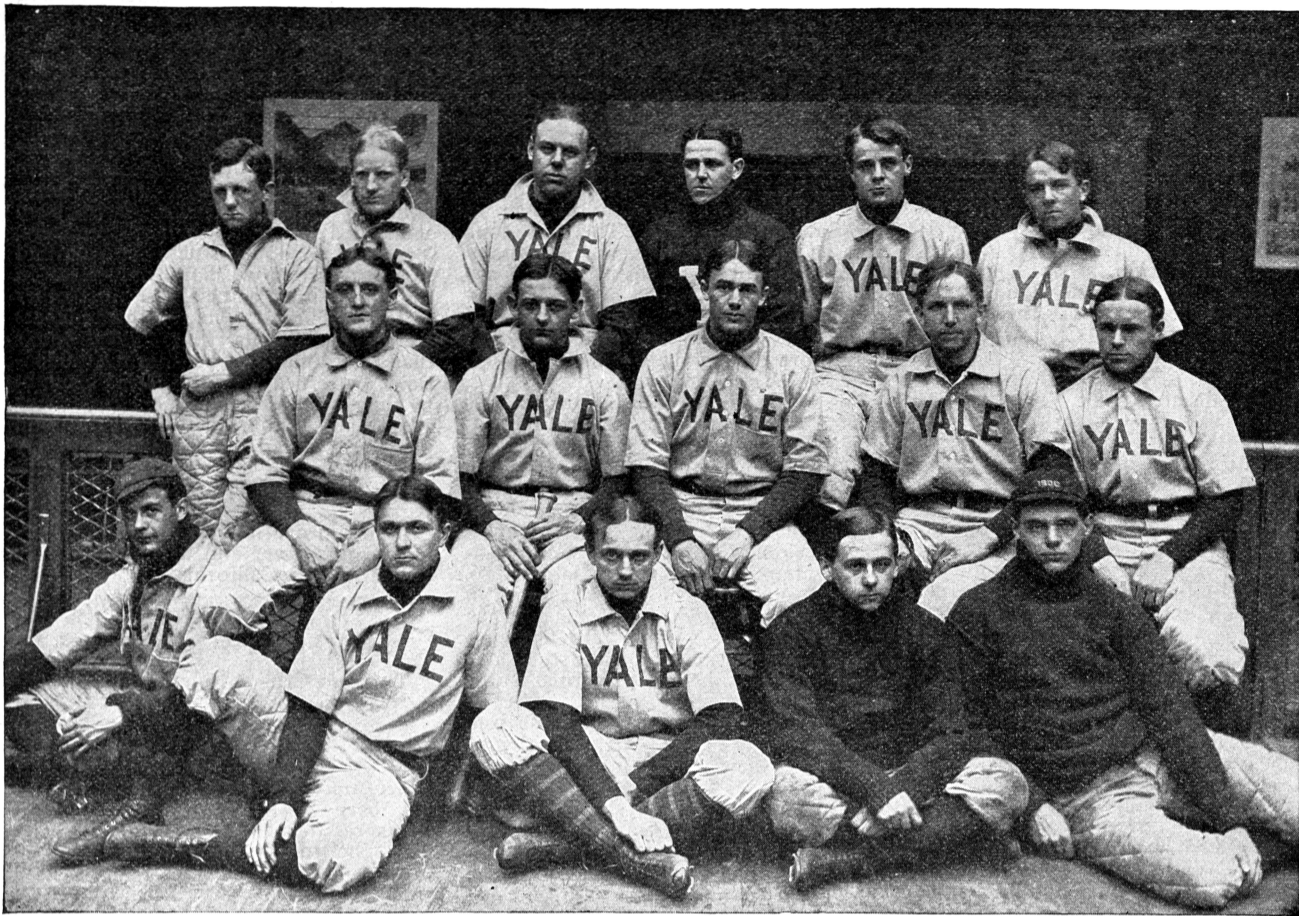


THE YALE NINE AND SUBSTITUTES.

Robson, 3b. (sub.) Hazen, 3b. Cadwalader, p. (sub.) deSaulles, 2b. (Capt. '99). Fearey, p. Hall, p. (sub.)
 Chauncey, p. (sub.) Wadsworth, 1b. Greenway, 1f. (Capt. '98). Wallace, r.f. Sullivan, c.



