the new steps. Some who were formerly of the opinion that the new dances were, perhaps, immodest or indecent, an impression gained through watching persons dance incorrectly, have expressed surprise and delight at the grace and delicacy of the new dances as taught by Miss Rich.

Before coming to Clemson College Miss Rich gave lessons in dancing in Columbia and Bennettsville and was very successful in both places. She has gained in South Carolina not only a large number of friends for herself, but friends for the much-maligned new dances. Miss Rich has had invitations from other towns in the State, but she will be unable to accept them at this time. While at Clemson, Miss Rich has been the guest of Prof. and Mrs. R. E. Lee.

TIGERS DEFEAT UNIV. OF GA.

Shachte Held the Red and Black at His Mercy

The Clemson baseball team started their 1914 season most auspiciously Friday by winning from the strong University of Georgia team. Schachte pitching his first college game for Clemson was opposed by Corley, of last year's select All-southern, and the little lad out-shone his opponent in every department of the game. Corley's greatest difficulty lay in his inability to find the plate. No less than nine Tigers reached first base by free transportation route. Schachte was a trifle wild, giving five free passes, but these he dealt out so far apart that they could not be used to advantage. The small number of four hits secured off the little "Charlestonian" is sufficient proof of the wonderful ability with which he pitched.

The Tigers out hit and out fielded their opponents and showed some base
The box score is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>ab</th>
<th>r</th>
<th>h</th>
<th>sb</th>
<th>p.o.</th>
<th>a</th>
<th>e</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Georgia</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Clemson</th>
<th>ab</th>
<th>r</th>
<th>h</th>
<th>sb</th>
<th>p.o.</th>
<th>a</th>
<th>e</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>32</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Umpire Napoleon Lajoie, of (Cleveland Americans.)

Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown.

The average college student and athletic enthusiast, does not appreciate the fact that some people in the State are not so heartily in favor of college athletics as he is, and that occasionally these critics must needs write something to express their views and sentiments. These articles are usually written by men who do not understand the conditions which must be lived up to by the student before he can take part in athletics; that athletics are self-supporting, etc.

A late article of the above mentioned variety is one that appeared as an editorial in the Edgefield Chronicle a few weeks ago, under the head of "Clemson and Baseball." This article was very successfully replied to by Mr. Carter, an old Clemson student, his reply being printed in the same paper.

Mr. "Billie" Carter Takes Us to Task

About Base Ball at Clemson

Columbia, S. C., March 5, 1914.
Editor Edgefield Chronicle:

Dear Sir—In your edition of February 19th, 1914, there appears an editorial headed, "Clemson and Baseball," in which you severely arraigned the college for allowing the ball team to play twenty games during the coming season. The facts in the matter are so presented as to lead the reader to draw conclusion that the article was conceived either in malice or gross ignorance, neither of which is pardonable in a newspaper; but assuming that the latter is the reason for the article mentioned, I have prepared the following facts for the enlightenment of the editor, and for the readers who are, or may later be parents of Clemson students:

1. The baseball team is not allowed to be absent from college more than seven working days of the session. Since the session comprises about 200 working days, the per cent of time absent is very small.

2. The baseball team is not allowed to miss any time whatever from the college while on baseball trips is infinitesimally small.

3. The college publishes in the cata-
log and parents are notified by circular letter, that no student will be allowed to engage in athletics if parents object to his so doing.

4. No student is permitted to engage in intercollegiate athletics who does not attain to a class standing higher than that required of students who do not participate in such athletics. The result of this rule is that many a boy who has little inclination for an education becomes, through athletics, a good student, and graduates with honor to himself and to his family.

At no other college that I know of is the matter of intercollegiate athletics more hedged in by proper restrictions, and the interest of the students as much safeguarded as at Clemson.

I might say, in conclusion, that a good many people fail to recognize that the education of a boy is not found altogether between the covers of his books. In fact, if that were the case, it would be cheaper for him to stay at home and study than to go to college. I have heard the statement from a prominent educator that only 50 per cent of a boy's education is from his course of study, the other half coming from the contact with other students and from participation in those lines of student activity which give an opportunity to develop leadership, and that athletics stand at the head of the list of those activities furnishing an opportunity for this development.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Wm. M. Carter.

WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING AND SAYING

The University of Georgia is awarding diplomas to all Confederate Veterans who were enrolled during the war between the States and left the University to go to the front.

The general average of the student body at Louisiana State University was 77.7. The co-eds averaged higher than the male students.

A question that is now being agitated very much by the students of the University of Florida is, that of student government. It seems probable that they will adopt this form of government.

The Y. M. C. A. of Georgia Tech is going to have a spring rally in April 5-8, inclusive. They expect to have some of the best Y. M. C. A. leaders in America present.

It has been finally decided by the supreme court, that Vanderbilt University should be controlled by the board of trustees and by the Methodist church.

A language is called a mother tongue because a father doesn't have a chance to use it.

The big responsibilities of married life are the little ones.

Whiskers cover a multitude of chins.

“What Others Are Doing and Saying”

The saddest words of tongue or pen, May be, perhaps, “It might have been.”

The sweetest words I know, by heck, Are only these, “Enclosed, find check.”

University Echo.

SCRUBS FALL BEFORE A. R. C.
Score 14-4.

In a game replete with errors and overthrows, the Clemson Reserves were downed by the Academy of Richmond County in Augusta last Saturday. The loss of the game was almost entirely due to wildness on the part of our infielders. Peg after peg was made high, wide and far, of the marks and the A. R. C. were not loath to take advantage of them.

Rhett started off the game for the scrubs, and, though a trifle wild, pitched good ball for 5 innings. Poor throwing to bases by our infielders, coupled with some neat bingles by A. R. C. gave the Academy boys a lead in the sixth and seventh which Clemson could not overcome. Long pitched the eighth and ninth innings and held the A. R. C. hitless.

Woods and Dean for Clemson and Davis and Philpot, for A. R. C. played good ball for their teams. This game served to take most of the nervousness out of the youngsters who are playing scrub, and it is expected that they will give good account of themselves in their remaining games.
THE TIGER

THE LYCEUM

The entertainment last Saturday night by Ross Crane, the cartoonist, despite an exasperating delay on account of a late train, was instructive and amusing. It was something unusual. Mr. Crane showed himself to be a man of varied talents. He is a master-hand with the crayons and a deft manipulator of the clay. No less remarkable was the continuous flow of witty remarks that made the audience forget even the short time that was necessary for the artist to do his work in. The rapidity with which the cartoonist could change the picture of one celebrity to another was startling. His power seemed almost magical.

Erskine is just about the strongest team that Clemson meets in the State and these games will be hard fought. It's up to every man to borrow the money, if needs be, and get out to these games with the old time pep.

There's many a slip betwixt head and pillow.

ADDRESS OF SPORTYCUSSE
(Young A. Neal, in University Echo.)

It had been a day of football practice at Yalevard. The regulars, scrimmaging with the scrubs had delighted the rooters to an extent hitherto unknown even of that hifty-bunch. The college "rah-rah's" had died away the imperious commands of the head coach had ceased, the last tired mole- skin warrior had left the field, and the dust on the gridiron had settled. The moon, just rising, cast forth her radiant beams, silvering the stains of perspiration on the jersey of the last loiterer and tipping the puddle of muddy water under the drinking fountain with a wavv, tremulous light. No sound was heard save the last words of a wrangle between two "dead-game sports" betting on tomorrow's game; and then all was still as a shoe when its sole has departed. In the locker room of the gymnasium a squad of football players were assembled, their countenances still dirty from the dust of the field, the perspiration making little white streaks down their grimy cheeks, their features somewhat out of their usual arrangement from frequent contact with an opponent's heel, when Capt. Sportycuss, limping from a new charleyhorse, came forth, and, having hollered "First shot at the soap!" thus addressed them:

