

shall we at the risk of almost incalculable labor dig it up and transplant it to some place where its shade may be less harmful and plant in its place shrubberies, that add beauty and fragrance to our life without denying our dwellings the light of the sun?

There are two courses open to us,—one is to go on as we are going, to build more and larger stadia, to engage higher and higher priced coaches, to afford finer and finer spectacles to the public, to drift with the tide, and to still further impair the intellectual life of our colleges. The other path before us is to do something that will lead us in another direction, into quieter and more peaceful places. But what is that something we should try to do? When I think of the vast paraphernalia in this country, of the already established conditions of football in the minds of youth, the numerous stadia now built or being built, of crowded special trains full of shouting undergraduates, of all those interested in making money out of athletics, of great universities emptied of their student bodies on a Saturday afternoon, left tenantless, like Keats's village on a Grecian Urn, when I remember my own youthful enthusiasm for games, and how even in middle life I am thrilled by the pageantry of the great shouting crowd, by the gallantry and sportsmanship displayed by young athletes, it seems hopeless to offer any proposal to combat the evils of such a vast system. I stand again like the man whose house has been made damp and dreary by the great overshadowing tree, fearful to hack into it. The tree may fall upon me and overwhelm both me and my dwelling. In attacking such a vast system I feel like little David going down into the valley upon the opposing slope of which stands a gigantic opponent. My sling is totally inadequate. I have no confidence that there will be any suitable pebbles in the brook-bottom, nor that if I should find such a pebble, smooth and shapely, that it would find lodgement in the forehead of the great giant. For one such stone that found its mark in legend or history there have been a thousand little Davids who perished as a result of their own temerity. Nor even should the giant come thundering down, on the impact of my brook-worn pebble, am I sure that I should have the courage to rush forward, cut off his head, and hold it up dripping before the assembled hosts.

What is the something that we must try and do? In the first place we must decide whether we want our college and university teams to be truly amateur or semi-professional. It is quite