Wear, c.f. Camp, s.s. Kiefer, c. (sub.) Bronson, s.s. (sub.)

Photograph by Pach.

YALE WINS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Deciding Ball Game Won by Greenway's Superior Pitching.

The deciding ball game of the championship series between Yale and Harvard was played at the Polo Grounds in New York on Saturday afternoon, July 1st, and went to Yale, as many had predicted who saw on the 28th of June the kind of ball Captain Greenway's men were capable of playing. It was a battle of pitchers throughout, Fitz of Harvard striking out no less than ten men. Though Greenway struck out but six of Harvard's batters, his work was on the whole superior to the Crimson's man, for when hits off him meant runs he was a tower of strength and sureness. The fielding of both teams was fast and neat. Sullivan's throwing to bases was of a high order.

No runs were scored in the first three innings, but in the fifth Yale bunched her hits, Wadsworth knocking out a clean single, followed by Wear with a bunt, which landed him safely. Wadsworth stole third, but Wear trying a like experiment at second was caught by the alert and speedy Reid. Wadsworth came in on Greenway's long drive into left field, who was himself left on second, through Wallace's fouling out and Camp's getting in the way of a pitched ball.

In Harvard's half of the same inning Houghton made the Crimson's only run. His single and Greenway's wild throw to first put him safely at second and he completed the circuit through the good offices of Reid and Sears. The side was retired without further runs, only through the coolness of Greenway and the excellent support of the whole Nine.

In the fifth inning Yale added another tally through Eddy, who hit safe and was advanced by Sullivan's sacrifice and brought home by Wadsworth's sharp drive into center field. The scoring was finished with a run by Wadsworth in the eighth. Harvard did not get a man to first base after the fifth inning.

The attendance was not as large as usual, there being possibly 2,500 persons present.

After the game deSaulles was elected Captain for next year.

The score:

YALE.		AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
deSaulles, 2b.	3	0	0	1	4	0
Wadsworth, 1b.	3	2	3	7	0	1
Wear, cf.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Greenway, p.	3	0	2	1	0	1
Wallace, rf.	4	0	2	0	1	0
Camp, ss.	3	0	0	4	2	1
Hazen, 3b.	4	0	0	3	2	1
Eddy, lf.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, c.	3	0	0	8	2	0
Totals	30	3	8	27	11	4

HARVARD.		AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Loughlin, ss.	4	0	1	2	2	0
Burgess, rf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Robinson, 3b.	4	0	0	3	2	1
Houghton, 2b.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Reid, c.	4	0	1	10	2	1
Sears, lf.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Lewis, 1b.	3	0	1	9	0	0
Fitz, p.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Chandler, cf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
*Rand	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	0	7	27	10	2

*Rand batted for Sears in the ninth.
 Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0-3
Harvard	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0-1

Summary: Earned runs—Yale. Two base hit—Fitz. Stolen bases—Robinson, Burgess, Wadsworth. Left on bases—Yale, 6; Harvard, 9. First base on balls—Off Greenway, 1; off Fitz, 1. Hit by pitched ball—deSaulles, Camp, Lewis. Struck out—By Greenway, 6; by Fitz, 10. First base by errors—Yale, 1; Harvard, 2. Sacrifice hit—Sullivan. Time—2 hours 15 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Gaffney.

Yale Trainer Resigned.

The Yale Track Athletic Association was notified last week by its trainer, Keene Fitzpatrick, that he could not stay with Yale another year. Mr. Fitzpatrick gave no reason for the change. He has done good work here and Captain Perkins expressed himself as satisfied, although the teams of the last two years have been defeated in the Intercollegiate meet.

Mr. Fitzpatrick will return to the University of Michigan, which he left to come to Yale, succeeding Dr. J. B. Fitzgerald, the director of athletics. He goes back to a salary of \$2,000 per year.

THE BOOK SHELF.

"An Enemy to the King."

Mr. R. N. Stephens in "An Enemy to the King," has demonstrated successfully that a good play may make a good novel, and in his latest story, "The Continental Dragoon," the observing reader will find suggestions that predict the more usual transformation—a good play to come from a good novel. If this suspicion prove true the play will be a thoroughly good one. The plot moves rapidly across a background of picturesque color, and the central theme is that old but ever attractive one of the half-unwilling, half-madcap love-making of two young people who, in this instance, represent the opposite sides of our American Revolution. The one fault that can justly be found with the story—that it is at times melodramatic—will prove the very strengthening of the acted version.