"You boobs call me captain, and you're doggone right to call him captain who, for the last four seasons, has done more holdin' and sluggin' without heat seen by the referee than any other ringer you ever had, and who never missed a tackle when there was a chance for the ladies in the stand to see 'im. If there's any shrimp among you that will say I've got a yellow streak, spit it out. If there's any three of you what think you can nail me on a open field, I'd like to lamp 'em. And yet, I ain't always been in this fix—a hired toe-artist, a rowdy chief of still more rowdy men. My dad moved over from Ooltewah, where he still owes six months' grocery bill, and settled among the red clay hills and wild onion groves of Hixon. My kidhood passed as quiet as the creek which I slipped off from school to go swimmin' in. And when, at noon, I shot craps behind the barn, and practiced on a borrowed jewsharp, there was a chum, the son of the only man in the county that couldn't beat my dad playin' checkers, to join me in the pastime. We swiped watermelons from the same man's patch and together we partook of the juicy meat, matching for the biggest half. One evening, after the hens had been milked and the cows had gone to roost, and we were all seated under the turnip vine which shaded our little cottage, my step-uncle, an ancient gink, was strin' yarns about Yale and Harvard, and how Vandy once beat Virginia. I didn't then have the slightest inkling as to what football was, but my rusty cheeks burned, and I pinched the old guy on the knee and pulled his hair, till my mother, taking me by the nape of the neck and jerking my ears, put me to bed, telling me, if I valued my health, to exercise no more my gridiron spirit. That very night the schoolhouse burned down.
I saw the man who had tried to teach me stump his toe, fall and get trampled on by the hoof of a big dog; my books and the dunce cap I had worn so often I saw flung in the blazing rafters.

"Today, in the scrimmage, I stepped on a fellow's neck, and when he rose from out the dust, by George! he was my friend. He cussed me, kneeled over and took time out; the same sarcastic leer upon his face which he wore when, as kids, we heaved snow-balls through a neighbor's window and beat it around the corner. I asked the coach to let me take him to the "gym," while all the assembled human beings horse-laughed in derision. And the coach drew back, as if I were pollution, and said: 'Let 'im alone; you just want a chance to dodge your eight times around the field.' O Football! Football! Thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Aye, thou hast given to that poor, simple 'hill-billy,' who never saw anything rougher than a game of 'one-eyed cat,' vocal chords of seasoned moose-hide and a head of brick; taught him to grasp the hogskin and hit the line with the speed of a popcorn ball; to gaze into the bleared eyeballs of the ninety-pound opposing fullback, even as a canary bird on a fat grubworm. And he shall pay thee back, on the installment plan; the rides are changed so that everyone except girls and old Confederate Veterans are ineligible.

"Ye stand here now like roughnecks, as we are. The strength of Limberger is in your toughened sinews; but tomorrow some Irish Romeo, breathing garlic from the chasm in his face, shall shed the beaming light of his analytical orbs upon your carcasses and bet as high as two bits on the other side. Know ye that bunch we lock horns with tomorrow. It is three years since they won a game, but tomorrow they will break their losing streak, and on you. If ye are sissys, then play like a bunch of old muids playing beanbag. If ye are men, show some 'pep'; go out on yon gridiron tomorrow and don't let work as did your predecessors at old Yalevard. Is Ooltewah dead? Are the 'Old Tennessee' spirits dried up within you, that ye do wrinkle and cringe like a paper napkin in a blast furnace? Oh, fellow-rowdies, mutts, toughs, roughnecks, if we must play, let us give 'em all we've got! If we must climb all over somebody's features, or hang one on somebody's jaw, let it be our honorable opponents! Let us make names for ourselves that shall go ringing down the corridors and into the snug cozy corners of time—so that Tedcoy, Dexhampton and other gridiron satellites will become insignificant beside us. But, even if we get licked, let us play nobull, onerous football!"

(Apologies to Kellogg.)

DOPE

Some pitching for a first year man, to hold Georgia to four hits. It will probably not be done again this year. Congratulations "Shak."

"Son" Tarrant's derby and Pompadour must have brought him good luck. This youngster hit .600 on the trip and made some peachy catches in the outfield.

Four man managed to hit .300 or over for the series. Tarrant led with a percentage of .600, Cureton was next with .400 and 'Andy" swatted for .300. Harris broke into the game in the role of a pinch hitter and got a scorching single—per centage, 1,000.

So far nearly all the series have resulted in ties. Georgia and Clemson, Tech. and Auburn, and Clinton and the Citadel all broke even.

You will have to hunt around the professional "lots" to find a faster, better all-around infield than Clemson boasts of.

Guess we must have put quite a crimp in Georgia's "Champion's of the South" hopes.

Riverside seems to be hitting hard luck all the way through. Their game with Tech was snowed out, and on account of rain they were unable to meet either Furman or Clemson.

Some umpires—for the Georgia series.—Napoleon Lajoie, and Carish of the Cleveland Americans.

SASSARD BROS. Manufacturers of RUBBER STAMPS, STENCILS, SEALS, Metal and Ribbon Badges, Name Plates, Brass Signs, Automobile License Tags, Brass and Aluminum Trade Checks.

Signature Stamps a Specialty.

SASSARD BROS., Charleston, S. C.
---YOUR YEAR TO SAVE---
Not How Much You Pay For
SHOES
But What You Get For What You Pay

The Name FLOSRHEIM Means QUALITY

SHOES ARRIVE NEXT DAY AFTER
ORDERED

T. C. HADDON
Room 120
“On Corner Behind Chapel”
Agent for GEISBERG BROS. SHOE CO.

Lanneau’s Art Store
EASTMAN AGENTS, Charleston, S. C.
Up-To-Date Finishing Department. Prices Reasonable. Work Good. Service Prompt.
F. H. McDONALD, Clemson College, is our Agent

CLEMSON COLLEGE BARBER SHOP
ROOM 23, BARRACKS No. 1.
An Up-to-date Barber Shop in Barracks
Special Monthly Rate to Cadets
Shaving Tickets Also.

J. E. MEANS, Prop.

W. K. LIVINGSTON
Livingston & Company
Wholesale Grocers
Phone 27
SENECA, S. C.

Our arrangement with the telephone company enables anyone on the line to call us without any cost to them. Call us and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

A “Square Deal”
for everybody is the “Spalding Policy.” We guarantee each buyer of an article bearing the Spalding Trade-Mark that such article will give satisfaction and a reasonable amount of service.
Send for our catalogue.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
74 N. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.
**Pictures and Post Cards**

A complete assortment of pictures and pennants assures you a beautiful room if you care to have one.

We have the best series of Clemson College Post Cards ever published.

Bear in mind that all our prices are reasonable.

We make a specialty of picture framing.

L. Cleveland Martin

**The Cadet Exchange**

Will Buy Paying Cash


Breed and Hosmer Surveying Vol. 1.

Hardings Med. and Modern History

Davidson and Chase Farm Machinery

Tanner and Allen Brief Analytic Geometry

**KODAK FINISHING**

By Photographic Specialists. We know we can please you. Mail your films to Dept. C. (or your Clemson Agent.)

**PARSON'S OPTICAL CO.**

244 King Street,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

**The Cheapest Furniture Store in the State**

**G. F. TOLLEY & SON**

Anderson, S. C.

“We Buy All Our Furniture From Them”

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS THE NAME OF ALLAN HAS STOOD FOR THE BEST IN JEWELRY, WATCHES AND SILVERWARE. We still keep up the high standard and will take pleasure in serving you.

Inquiries for Birthday, and Presentation Gifts carefully attended to

The best work given on Class Rings and Pins.

James Allan & Co.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
Combahee Fertilizers are Real Fertilizers

Full of available Plant Food
Lots of Organic Matter to form Humus
They smell bad, but they’re Good
Positively no filler used
Fish and Blood used largely in our goods

Combahee Fertilizer Company
CHARLESTON
SOUTH CAROLINA

NORMAN H. BLITCH, President
R. WILLIAM MOLLOY, General Manager