The author warns us that his story is a romance only in the sense that that word possesses "as often applied to actual occurrences of a romantic character," and that his characters "lived and achieved, under the names they herein bear; were as actual as the places herein mentioned." Then he carries us up the Hudson to the quaint old Philipse manor-house at Tarrytown, where, to an accompaniment of secret passages and horsemen galloping up unexpected, he unfolds before us how easily a Tory major may lose a maid when his rival is a daring, dashing captain of dragoons under Harry Lee. It is a story that carries the interest steadily, that constantly offers new incident and happening,—that is decidedly readable, and should be eminently successful. (L. C. Page & Co.)

"Brokenburne."

Another story of love and war comes in Mrs. Boyle's "Brokenburne," a slightly little volume from the press of E. R. Herrick & Co. The scene has shifted from New York to Mississippi; and grey and blue uniforms take the place of buff coat and scarlet, but the love of man and maid still stand firm and true even in that tempest of civil strife. In the background appears the almost feudal magnificence of ante-

bellum days in the South, and so life-like is the picture that one must believe the light of the old loves and graces, still clustering about those homes, to have fallen upon the author's imagination. There is much in the story, that is idyllic, there is now and then a touch of true comedy, while through it all runs the tragic pathos of those dark years.

"The Skipper's Wooing."

"The Skipper's Wooing" is a very different sort of a yarn. No pathos here, but a succession of laughs—and Mr. Jacobs has accomplished what few can do; he has written a story that one reading alone laughs out over. It is not exactly a love story, but a narration of a plain Thames captain, who gets himself and all concerned into almost endless trouble in trying to execute a commission for the mistress of his choice. It is the sort of a story that fits well into a hammock these days; it may be warranted to abate care and dispel pessimism.

The same volume contains a story in a very different key. "The Brown Man's Servant" is as gruesome as "The Speckled Band" that Sherlock Holmes puzzled over, and it is told with a masterly handling of inference and detail that is not inferior to much of Edgar Poe.

This, if I mistake not, is Mr. Jacobs's second volume, and judging from the high merit that each has shown, and the very real pleasure that each has brought, it is to be hoped that the Messrs. Stokes may soon announce a third.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Sport's Place in the Nation's Well-Being.

A most interesting feature of sport is discussed by Price Collier in July *Outing*. The figures of expenditures in Great Britain, where they have been recently gathered by competent authority, show that the amount invested in the principal departments of sport foot up two hundred and fifty-three million dollars (\$253,000,000), and that nearly two hundred and twenty-four million dollars (\$224,000,000) is the annual expense.

Mr. Collier asks why it is that a nation is willing to tax itself so heavily, and concludes naturally that it finds the investment profitable.

He then analyzes some of the moral and mental, as well as physical, advantages for the training of sport, and calls attention to the rather significant fact that the French do not play games and that their population is decreasing; that the Spaniards do not play games and that "their two most salient characteristics are overweening personal pride and cruelty." He adds: "The Chinese despise unnecessary physical exercise, and can scarcely be driven to fight, even for their country, and their lack of decision and their pulpy condition of dependence are now all too manifest."

The paper is principally devoted to showing how sport counteracts the dangerous tendencies of the conditions under which most of us perform our daily work; how that, merely as a diversion, as a breaker-up of monotony, it is invaluable. The sports and recreations of well-known men like Salisbury and Chamberlain are cited.

As for America, the writer wonders that we don't yet begin to realize the value of physical training. He explains this on the ground that the making of a new country has given an enormous amount of physical work to all the people, and that the great names in American history are very generally names of men who have had plenty of hard physical work to do. The danger is pointed out, however, that we cannot continue in the highly civilized condition to which in many parts of our country we have attained, unless we offset the tendencies of this life by plenty of exercise.

Before the writer is through he gives some very hard raps at the mean and low things that are done in the name of sport, and concludes by saying: "If our sports are kept in good hands, if they are well conducted, we need not fear to spend millions upon them, neither need we fear that they will do harm. In a word, honest sport needs no apology, while for professionalized sport there is no excuse."